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LIFE IN SWEDEN.

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Vol II

THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER.

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TRANSLATED

BY MARY HOWITT.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

CHAPTER XI.

YET MORE WOOING.

EARLY on the following morning Eva received a nosegay of beautiful moss-roses, among which was a letter to herself; she tore it open, and read the following words:

"I have dreamed that I could live; and truly a life more beautiful and more perfect, than any romance makes one dream of. Little Miss Eva, whom I have so often carried in my arms,—good young girl, whom I would so willingly sustain on my breast through life, thou must hear what I have dreamed, what I sometimes still dream.

"I dreamed that I was a rough, unsightly rock, repulsive and unfruitful. But a heart beat in the

rock—a chained heart. It beat against the walls of its prison till it bled, because it longed to be abroad in the sunshine, but it could not break its bonds. I could not free myself from myself. The rock wept because it was so hard, because it was a prison for its own life. There came a maiden, a light gentle angel, wandering through the wood; and laid her warm lily-white hand on the rock, and pressed her pure lips upon it, breathing a magical word of freedom. The rocky wall opened itself, and the heart, the poor captive heart, saw the light! The young girl went into the chamber of the heart, and called it her home; and suddenly beautiful roses, which diffused odours around, sprang forth from that happy heart towards its liberator, whilst the chambers of the heart vaulted itself high above her into a temple for her, clothing its walls with fresh foliage and with precious stones, upon which the sunbeams played.

"I awoke from a sense of happiness that was too great to be borne on earth; I awoke, and ah! the roses were vanished, the lovely girl was vanished, and I was once again the hard, unsightly, and joyless rock. But do you see, young maiden, the idea will not leave me, that those roses which I saw in my dream are hidden in me; that they may yet bloom, yet rejoice and make happy. The idea will remain with me that this reserved, melancholy heart might yet expand itself by an affectionate touch; that there are precious stones within it, which would

beam brightly for those who called them forth into light.

"Good young maiden, will you not venture on the attempt? Will you not lay your warm hand on the rock? Will you not breathe softly upon it? O, certainly, certainly under your touch it would soften —it would bring forth roses for you,—it would exalt itself into a temple for you, a temple full of hymns of thanksgiving, full of love!

"I know that I am old, old before my time; that I am ugly and disagreeable, unpleasant, and perhaps ridiculous; but I do not think that nature intended me to be so. I have gone through life in such infinite solitude; neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, have followed my path; no sunshine fell upon my childhood or my youth; I have wandered solitarily through life, combating with difficulties. Once I bound myself to a friend,—he deserted me, and thence grew the rock about my heart; thence became my demeanour severe, unattractive, and rough. Is it to remain so always? Will my life never bloom upon earth? Will no breath of heaven call forth my roses?

"Do you fear my melancholy temperament? Oh, you have not seen how a glance, a word of yours chases every cloud from my brow; not because you are beautiful, but because you are good and pure. Will you teach me to be good? I will learn willingly from you! From you I would learn to love

mankind, and to find more good in the world than I have hitherto done. I will live for you, if not for the world. By my wish the world should know nothing of me, till the cross upon my grave told 'here rests ——

"Oh, it is beautiful to live nameless under the poisoned glance of the world; poisoned, whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife! Beautiful to be able to look into her pure soul as in a mirror, and to be aware there of every blot on one's own soul, and to be able thus to purify it against the day of the great trial.

"But I speak only of myself and my own happiness. Ah, the egotist—the cursed egotist! Can I make you happy also, Eva? Is it not audacity in me to desire —ah, Eva, I love you inexpressibly!

"I leave the egotist in your hand: do with him what you will, he will still remain

"Yours."

This letter made Eva very anxious and uneasy. She would so willingly have said yes, and made so good a man happy, but then so many voices within her said no!

She spoke with her parents, with her brother and sisters. "He is so good, so excellent!" said she. "Ah, if I could but properly love him! But I can-

not—and then he is so old; and I have no desire to marry; I am so happy in my own home."

"And do not leave it!" was the unanimous chorus of all the family. The father, indeed, was actually desperate with all this courtship; and the mother thought it quite absurd that her blooming Eva and Jeremias Munter should go together. No one voice spoke for the Assessor but the little Petrea's, and a silent sigh in Eva's own bosom. The result of all this consideration was, that Eva wrote with tearful eyes the following answer to her lover:

"My best, my truly good Friend!

"Ah! do not be angry with me that I cannot become for you that which you wish. I shall certainly not marry. I am too happy in my own home for that. Ah! this to be sure is egotistical, but I cannot do otherwise. Forgive me! I am so very much, so heartily attached to you; and I should never be happy again if you love not hitherto as formerly

"Your little

"EVA."

In the evening Eva received a beautiful and costly work-box, with the following lines:

"Yes, yes, I can very well believe that the rough rock would be appalling. You will not venture to lay your delicate white hand upon it, little Miss Eva; will not trouble yourself to breathe warmth upon my poor roses! Let them then remain in their grave!

"I shall now make a journey, nor see you again for a year and a day. But, good heavens! as you have given me a basket,* you shall receive in return a little box. I bought it for my—bride, Eva! Yet now, after all, Eva shall have it; shall keep it for my sake. She may return it when I cease to be

"Her true and devoted Friend."

"Do you think she is sorry for what she has done?" asked the Judge anxiously from his wife, as he saw Eva's hot tears falling on the work-box;—"but it cannot be helped. She marry! and that too with Munter! She is indeed nothing but a child! But that is just the way; when one has educated one's daughters, and taught them something of good manners, just when one has begun to have real pleasure in them, that one must lose them—must let them go to China if the lover chance to be a Chinese! It is intolerable! It is abominable! I would not wish my worst enemy the pain of having grown-up daughters. Is not Schwartz already beginning to draw a circle about Sara? Good gracious! if we should yet have the plague of another lover!"

* To say that "a gentleman has received a basket" is the same as saying he is a rejected lover.—M. H.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE COURTSHIP STILL.

JUDGE FRANK had, unknown to himself, spoken a striking word. It was true that Schwartz had drawn ever narrower and darker circles around Sara, and at the very time when she would appear free from his influence her temper became more uncertain and suspicious. The mother, uneasy about this connexion, no longer allowed her to be alone with him during the music lesson, and this watchfulness excited Sara's pride, as well as the grave yet gentle remonstrances which were made on account of her behaviour were received with much impatience and disregard. The Judge was the only person before whom Sara did not exhibit the dark side of her character. His glance, his presence, seemed to exercise a certain power over her; besides which, she was, perhaps, more beloved by him than by all the other members of the family, with the exception of Petrea.

One evening, Sara sate silent by one of the windows in the library, supporting her beautiful head on her hand. Petrea sate at her feet on a low stool; she also was silent, but every now and then looked up to

Sara with a tender troubled expression, whilst Sara sometimes looked down towards her thoughtfully, and almost gloomily.

"Petrea," said she, quickly, "what would you say if I should leave you suddenly to go into the wide world, and should never return?"

"What should I say?" answered Petrea, with a violent gush of tears: "ah, I should say nothing at all, but should lie down and die of grief!"

"Do you really love me then so, Petrea?" asked she.

"Do I love you!" returned Petrea, "Ah, Sara, if you go away, take me with you as maid, as servant—I will do everything for you!"

"Good Petrea!" whispered Sara, laying her arm round her neck and kissing her weeping eyes, "continue to love Sara, but do not follow her!"

"It seems terribly sultry to me, this evening!" said Henrik wearily: "We cannot manage any family assembling to-night; not a bit of music; not a bit of entertainment. The air seems as if an earthquake were at hand. I fancy that Africa sends us something of a tempest. Petrea is weeping like the cataract of Trollhätten; and there go the people in twos-and-twos and weep, and set themselves in corners and whisper and mutter, and kiss one another, from my God-fearing parents down to my silly little sisters! The King and Queen, they go and seat themselves just has it happens, on living or dead

things; they had nearly seated themselves on me as I sate unoffensively on the sofa; but I made a turn about *tout d'un coup*.—Betrothed! horribly wearisome folks! Are they not, Gabriele? They cannot see, they cannot hear; they could not speak, I fancy, but with one another!"

A light was burning in Sara's chamber far into the night. She was busied for a long time with her journal; she wrote with a flying but unsteady hand.

"So, to-morrow; to-morrow all will be said, and I—— shall be bound.

"I know that is but of little importance, and yet I have such a horror of it! O the power of custom and of form.

"I know very well whom I could love; there is a purity in his glance, a powerful purity which penetrates me. But how would he look on me if he saw——

"I must go! I have no choice left! S. has me in his net—the money which I have borrowed from him binds me so fast!—for I cannot bear that they should know it, and despise me! I know that they would impoverish themselves in order to release me, but I will not so humiliate myself.

"And why do I speak of release? I go hence to a life of freedom and honour. I bow myself under the yoke but for a moment, only in order to exalt myself the more proudly. Now there is no more time to tremble and to waver—away with these tears! And

thou, Volney, proud, strong thinker, stand by me! Teach me, when all others turn away, how I may rely on my own strength!"

Sara now exchanged the pen for the book, and the hour of midnight struck before she closed it, and arose tranquil and cold in order to seek the quiet of sleep.

The earthquake of which Henrik had spoken, came the next day, the signal of which was a letter from Schwartz to the Judge, in which he solicited the hand of Sara. His only wealth was his profession; but with this alone he was convinced that his wife would want nothing: he was just about to undertake a journey through Europe, and wished to be accompanied by Sara, of whose consent and acquiescence he was quite sure.

A certain degree of self-appreciation in a man was not at any time displeasing to Judge Frank, but this letter breathed a supercilious assurance, a professional arrogance, which were extremely repugnant to him. Besides this, he was wounded by the tone of pretension in which Schwartz spoke of one who was as dear to him as his own daughter, and the thought of her being united to a man of Schwartz's character was intolerable to him. He was almost persuaded that Sara did not love him, and burned with impatience to repel his pretensions, and to remove him at the same time from his house.

Elise agreed perfectly in the opinion of her husband,

but was less confident than he regarding Sara's state of feeling with respect to the affair. She was summoned to their presence. The Judge handed to her Schwartz's letter, and awaited impatiently her remarks upon it. Her colour paled before the grave and searching glance which was riveted upon her, but she declared herself quite willing to accept Schwartz's proposal.

Astonishment and vexation painted themselves on the countenance of her adopted father.

"Ah, Sara," said the mother, after a short silence, "have you well considered this? Do you think that Schwartz is a man who can make a wife happy?"

"He can make me happy," returned Sara; "happy according to my own mind."

"You can never, never," said the mother, "enjoy domestic happiness with him!"

"He loves me," returned Sara, "and he can give me a happiness which I never enjoyed here. I lost early both father and mother, and in the home into which I was received out of charity, all became colder and colder towards me!"

"Ah, do not think so, Sara!" said the mother. "But even if this were the case, may not some little of it be your own fault? Do you really do any thing to make yourself beloved? Do you strive against that which makes you less amiable?"

"I can renounce such love," said Sara, "as will not love me with my faults. Nature gave me strong

feelings and inclinations, and I cannot bring them into subjection."

"You will not, Sara," was the reply.

"I cannot! and it may be that I will not," said she, "submit myself to the subjugation and taming which has been allotted as the share of the woman! Why should I? I feel strength in myself to break up a new path for myself. I will lead a fresh and an independent life! I will live a bright artiste-life, free from the trammels and the Lilliputian considerations of domestic life. I will be free! I will not, as now, be watched and suspected, and be under a state of espionage! I will be free from the displeasure and blame which now dog my footsteps! This treatment it is, mother, which has determined my resolution."

"If," answered the mother in a tremulous voice, and deeply affected by Sara's words and tone, "I have erred towards you—and I may have done so—I know well that it has not been from temper, or out of want of tenderness towards you. I have spoken to and warned you from the best conviction; I have sincerely endeavoured and desired that which is best for you, and this you will some time or other come to see even better than now.* You will perhaps come to see that it would have been good for you if you had lent a more willing ear to my maternal counsellings;

* All mothers speak thus—but not all, nay, not many with the same right as Elise.

will perhaps come to deplore that you rewarded the love I cherished for you with reproaches and bitterness!"

"Then let me go!" said Sara, with gentler voice, "we do not accord well together. I embitter your life, and you make—perhaps you cannot make mine happy. Let me go with him, who will love me with all my faults, who can and will open a freer scope to my powers and talents than I have hitherto had."

"Ah, Sara," returned Elise, "will you obtain in this freer field, a better happiness than can be afforded you by a domestic circle, by the tenderness of true friends, and a happy domestic life?"

"Are you then so happy, my mother?" interrupted Sara with an ironical smile, and a searching glance; "are you then so happy in this circle, and this domestic life, which you praise so highly, that you thus repeat what has been said on the subject from the beginning of the world. Those perpetual cares in which you have passed your days, those trifling cares and thoughts for every-day necessities, which are so opposite to your own nature, are they then so pleasant, so captivating? Have you not renounced many of your beautiful gifts—your pleasure in literature and music—nay, in short, what is the most lovely part of life, in order to bury yourself in concealment and oblivion, and there like the silkworm to spin your own sepulchre of the threads which another will wind off? You bow your own will continually

before that of another; your innocent pleasures you sacrifice daily either to him or to others: are you so very happy amid all these renunciations?"

The Judge rose up passionately; went several times up and down the room, and placed himself at last directly opposite to Sara leaning his back to the stove, and listening attentively for the answer of his wife.

"Yes, Sara, I am happy!" answered she, with an energy very unusual in her: "yes, I am happy! Whenever I make any sacrifice, I receive a rich return. And if there be moments when I feel painfully any renunciation which I have made, there are others, and far more of them, in which I congratulate myself on all that I have won. I am become improved through the husband whom God has given to me; through my children, through my duties, through the desires and the wants which I have overcome at his side—yes, Sara, above all things, through him, his affection, his excellence, am I improved, and feel myself happier every day. Love, Sara, love changes sacrifice into pleasure, and makes renunciation sweet! I thank God for my lot, and only wish that I were worthier of it!"

"It may be!" said Sara proudly, "every one has his own sphere. But the tame happines of the dove suits not the eagle!"

"Sara!" exclaimed the Judge in a tone of severe displeasure.

The mother, unable longer to repress the outbreak

of excited feeling, left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"For shame, Sara," said the Judge with severe gravity, and standing before her with a reproving glance, "for shame! this arrogance goes too far!"

She trembled now before his eye as she had done once before; a remembrance from the days of her childhood awoke within her; her eyelids sunk, and a burning crimson covered her face.

"You have forgotten yourself," continued he calmly, but severely, "and in your childish haughtiness have only shewn how far you are below that worth and excellence which you cannot understand, and which, in your present state of mind, you never can emulate. Your own calm judgment will make the sharpest reproaches on this last scene, and will, nay must, lead you to throw yourself at the feet of your mother. All, however, that I now ask from you is, that you think over your intentions rationally. How is it possible, Sara, that you overlook your own inconsistency? You argue zealously against domestic life—against the duties of marriage, and yet, at the same time, wilfully determine to tie those bonds with a man who will make them actual fetters for you."

"He will not fetter me," returned she, "he has promised it—he has sworn it! I shall not subject myself to him as a wife, but I shall stand at his side as an equal, as an artiste, and step with him into a world beautiful and rich in honours, which he will open to me."

"Ah, mere talk!" exclaimed the Judge. "Folly, folly! How can you be so foolish, and believe in such false show? The state gives your husband a power over you which he will not fail to abuse,—that I can promise you, from what I know of his character, and from what I now discover of yours. No woman can withdraw from a connexion of this kind unpunished, more especially under the circumstances in which you are placed. Sara, you do not love the man to whom you are about to unite yourself, and it is impossible that you can love him. No true esteem, no pure regard binds you to him."

"He loves me," answered Sara with trembling lips; "I admire his power and artistical genius;—he will conduct me to independence and honour! It is no fault of mine that the lot of woman is so contracted and miserable—that she must bind herself in order to become free!"

"Only as a means?" asked he; "the holiest tie on earth only as a means, and for what? For a pitiable and ephemeral chase after happiness, which you call honour and freedom. Poor, deceived Sara! Are you so misled, so turned aside from the right? Is it possible that the miserable book of a writer, as full of pretension as weak and superficial, has been able thus to misguide you?" and with these words he took Volney's Ruins out of his pocket, and threw it upon the table.

Sara started and reddened: "Ah," said she, "this is only another instance of espionage over me."

"Not so," replied the Judge calmly. "I was this day in your room; you had left the book lying on the table, and I took it, in order that I might speak with you about it, and prevent Petrea's young steps from treading this path of error without a guide."

"People may think what they please," said Sara, "of the influence of the book, but I conceive that author deserves least of all the epithet weak."

"When you have followed his counsel," returned he, "and resemble the wreck which the waves have thrown up here, then you may judge of the strength and skill of the steersman! My child, do not follow him. A more mature, a more logical power of mind, will teach you how little he knows of the ocean of life, of its breakers and its depths,—how little he understands the true compass."

"Ah!" said Sara, "these storms, these dangers, nay, even shipwreck itself, appear to me preferable to the still, windless water which the so-much-be-praised haven of domestic life represents. You speak, my father, of chimeras; but tell me, is not the so-lauded happiness of domestic life more a chimera than any other? When the saloon is set in order, one does not see the broom and the dusting-brush that have been at work in it, and the million grains of dust which have filled the air; one forgets that they have ever been there. So it is with domestic and family life; one persists wilfully in only seeing its beautiful moments, and in passing over, in not noticing at all, what are less beautiful, or indeed are 'repulsive.'"

"All depends upon which are the predominant," replied he, half smiling at Sara's simile. "Thus, then, if it be more frequently disorderly than orderly, if the air be more frequently filled with dust than it is pure and fresh, then the devil may dwell there, but not I! I know very well that there are homes enough on earth where there are dust-filled rooms, but that must be the fault of the inhabitants. On them alone depends the condition of the house; from those which may not unjustly be called ante-rooms of hell, to those again which, spite of their earthly imperfections, spite of many a visitation of duster and dusting-brush, yet may deserve the names of courts of heaven. And where, Sara, where in this world will you find an existence free from earthly dust? And is that of which you complain so bitterly any thing else than the earthly husk which encloses every mortal existence of man as well as of woman;—it is the soil in which the plant must grow; it is the chrysalis in which the larva becomes ripe for its change of life! Can you actually be blind to that higher and nobler life which never developes itself more beautifully than in a peaceful home? Can you deny that it is in the sphere of family and friendship where man lives most perfectly and best, as citizen of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom? Can you deny how great and noble is the efficacy of woman in private life, be she married or single, if she only endeavour——"

"Ah," said Sara, interrupting him, "the sphere of

private life is too narrow for me. I require a larger one, in order to breathe freely and freshly."

"In pure affection," replied the Judge, "in friendship, and in the exercise of kindness, there is large and fresh breathing space; the air of eternity plays through it. In intellectual development,—and the very highest may be arrived at in private life,—the whole world opens itself to the eye of man, and infinite treasures are offered to his soul, more, far more, than he can ever appropriate to himself!"

"But the artist," argued Sara, "the artist cannot form himself at home—he must try himself on the great theatre of the world. Is his bent only a chimera, my father? And are those distinguished persons who present the highest pleasures to the world through their talents; to whom the many look up with admiration and homage; around whom the great, and the beautiful, and the agreeable collect themselves, are they fools?—are they blind hunters after happiness? Ah, what lot can well be more glorious than theirs! Oh my father, I am young; I feel a power in myself which is not a common one—my heart throbs for a freer and more beautiful life! Desire not that I should constrain my own nature; desire not that I should compress my beautiful talents into a sphere which has no charms for me!"

"I do not depreciate, certainly, the profession of the artist," replied the Judge, "nor the value of his agency: in its best meaning, his is as noble as any;

but is it this pure bent, this noble view of it, which impels you, which animates you? Sara, examine your own heart; it is vanity and selfish ambition which impel you. It is the arrogance of your eighteen years, and some degree of talent, which make you overlook all that is good in your present lot, which make you disdain to mature yourself nobly and independently in the domestic circle. It is a deep mistake, which will now lead you to an act blameable in the eyes of God and man, and which blinds you to the dark side of the life which you covet. Nevertheless, there is none darker, none in which the changes of fortune are more dependent on miserable accidents. An accident may deprive you of your beauty, or your voice, and with these you lose the favour of the world in which you have placed your happiness. Besides this, you will not always continue at eighteen, Sara: by the time you are thirty all your glory will be past, and then—then what will you have collected for the remaining half of life? You will have rioted for a short time in order then to starve; since, so surely as I stand here, with this haughty and vain disposition, and with the husband whom you will have chosen, you will come to want; and too late, you will look back in your misery, full of remorse, to the virtue and to the true life which you have renounced."

Sara was silent, she was shaken by the words and by the countenance of her adopted father.

"And how perfectly different it might be!" continued he with warmth; "how beautiful, how full of blessing might not your life and your talents be! Sara! I have loved you and love you still like my own daughter — will you not listen to me as to a father? Answer me—have you had to give up any thing in this house, which, with any shew of reason, you might demand? and have we spared any possible care for your education or your accomplishments?"

"No," replied Sara sighing, "all have been kind, very kind to me."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Judge with increasing warmth and cordiality, "depend upon your mother and me, that you will have no cause of complaint. I am not without property and connexions. I will spare no means of cultivating your talents, and then if your turn for art is a true one, when it has been cultivated to its utmost it shall not be concealed from a world which can enjoy and reward it. But remain under our protection, and do not cast yourself, inexperienced as you are, on a world which will only lead you more astray. Do not, in order to win an ideal liberty, give your hand to a man inferior to you in accomplishments; to a man whom you do not love, and whom, morally speaking, you cannot esteem. Descend into your own heart, and see its error while there is yet time to retrieve it, before you are crushed by your own folly. Do not fly from affectionate, careful friends—do not fly from the paternal roof in

blind impatience of disagreeables, to remove which depends perhaps only on yourself! Sara, my child! I have not taken you under my roof in order to let you become the victim of ruin and misfortune! Pause, Sara, and reflect, I pray you, I conjure you! make not yourself wretched! When I took you from the death-bed of your father, I threw my arms around you to shield you from the winds of autumn—I clasp them once again around you, in order to shield you from far more dangerous winds—Sara, my child, fly not from this house!"

Sara trembled, she was violently agitated, and leaned her head with indescribable emotions against her adopted father, who clasped her tenderly to his bosom.

It is not difficult to say whether they were good or bad angels who triumphed in Sara, as she, after a moment of violent inward struggle, pushed from her the paternal friend and said, with averted countenance, "It is in vain, my determination is taken. I shall become the wife of Schwartz, and go where my fate leads me!"

The Judge started up, stamped on the floor, and pale with anger exclaimed with flashing eyes, "Obdurate one! since neither love nor prayers have power over you, you must listen to another mode of speech! I have the right of a guardian over you, and I forbid this unholy marriage! I forbid you to leave my house! You hear me, and you shall obey!"

Sara stood up as pale as death, and with an insolent expression riveted her large eyes upon him, whilst he, too, fixed his upon her with all the force of his peculiar earnestness and decision. It seemed as if each would look the other through; as if each in this contest would measure his strength against the other.

Suddenly her arms were flung wildly round his neck, a burning kiss was pressed upon his lips, and the next moment she was out of the room.

Elise sate in her boudoir. She still wept bitter tears. It was twilight, and her knees were suddenly embraced, and her hands and her dress were covered with kisses and with tears. When she put forth her hands to raise the one who embraced her, she had vanished. "Sara, Sara! where are you!" exclaimed she, full of anxiety.

Petrea came down from her chamber; she met some one, who embraced her, pressed her lips to her forehead, and whispered, "forget me!"

"Sara, Sara! where are you going?" exclaimed she, terrified and running after her to the house door.

"Where is Sara?" inquired the Judge violently above in the chambers of his daughters. "Where is Sara?" inquired he below in the library.

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now rushed in weeping, "she is this moment gone out—out into the street; she almost ran. She forbade me to follow her. Ah, she certainly never will come back again!"

"The devil!" said the Judge, hastening from the room, and taking up his hat, went out. Far off in the street he saw a female figure, which, with only a handkerchief thrown over her head and shoulders, was hastening onward, and who, spite of the twilight, he recognised to be Sara. He hastened after her; she looked round, saw him, and fled. Certain now that he was not mistaken, he followed, and was almost near enough to take hold of her, when she suddenly turned aside, and rushed into a house—it was that of Schwartz. He followed with the quickness of lightning; followed her up the steps, and was just laying his hand on her, when she vanished through a door. The next moment he too opened it, and saw her—in the arms of Schwartz!

The two stood together embracing, and evidently prepared to defy him. He stood for some moments silent before them, regarding them with an indescribable look of wrath, contempt, and sorrow. He looked upon the pale breathless Sara, and covered his eyes with his hand; the next moment, however, he seemed to collect himself, and with all the calm and respect-commanding dignity of a parent, he grasped her hand and said, "You now follow me home. On Sunday the banns shall be proclaimed."

Sara followed. She took his arm, and with a drooping head, and without a word, accompanied him home.

All there was disquiet and sorrow. But notwithstanding the general discontent with Sara and her

marriage, there was not one of the family who did not busy themselves earnestly in her outfit. Louise, who blamed her more than all the rest, gave herself most trouble about it.

Sara behaved as if she never observed how everybody was working for her, and passed her time either over her harp, or solitary in her own room. Any intercourse with the members of the family seemed to have become painful to her, whilst Petrea's tenderness and tears were received with indifference, nay, even with sternness.

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE.

SARA's joyless marriage was over; and the hour was come in which she was to leave that home and family which had so affectionately received her, and which now with solicitude and the tenderest care provided for her wants in her new position.

In the hour of separation, the crust of ice which had hitherto surrounded her being broke, she sank, weeping violently, at the feet of her foster-parents.

The Judge was deeply affected: "You have had your own will, Sara," said he, in a firm but mournful voice, "may you be happy! Some few warnings I have given you, do not forget them; they are the last! If you should be deceived in the hopes which now animate you—if you should be unfortunate—unfortunate, or criminal, then remember—then remember, Sara, that here you have father and mother, and sisters, who will receive you with open arms; then remember that you have here family and home!"

He ceased: drew her a little aside, took her hand, and pressed a bank-note in it. "Take this, said he,

tenderly, "as a little help in the hour of need. No, you must not refuse it from your foster-father. Take it for his love's sake, you will some time need it!"

It was with difficulty that the Judge had so far preserved his calmness, he now pressed her violently to his breast; kissed her brow and lips, whilst his tears flowed abundantly. The mother and sisters too surrounded her weeping. At that moment the door opened, and Schwartz entered.

"The carriage waits," said he, with a dark glance on the mournful group. Sara tore herself from the arms which would have held her fast, and rushed out of the room.

A few seconds more and the travelling carriage rolled away.

"She is lost!" exclaimed the Judge to his wife with bitter pain. "I feel it in myself that she is lost! Her death would have been less painful to me than this marriage."

For many days he continued silent and melancholy.

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE SCENES.

THE past episode had gone through the house like a whirlwind. When it was over the heaven cleared itself anew, and they were able to confess that a more joyful tranquillity had diffused itself over all. There was no one who did not think of Sara with sympathy, who did not weep sometimes at her violent separation from the family; but there was no one, with the exception of the Judge and Petrea, who did not feel her absence to be a secret relief; for one unquiet temper, and one full of pretension, can disturb a whole household, and make the most exquisite natural gifts of no account.

The Judge missed a daughter from the beloved circle; missed that beautiful, richly-endowed girl, and could not think of her future prospects without bitter anxiety. Petrea wept the object of her youthful admiration and homage, but consoled herself with the romantic plans she formed for seeing her again, in all of which she gave to herself the province of guardian angel, either as the queen of a desert island, or as a warrior bleeding for her, or as a disguised

person who unloosed her bonds in the depths of a dungeon in order to put them on herself: in short, in all possible ways in the world except the possible one.

Sara wrote soon after her separation from her friends; she spoke of the past with gratitude, and of the future with hope. The letter exhibited a certain decision and calmness; a certain seriousness, which diffused through the family a satisfactory ease of mind with regard to her future fate. Elise was ever inclined to hope for the best, and young people are always optimists: the Judge said nothing which might disturb the peace of his family, whilst Louise alone shook her head and sighed.

After the many disturbing circumstances which had lately occurred in the family, all seemed now to long after repose, and the ability to enjoy a quieter domestic life. Occupations of all kinds—those simple but cheerful daughters of well-regulated life, went on cheerfully and comfortably under the eye of Louise. There was no want in the house of joyful hours, sunshine of every kind, and entertainment full of interest. The newspapers which the Judge took in, and which kept the family *au courant* of the questions of the day, furnished materials for much development of mind, for much conversation and much thought, especially among the young people. The father had great pleasure in hearing thus their interchange of opinion, although he himself seldom

mingled in their discussions, with the exception of now and then a guiding word.

"I fancy all is going on quite right," said he joyfully to his wife one day. "The children live gaily at home, and are preparing themselves for life. Indeed, if they only once open their eyes and ears, they will find subjects enough on which to use them; and will be astonished at all that life will present them with. It is well when home furnishes nourishment for mind as well as heart and body. I rejoice too, extremely, over our new house. Every land, every climate, has its own advantages as well as its own difficulties, and the economy of life must be skilfully adjusted if it is to be maintained with honour and advantage. Our country, which compels us to live so much in the house, seems thereby to admonish us to a more concentrated, and at the same time more quiet and domestic life, on which account we need, above all things, comfortable houses, which are able to advance and advantage soul as well as body. Thank God! I fancy ours is pretty good for that purpose, and in time may yet be better; the children too look happy; Gabriele grows now every day, and Louise has grown over all our heads!"

The young people were very much occupied with plans for the future. Eva and Leonore built all their castles in the air together. A great intimacy had grown up between these two sisters since they were alone during the absence of the others at Axelholm.

One might say, that ever since that evening, when they sate together eating grapes and reading a novel, the seed of friendship which had long been sprouting in their hearts, shot forth thence its young leaves. Their castles in the air were no common castles of romance, they had for their foundation the prosaic but beautiful thought of gaining for themselves an independent livelihood in the future—for the parents had early taught their daughters to direct their minds to this object—and hence beautiful establishments were founded, partly for friendship and partly for humanity: for young girls are always great philanthropists.

Jacobi also had many schemes for the future of himself and his wife, and Louise many schemes how to realize them. In the mean time there were many processes about kisses. Louise wished to establish a law that not more than three a day should be allowed, against which Jacobi protested both by word and deed, on which occasions Gabriele always ran away hastily and indignantly.

Petrea read English with Louise, arranged little festivities for her and the family; wept every evening over Sara, and beat her brains every morning over "the Creation of the World," whilst the good parents watched ever observantly over them all.

No one, however, enjoyed the present circumstances of the family so much as Henrik. After he had succeeded in inducing his sisters to use more lively exercise and exhilaration, he devoted himself

more exclusively to his favourite studies, history and philosophy. Often he took his book and wandered with it whole days in the country, but every evening at seven he punctually joined the family circle and was there the merriest of the merry.

"We live now right happily," said he one evening in confidential discourse with his mother; "and I, for my part, never enjoyed life so much. I feel now that my studies will really mend, and that something can be made of me. And when I have studied for a whole day, and that not fruitlessly either, and then come of an evening to you and my sisters, and see all here so friendly, so bright and cheerful, life seems so agreeable! I feel myself so happy, and almost wish it might always remain as it is now."

"Ah, yes!" answered the mother, "if we could always keep you with us, my Henrik! But I know that won't do, you must soon leave us again; and then, when you have finished your studies, you must have your own house."

"And then, mother, you shall come to me!" This had been years before, and still was Henrik's favourite theme, and the mother listened willingly to it.

Several small poems which Henrik wrote about this time seemed to indicate the most decided poetical talent, and gave his mother and sisters the greatest delight, whilst they excited, at the same time, great attention among the friends of the family. The Judge alone looked on gloomily.

"You will spoil him," exclaimed he one evening to his wife and daughters, "if you make him fancy that he is something extraordinary, before he is in any thing out of the common way. I confess that his poetizing is very much against my wish. When one is a man, one should have something much more important to do than to sigh, and sing about this and that future life. If he were likely to be a Thorild,* or any other of our greatest poets—— but I see no signs of that! and this poetasterism, this literary idleness, which perpetually either lifts young people above the clouds or places them under the earth, so that for pure cloud and dust they are unable to see the good noble gifts of actual life—I would the devil had it! The direction which Henrik is now taking grieves me seriously. I had rejoiced myself so in the thought of his being a first-rate miner; in his being instrumental in turning to good account our mines, our woods and streams, those noblest foundations of Sweden's wealth, and to which it was worth while devoting a good head; and now, instead of that, he hangs his on one side; sits with a pen in his hand, and rhymes 'face' and 'grace,' 'heart' and 'smart!' It is quite contrary to my feelings! I wish Stjernhök would come here soon. Now there's a fellow! he will turn out something first-rate! I wish he were coming soon; perhaps he might influence

* Thomas Thorild, born 1759, died 1808, an eminent Swedish poet.

Henrik, and induce him to give up this verse-making, which, perhaps, at bottom, is only vanity."

Elise and the daughters were silent. For a considerable time now, Elise had accustomed herself to silence when her husband grumbled. But often—whenever it was necessary—she would return to the subject of his discontent at a time when he was calm, and then talk it over with him; and this line of tactics succeeded admirably. She made use of them on the present occasion.

"Ernst," said she to him in the evening, "it grieves me that you are so displeased with Henrik's poetical bent. Ah! it has delighted me so much, precisely because I fancied that it is real, and that in this case it may be as useful as any other can be. Still I never will encourage any thing in him which is opposed to your wishes."

"My dear Elise," returned he mildly, "manage this affair according to your own convictions and conscience. It is very probable that you are right, and that I am wrong. All that I beseech of you is, that you watch over yourself, in order that affection to your first-born may not mislead you to mistake for excellence that which is only mediocre, and his little attempts for masterpieces. Henrik may be, if he can, a distinguished poet and literary man; but he must not as yet imagine himself anything: above all things, he must not suppose it possible to be a distinguished man in any profession without preparing himself by

serious labour, and without first of all becoming a thinking being. If he were this, I promise you that I should rejoice over my son, let him be what profession he would—a worker in thought, or a worker in mountains. And for this very reason one must be careful not to value too highly these poetical blossoms. If vanity remains in him he never will covet serious renown in any thing."

"You are right, Ernst," said his wife, with all the cordiality of inward conviction.

Henrik also longed earnestly for Stjernhök's arrival. He wished to shew him his work; he longed to measure his new historical and philosophical knowledge against that of his friend; he longed, in one word, to be esteemed by him; for Henrik's gentle and affectionate nature had always felt itself powerfully attracted by the energetic and, as one may say, metallic nature of the other, and ever since the years of their boyhood had the esteem and friendship of Stjernhök been the goal of Henrik's endeavours, and of his warm, although till now unattainable, wishes. Stjernhök had hitherto always behaved towards Henrik with a certain friendly indifference, never as a companion and friend.

Stjernhök came. He was received by the whole family with the greatest cordiality, but by no one with a warmer heart than Henrik.

There was even externally the greatest dissimilarity between these two young men. Henrik was remarkable for extraordinary, almost feminine beauty; his figure was noble but slender, and his glance glowing though somewhat dreamy. Stjernhök, some years Henrik's senior, had become early a man. All with him was muscular, firm, and powerful; his countenance was intelligent without being handsome, and a star as it were, gleamed in his clear, decided eye; such a star as is often prophetic of fate, and over whose path fortunate stars keep watch.

Some days after Stjernhök's arrival Henrik became greatly changed. He had become quiet, and there was an air of depression on his countenance. Stjernhök now, as he had always done, did not appear unfriendly to Henrik, but still paid but little attention to him. He occupied himself very busily, partly with trying chemical experiments with Jacobi and the ladies, and partly in the evening, and even into the night, in making astronomical observations with his excellent telescope. One of the beaming stars to which the observations of the young astronomer were industriously directed was called afterwards in the family Stjernhok's star. All gathered themselves around the interesting and well-informed young man. The Judge took the greatest delight in his conversation, and asserted before his family more than once his pleasure in him, and the hopes which the nation itself might have of him. The young student of Mining

was a favourite with the Judge also because, besides his extraordinary knowledge, he behaved always with the greatest respect towards older and more experienced persons.

"See, Henrik," said his father to him one day, after a conversation with Stjernhök, "what *I* call poetry, real poetry; it is this—to tame the rivers, and to compel their wild falls to produce wealth and comfort, whilst woods are felled on their banks and corn-fields cultivated; human dwellings spring up, and cheerful activity and joyful voices enliven the country. Look! that may be called a beautiful creation!"

Henrik was silent.

"But," said Gabriele, with all her natural refinement, "to be happy in these homes, they must be able to read a pleasant book or to sing a beautiful song, else their lives, spite of all their waterfalls, would be very dry!"

The Judge smiled, kissed his little daughter, and tears of delight filled his eyes.

Henrik, in the mean time, had gone into another room and seated himself at a window. His mother followed him.

"How do you feel, my Henrik?" said she affectionately, gently taking away the hand which shaded his eyes. His hand was concealing his tears. "My good, good youth!" exclaimed she, her eyes also overflowing with tears, and throwing her arms around

him: "Now see!" began she consolingly, "you should not distress yourself when your father speaks in a somewhat one-sided manner. You know perfectly well how infinitely good and just he is, and that if he be only once convinced of the genuineness of your poetic talent, he will be quite contented. He is only now afraid of your stopping short in mediocrity. He would be pleased and delighted if you obtained honour in your own peculiar way."

"Ah!" said Henrik, "if I only knew whether or not I had a peculiar way—a peculiar vocation. But since Stjernhök has been here, and I have talked with him, every thing, both externally and internally, seems altered. I don't any longer understand myself. Stjernhök has shewn me how very little I know of that which I supposed myself to know a great deal, and what bungling my work is! I see it now perfectly, and it distresses me. How strong-minded and powerful Stjernhök is! I wish I were able to resemble him! But it is impossible, I feel myself such a mere nothing beside him! And yet, when I am alone, either with my books, or out in the free air with the trees, the rocks, the waters, the winds around me, and with heaven above, thoughts arise in me, feelings take possession of me, nameless sweet feelings, and then expressions and words speak in me which affect me deeply, and give me inexpressible delight; then all that is great and good in humanity is so present with me; then I have a foretaste of

harmony in every thing, of God in every thing; and it seems to me as if words thronged themselves to my lips to sing forth the gloriousness of that which I perceive. In such moments I feel something great within me, and I fancy that my songs would find an echo in every heart. Yes, it is thus that I feel sometimes; but when I see Stjernhök all is vanished, and I feel so little, so poor, I am compelled to believe that I am a dreamer and a fool!"

"My good youth," said the mother, "you mistake yourself. Your gifts and Stjernhök's are so dissimilar: but if you employ your talents with sincerity and earnestness, they will in their turn bring forth fruit. I confess to you, Henrik, that it was, and still is, one of my most lively wishes that one of my children might become distinguished in the fields of literature. Literature has furnished to me my most beautiful enjoyments; and in my younger years I myself was not without my ambition in this way. I see in you my own powers more richly blossoming. I myself bloom forth in them, my Henrik, and in my hopes of you. Ah! might I live to the day in which I saw you honoured by your native land; in which I saw your father proud of his son, and I myself able to gladden my heart with the fruit of your genius, your work—O then I would gladly die!"

Enthusiastic fire flamed in Henrik's looks and on his cheeks, as whilst, embracing his mother, he said, "No, you shall live, mother, to be honoured on

account of your son. He promises that you shall have joy in him!"

The sunbeam which just then streamed into the room fell upon Henrik's beautiful hair, which shone like gold. The mother saw it—saw silently a prophesying in it, and a sunbright smile diffused itself over her countenance.

Petrea read the "Magic Ring." She ought properly to have read it aloud to the family circle in an evening, and then its dangerous magic would have been decreased; but she read it beforehand, privately to herself during the night, and it drew her into the bewildering magic circle. She thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but wonderful adventures; wonderfully beautiful ladies, and wonderfully brave heroes! She was herself always one of them, worshipped or worshipping: now combating, cross in hand, against witches and dragons; now wandering in dreamy moonlight among lilies in the Lady Minnetrost's castle. It seemed as if the chaotic confusion of Petrea's brain had here taken shape and stature, and she now took possession with redoubled force of the phantasy world, which once before, under the guise of the Wood-god, had carried away her childish mind and conducted her into false tracks; and it was so even now; for while she moved night and day in a dream-world in which she luxuriated to exultation, in magnificent and wonderful scenes, in which she

herself always played a part, she got on but lamentably in real and every-day life. The head in which so many splendid pictures and grand schemes were agitating, looked generally something like a bundle of flax; she never noticed the holes and specks in her dress, nor her ragged stockings and trodden-down shoes; she forgot all her little, every-day business, and whatever she had in her hand she either lost or dropped.

She had besides, a passion for cracking almonds. "A passion," Louise said, "as expensive as it was noisy, and which never was stronger than when she went about under the influence of the magic ring; and that perpetual crack! crack! which was heard wherever she went, and the almond shells on which people trod, or which hung to the sleeve of whoever came to the window, were anything but agreeable."

Whenever Petrea was deservedly reproved or admonished for these things, she fell out of the clouds, or rather out of her heaven, down to the earth, which seemed to her scarcely anything else than a heap of nettles and brambles, and very gladly indeed would she have bought with ten years of her life, one year of the magic power of the "Magic Ring," together with beauty, magic charms, power, and such-like things, which she did not possess, except in her dreams.

Petrea's life was a cleft between an ideal and a real world, of both of which she knew nothing truly, and

which therefore could not become amalgamated in her soul. Rivers of tears flowed into the separating gulf, without being able to fill it or to clear her vision, while she now complained of circumstances, and now of her ownself, as being the cause of what she endured.

It was at this time that, partly at the wish of the parents, and partly also out of his own kind-heartedness, Jacobi began seriously to occupy himself with Petrea; and he occupied her mind in such a manner as strengthened and practised her thinking powers, whereby the fermentation in her feelings and imagination was in some measure abated. All this was indescribably beneficial to her, and it would have been still more so had not the teacher been too—— but we will leave the secret to future years.

The Judge received one day a large letter out of Stockholm, which, after he had read, he silently laid before his wife. It came from the highest quarter, contained most honourable and flattering praise of the services of Judge Frank, of which the government had long been observant, and now offered him elevation to the highest regal court of justice.

When Elise had finished the letter she looked up inquiringly to her husband, who stood beside her. "What think you of it Ernst?" asked she, with a constrained and uneasy glance.

The Judge walked more quickly up and down the

room, as was his custom when any thing excited him. "I cannot feel indifferent," said he; "I am affected by this mark of confidence in my sovereign. I have long expected this occurrence; but I feel, I see that I cannot leave my present sphere of operation. My activity is suited to it; I know that I am of service here, and the confidence of the Governor gives me unrestrained power to work according to my ability and views. It is possible that he, instead of me, may get the credit of the good which is done in the province; but, in God's name, let it be so! I know that what is good and beneficial is actually done, and that is enough; but there is a great deal which is only begun which must be completed, and a great deal, an infinite great deal remains yet to be done. I cannot leave a half-finished work—I cannot and I will not! One must complete one's work else it is good for nothing! And I know that here I am—but I am talking only of myself. Tell me, Elise, what you wish; what you would like."

"Let us remain here!" said Elise, giving her hand to her husband, and seating herself beside him. "I know that you would have no pleasure in a higher rank, in a larger income, if you on that account must leave a sphere where you feel yourself in your place, and where you can work according to the desire of your own heart, and where you are surrounded by persons who esteem and love you! No; let us remain here!"

"But you, you Elise," said he, "speak of yourself, not of me."

"Yes, you!" answered she, with the smile of a happy heart, "that is not so easy to do — for you see all that belongs to the one is so interwoven with what belongs to the other. But I will tell you something about myself. I looked at myself this morning in the glass — no satirical looks, my love! and it seemed to me as if I appeared strong and healthy. I thought of you, thought how good and kind you were, and how, whilst I had walked by your side, I had been strengthened both in body and mind; how I must still love you more and more, and how we had become happier and happier together. I thought of your activity, so rich in blessing both for home and for the general good; thought on the children, how healthy and good they are, and how their characters have unfolded so happily under our hands. I thought of our new house which you have built so comfortable and convenient for us all, and just then the sun shone cheerfully into my little, beloved boudoir, and I felt myself so fortunate in my lot! I thanked God both for it and for you! I would willingly live and die in this sphere—in this house. Let us then remain here"

"God bless you, for these words, Elise!" said he. "But the children: the children! Our decision will influence their future; we must also hear what they have to say; we must lay the matter before them:

not that I fear their having, if they were aware of our mode of reasoning, any wish different to ours, but at all events they must have a voice in the business. Come Elise! I shall have no rest till it is all talked over, and decided."

When the Judge laid the affair before the family council, it occasioned a great surprise; on which a general silence ensued, and attractive visions began to swarm before the eyes of the young people, not exactly of the highest Court of Judicature, but of the seat of the same—of the Capital. Louise looked almost like a Counsellor of Justice herself. But when her father had made known his and his wife's feelings on the subject, he read in their tearful eyes gratitude for the confidence he had placed in them, and the most entire acquiescence with his will.

No one spoke, however, till "the little one"—the father had not said to her, "Go out for a while, Gabriele dear;" "Let her stop with us," he said on the contrary, "she is a prudent little girl!"—no, none spoke till Gabriele threw her arms about her mother's neck, and exclaimed, "Ah, don't let us go away from here—here we are so happy!"

This exclamation was echoed by all.

"Well, then, here we remain, in God's name!" said the Judge, rising up and extending his arms, with tears in his eyes, towards the beloved circle. "Here we remain, children! But this shall not

prevent your seeing Stockholm, and enjoying its pleasures and beauties! I thank God, my children, that you are happy here; it makes me so too. Do you understand that?"

On this day, for the first time after a long interval, Leonore dined with the family. Everybody rejoiced on that account; and as her countenance had a brighter and more kindly expression than common, everybody thought her pretty. Eva, who had directed and assisted her toilet, rejoiced over her from the bottom of her heart.

"Don't you see, Leonore," said she, pointing up to heaven, where light blue openings were visible between clouds, which for the greater part of the day had poured down rain, "don't you see it is clearing up, Leonore? and then we will go out together, and gather flowers and fruit." And as she said this her blue eyes beamed with kindness and the enjoyment of life.

"What, in all the world, are these doing here?" asked Henrik, as he saw his mother's shoes standing in the window, in the pale sunshine; "they ought to be warmed, I fancy, and the sun has no desire to come out and do his duty. No, in this case, I shall undertake to be sun!"

"That you are to me, my summer-child!" said the mother, smiling affectionately as she saw Henrik had

placed her shoes under his waistcoat, to warm them on his breast.

"The cross! my sweet Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, "you can't think what lovely weather it is! Should we not take a little walk? You come with us? You look most charming—but, in heaven's name, not in the Court-preacher!"

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

LEONORE TO EVA.

And so you are coming home? Coming really home soon, sweet Eva? Ah! I am so happy, so joyful on that account, and yet a little anxious: but don't mind that; come, only come, and all will be right! When I can only look into your eyes, I feel that all will be clear. Your good eyes!—Gabriele and I call them "our blue ones"—how long it is that I have not seen you—two long years! I cannot conceive, dear Eva, how I have lived so long without you; but then it is true that we have not been in reality separated. I have accompanied you into the great world; I have been with you to balls and concerts; I have enjoyed with you your pleasures and the homage which has been paid to you. Ah! what joy for me that I have learned to love you! Since then I have lived twofold, and felt myself so rich in you! And now you are coming back; and then, shall we be as happy as before?

"Forgive, forgive this note of interrogation! But sometimes a disquiet comes over me. You speak so much of the great world, of joys and enjoyments, which—it is not in home to afford you. And your grand new acquaintance—ah, Eva! let them be ever so agreeable and interesting, they would not love you as we do, as I do! And then this Major R——! I am afraid of him, Eva. It appears to me the most natural thing in the world that he should love you, but—ah, Eva! it grieves me that you should feel such affection for him. My dear, good Eva, attach yourself not too closely to him before—but I distress you, and that I will not. Come, only come to us; we have so much to talk to you about, so much to hear from you, so much to say to you!

"I fancy you will find the house yet more agreeable than formerly; we have added many little decorations to it. You will again take breakfast with us—that comfortable meal, and my best-beloved time; and tea with us—your favourite hour, in which we were assembled for a merry evening, and were often quite wild. This morning I took out your breakfast-cup, and kissed that part of the edge on which the gold was worn off.

"We will again read books together, and think about and talk about them together. We will again go out together and enjoy all the freshness and quiet of the woods. And would it not be a blessed thing to wander thus calmly through life, endeavouring to

improve ourselves, and to make all those around us happier; to admire the works of God, and humbly to thank Him for all that he has given to us and others? Should we not then have lived and flourished enough on earth? Truly I know that a life quiet as this might not satisfy every one; neither can it accord with all seasons of life. Storms will come;—even I have had my time of unrest, of suffering, and of combat. But, thank God! that is now past, and the sensibility which destroyed my peace is now become as a light to my path; it has extended my world; it has made me better: and now that I no longer covet to enjoy the greater and stronger pleasures of life, I learn now, each passing day, to prize yet higher the treasures which surround me in this quiet every-day life. Oh, no one can be happy on earth till he has learned the worth of little things, and to attend to them! When once he has learned this, he may make each day not only happy, but find in it cause of thankfulness. But he must have peace—peace both within himself and without himself; for peace is the sun in which every dewdrop of life glitters!

"Would that I could but call back peace into a heart which——but I must prepare you for a change, for a great void in the house. You will not find Petrea here. You know the state of things which so much distressed me for some time. It would not do to let it go on any longer either for Louise or Jacobi's sake, or yet for her own, and therefore Petrea must

go, otherwise they all would have become unhappy. She herself saw it; and as we had tidings of Jacobi's speedy arrival here, she opened her heart to her parents. It was noble and right of her, and they were as good and prudent as ever; and now our father is gone with her to his friend Bishop B. May God preserve her, and give her peace! I shed many tears over her; but I hope all may turn out well. Her lively heart has a fresh-flowing fountain of health in it; and certainly her residence in the country, which she likes so much, new circumstances, new interests——

"I was interrupted: Jacobi is come! It is a good thing that Petrea is now whiling away her time in the shades of Furudal; good for her poor heart, and good too for the betrothed pair, who otherwise could not have ventured to have been happy in her presence. But now they are entirely so.

"Now, after six years' long waiting, sighing, and hoping, Jacobi sees himself approaching the goal of his wishes—marriage and a parsonage! And the person who helps him to all this, to say nothing of his own individual deserts, is his beloved patron the excellent Excellence O——. Through his influence two important landed-proprietors in the parish of Great T. have been induced to give their votes to Jacobi, who, though yet young, has been proposed; and thus he will receive one of the largest and most beautiful livings in the bishoprick, and Louise will

become a greatly honoured pastor's wife—'provost's wife' she herself says prophetically.

"The only *but* in this happiness is, that it will remove Jacobi and Louise so far from us. Their highest wish had been to obtain the rural appointment near this city; and thus we might in that case have maintained our family unbroken, even though Louise had left her home; but—'but,' says our good, sensible 'eldest,' with a sigh, 'all things cannot be perfect here on earth.'

"The day of nomination falls early in the spring; and Jacobi, who must enter upon his office immediately after his appointment, wishes to celebrate his marriage at Whitsuntide, in order that he may conduct his young wife into his shepherd's hut along flower-bestrewn paths, and by the song of the lark. Mrs. Gunilla jestingly beseeches of him not to become too nomadic: however, this is certain, that no living being has more interest about cows and calves, sheep and poultry, than Louise.

"The future married couple are getting their whole household in order beforehand; and Gabriele heartily amuses herself with such fragments of their entertaining conversation as reach her ear, while they sit on the sofa in the library talking of love and economy. But it is not talking *alone* that they do, for Jacobi's heart is full of warm human love; and our father has not the less imparted to all his children somewhat of his love for the general good, although Gabriele

maintains that her portion thereof is as yet very small.

"It gives one great pleasure to see the betrothed go out to make purchases, and then to see them return so cordially well pleased with all they have bought. Louise discovers something so unsurpassably excellent in every thing with which she furnishes herself, whether it be an earthen or a silver vessel. When I look at these two, like a pair of birds carrying together straws to their nest, and twittering over them, I cannot help thinking that it must be a greater piece of good fortune to come to the possession of a humbly supplied habitation which one has furnished oneself, than to that of a great and rich one for which other people have cared. One is, in the first place, so well acquainted with, so on thee-and-thou terms with one's things; and certainly nobody in this world can be more so than Louise with hers.

"We are all of us now working most actively for the wedding, but still our father does not look with altogether friendly eyes on an occasion which will withdraw a daughter from his beloved circle. He would so gladly keep us all with him, for which I rejoice and am grateful. Apropos! we have a scheme for him which will make him happy in his old age, and our mother also. You remember the great piece of building-land overgrown with bushes, which the people had not understanding enough either to build upon or to give up to us, this we intend—but we will

talk about it mouth to mouth. Petrea has infected us all, even 'our eldest,' with her desire for great undertakings; and then—truly it is a joy to be able to labour for the happiness of those who have laboured for us so affectionately and unweariedly.

"Now something about friends and acquaintance.

"All friends and acquaintance ask much after you. Uncle Jeremias wrangles because you do not come, all the time he breakfasts with us (generally on Wednesday and Saturday mornings), and while he abuses our rusks, but notwithstanding devours a great quantity of them. For some time he has appeared to me to have become more amiable than formerly; his temper is milder, his heart always was mild. He is the friend and physician of all the poor. A short time ago he bought a little villa, a mile distant from the city; it is to be the comfort of his age, and is to be called 'The Old Man's Rose,'—does not that sound comfortable?

"Annette P. is very unhappy with her coarse sister-in-law. She does not complain; but look, complexion, nay, even her whole being, indicate the deepest discontent with life; we must attract her to us, and endeavour to make her happier.

"Here comes Gabriele, and insists upon it that I should leave some room for her scrawl. A bold request! But then who says no to her? Not I, and therefore I must make a short ending.

"If a certain Baron Rutger L. be introduced to you

when you return, do not imagine that he is deranged, although he sometimes seems as if he were so. He is the son of one of my father's friends; and as he is to be educated by my father for a civil post, he is boarded in our family. He is a kind of '*diamant brute*,' and requires polishing in more senses than one; in the mean time I fancy his wild temper is in a fair way of being tamed. One word from our mother makes impression upon him; and he is actually more regardful of the ungracious demeanour of our little lady, than of the moral preaching of our eldest. He is just nineteen. Old Brigitta is quite afraid of him, and will hardly trust herself to pass him lest he should leap over her. Oh, how happy she, like everybody else, will be to see you back again! she fears lest you should get married, and stop in 'the hole,' as she calls Stockholm.

"Henrik will remain with us over Christmas, but you must come and help to enliven him; he is not so joyous as formerly. I fancy that the misunderstanding between him and Stjernhök distresses him. Ah! why would not these two understand one another! For the rest, many things are now at stake for Henrik; God grant that all may go well, both on his account and mamma's!

"We shall not see Petrea again till after Louise's marriage. When shall we all be again all together at home? Sara! ah? it is now above four years since we heard any thing of her, and all inquiry and search

after her has been in vain. Perhaps she lives no longer! I have wept many tears over her; oh! if she should return! I feel that we should be happier together than formerly; there was much that was good and noble in her, but she was misled—I hear my mother's light steps, and that predicts that she has something good for me—

"Ah, yes! she has! she has a letter from you my Eva! You cannot fix the day of your return, and that is very sad—but you come soon! You love Stockholm; so do I also; I could embrace Stockholm for that reason.

"I am now at the very edge of my paper. Gabriele has bespoken the other side. I leave you now, in order to write to *her* who left us with tears, but who, as I cordially hope, will return to us with smiles."

FROM GABRIELE.

In the Morning.

"I could not write last evening, and am now up before the sun in order to tell you that nothing can console me for Petrea's absence, excepting your return. We are all of us terribly longing after 'our Rose.' I know very well who beside your own family longs for this same thing.

"I must tell you that a little friendship has been got up between Uncle Jeremias and me. All this came about in the fields, for he is never particularly polite within doors; whilst in a walk, the beautiful

side of his character always comes out. Petrea and I have taken such long excursions with him, and then he was mild and lively; then he botanised with us, told us of the natural families in the vegetable kingdom, and related the particular life and history of many plants. Do you know it is the most agreeable thing in the world to know something of all this; one feels oneself on such familiar terms with these vegetable families. Ah! how often when I feel thus am I made aware how indescribably rich and glorious life is, and I fancy that every one must live happily on earth who has only eyes and sense awakened to all that is glorious therein, and then I can sing like a bird for pure life-enjoyment. In the mean time, Uncle Jeremias and I cultivate flowers in the house quite enthusiastically, and intend at Christmas to make presents of both red and white lilacs; but, indeed, I have almost a mind to cry that the nose of my Petrea cannot smell them.

"But I must come to an end, for you must know that occasionally I have undertaken to have a watchful eye over the breakfast-table, and therefore I go now to look after it. Bergström has fortunately done all this, so that I have nothing now to do; next I must go and look after my moss-rose, and see whether a new bud has yet made its appearance; then I shall go and see after mamma; one glance must I give through the window to the leaves in the garden, which nod a farewell to me before they fall

from the twigs; and to the sun also, which now rises bright and beaming, must I send a glance—a beam from the sun of my eyes and out of the depth of my thankful heart; and therefore that I may be able, for the best well-being of the community, to attend to all these important matters, I must say to you, farewell! to you who are so dear to me."

CHAPTER II.

PETREA TO LEONORE.

From the Inn in D——.

"It is evening, and my father is gone out in order to make arrangements for our to-morrow's voyage. I am alone: the mist rises thick without, before the dirty inn-windows; my eyes also are misty; my heart is heavy and full, I must converse with you.

"O Leonore! the bitter step has thus been taken—I am separated from my own family, from my own home; and not soon shall I see again their mild glances, or hear your consoling voice! and all this—because I have not deserved—because I have destroyed the peace of my home! Yes, Leonore! in vain will you endeavour to excuse me, and reconcile me with myself! I know that I am criminal—that I have desired, that I have wished, at least, for a moment—oh, I would now press the hem of Louise's garment to my lips and exclaim 'Forgive, forgive! I have passed judgment on myself—I have banished myself; I fly—fly in order no more to disturb your happiness or his!'

"I was a cloud in their heaven; what should the cloud do there? May the wind disperse it! O Leonore, it is an indescribably bitter feeling for a heart which burns with gratitude to be able to do nothing more for the object of its love than to keep itself at a distance, to make itself into nothing! But rather that—rather a million-times hide myself in the bosom of the earth, than give sorrow either to him or to her! Truly, if thereby I could win anything for them; if I could moulder to dust like a grain of corn, and then shoot forth for them into plentiful blessing — that would be sweet and precious, Leonore! People extol all those who are able to die for love, for honour, for religion, for high and noble ends, and wherefore? Because it is, indeed, a mercy from God to be able so to die—it is life in death!

"I know a life which is death—which, endured through long clinging years, would be a burden to itself, and a joy to no one. O how bitter! Wherefore must the craving after happiness, after enjoyment, burn like an eternal thirst in the human soul, if the assuaging fountain, Tantalus like——?

"Leonore, my eyes burn, my head aches, and my heart is wildly tempested! I am not good—I am not submissive—my soul is a chaos—a little earth on forehead and breast, that might be good for me.

On board the Steam-boat.

"Thanks, Leonore, thanks for your pillow; it has really been an ear-comfort for me.* Yesterday I thought that I was in the direct way to become ill. I shivered; I burned; my head ached fearfully: I felt as if torn to pieces. But when I laid my head upon your little pillow, when my ear rested upon the delicate cover which you had ornamented with such exquisite needlework, then it seemed to me as if your spirit whispered to me out of it; a repose came over me; all that was bad vanished so quickly, so wonderfully! I slept calmly; I was quite astonished when they woke me in the morning to feel that, bodily, I was quite well, and mentally like one cured. This has been done by your pillow, Leonore. I kissed it and thanked you.

"It is related in the Acts of the Apostles that they brought the sick and laid them in the way on which the holy men went, that at least their shadows might fall upon them and make them sound. I have faith in the power of such a remedy; yes, the good, the holy, impart somewhat of their life, of their strength, to all that belong to them: I have found that to-night.

"We went on board. The "Sea-Witch" thundered and flew over the sea. I knew that she con-

* Poor Petrea makes a little pun here. The Swedish word örongodt (pillow) meaning literally good for the ear; but we cannot transfer this into English.—M. H.

veyed me away from you all, and leaning over the bulwarks I wept. I felt then a pair of arms tenderly and gently surrounding me; they were my father's! He wrapped a warm cloak around me, and leaning on his breast, I raised my head. The morning was clear; white flame-like clouds chased by the morning wind flew across the deep blue; the waves beat foaming against the vessel; green meadows, autumnally beautiful parks, extended themselves on either side of us; space opened itself. I stood with my face turned towards the wind and space, let the sea-spray wet my lips and my eyelids, a soft shudder passed through me, and I felt that life was beautiful. Yes, in the morning hour, filled with its beaming-light, in this pure fresh wind, I felt the evil demons of my soul retreat, and disperse themselves like mist and vapour. I drank in the morning winds; I opened my heart to life; I might also have opened my arms to them, and at the same time to all my beloved ones, that thus I might have expressed to them the quiet prediction of my heart, that love to them will heal me, will afford me strength some time or other to give them joy.

The second day on board.

"I should like to know whether a deep heart-grief would resist the influence of a long voyage. There is something wonderfully strengthening, something renovating in this life, this voyaging, this fresh wind. It chases the dust from the eyes of the soul; one

sees oneself and others more accurately, and gets removed from one's old self. One journeys in order to stand upon a new shore, and amid new connections. One begins, as it were, anew.

"We had a storm yesterday, and with the exception of my father, I was the only passenger who remained well, and on this account I could help the sufferers. It is true it was not without its discomforts; it is true that I reeled about sometimes with a glass of water, and sometimes with a glass of drops in the hand; but I saw many a laughable scene; many an odd trait of human nature. I laughed, made my own remarks, forgot myself, and became friendly with all mankind. Certainly it would be a very good thing for me to be maidservant on board a steamboat.

"Towards evening, the storm, as well within as without the vessel, abated itself. I sate solitary on deck till midnight. The waves still foamed around the agreeably rocking vessel; the wind whistled in the rigging; and the full moon, heralded by one bright little star, rose from the sea, and diffused her mild wondrous light over its dark expanse. It was infinitely glorious! Nameless thoughts and feelings arose in me, full of love and melancholy, and yet at the same time elevating and strengthening; a certain longing after that for which I knew no name. I desired I knew not what.

"But I fear and know that which I do not desire. I fear the quiet measured life into which I am about

again to enter—conventionalities, forms, social life, all this cramps my soul together, and makes it inclined to excesses. Instead of sitting in select society, and drinking tea in 'high life,' would I rather roam about the world in Viking expeditions—rather eat locusts with John the Baptist in the wilderness, and go hither and thither in a garment of camel's hair; and after all, such apparel as this must be very convenient in comparison with our patchwork toilet. Manifold are the changing scenes of life, and how shall I find my way, and where shall I find my place in the magic circle of the world. Forgive me, Leonore, that I talk so much about myself. Thou good one, thou hast spoiled me in this respect.

"We reach Furudal to-day in the afternoon.

Furudal.

"Here are we on land; I would that I were at sea! I come even now from the drawing-room, and in the drawing-room I always suffer shipwreck. An evil genius always makes me say or do something there unbecoming. This evening I entangled the reel of the Bishop's lady, and told a stupid anecdote about a relation of hers. I wished to be witty, and I succeeded badly, as I always do.

"They are very neat people here. The Bishop is a small pale man, with something angelic in voice and expression, but——he will not have much time to bestow on me; he lives in his books and his official

duties, and moreover he is almost always in the city; and his lady, who remains here perpetually, has very delicate health; but I will wait upon her, and read aloud to her, and that will give me pleasure. I only hope she may endure me.

"Both husband and wife were amiable towards my father's daughter, but I very well believe that they did not find me very loveable. Intolerably hot, too, was their blessed drawing-room, and I was tanned with the wind, and as red as a peony. Such things as these are enough to make one a little desperate; all these things are trifles, yet they are nevertheless annoying; and then it is depressing, everlastingly to displease exactly where one wishes most to please!

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"I have unpacked the trunk which you all so carefully packed for me; and now new and newly-repaired articles of clothing flew into my arms one after another. O sisters! it was you who have thus brought my toilet in order for the whole winter! How good you are! I recognised Louise's hand again. Oh, I must weep, my beloved ones!—my home!

Some days later.

"The pine-trees rustle fresh and still. I have been out;—mountains, woods, solitude with nature—glorious!

"O Leonore, I will begin a new life; I will die to my ancient self, to vanity, to error, to self-love. Every flattering token of remembrance—notes, keepsakes—be they from man or woman, I have destroyed. I send you herewith a little sum of money, which I received for ornaments and for some of my own manufactures, which I sold. Buy something with it which will give pleasure to Louise and Jacobi; but do not let them surmise, I earnestly beseech you, that it comes from Petrea. If I could only sell myself for a respectable price, and make them rich, then——

"I shall have a deal of time for myself here, and I know how I shall employ it. I will go out a great deal. I will wander through wood and field, in storm, snow, and every kind of weather, till I am, at least, bodily weary. Perhaps then it may be calmer in the soul! I desire no longer to be happy. What does it matter if one is not happy, if one is only pure and good? Were the probation-day of life only not so long! Leonore, my good angel, pray for me!

"May all be happy!

"Greet all tenderly from your

"PETREA."

"P.S.—My nose makes its compliments to Gabriele, and goes in the accompanying picture to pay her a visit. She must not imagine that I am cast down. I send also a little ballad or romance; the wood sung it to me last evening, and every harmonious sound,

which life in my soul sings, must—go home! O how I love you all!"

And now, whilst our Petrea appears in rural solitude to prepare herself for a new life, whilst the snow fell upon the earth in order to prepare it for new springs, we turn back to our well-known home in the city, and describe the occurrences there.

CHAPTER III.

A CONVERSATION.

JACOBI had left. October was come, with its storms and its long twilight, which is so dark and heavy for all such as have it not cheered by kindly glances and bright thoughts.

One evening as Henrik came down to tea, he was observed to look uncommonly pale, and in answer to the inquiry of his sisters as to the cause, he replied that he had headache, and added half in jest, half in earnest, that it would be very beautiful to be only once freed from this heavy body—it was so sadly in one's way!

"How you talk!" said Louise, "at all events it is right to treat it well and rationally; not to go sitting up all night and studying so that one has headache all day!"

"Thank your majesty most submissively for the moral!" said Henrik; "but if my body will not serve my soul, but will subject it, I have a very great desire to contend with it, and to quarrel with it!"

"The butterfly becomes matured in the chrysalis," said Gabriele smiling sweetly, whilst she strewed

rose-leaves upon some chrysalises which were to sleep through the winter on her flower-stand.

"Ah, yes," replied Henrik; "but how heavily does not the shell press down upon the wings of the butterfly! The earthly chrysalis weighs upon me! What would not the soul accomplish? how could it not live and enjoy, were it not for this? In certain bright moments, what do we not feel and think? what brilliancy in conception! what godlike warmth of feeling in the heart!—one could press the whole world to one's bosom at such a time, seeing, with a glance, through all, and penetrating all as with fire. O, there is then an abundance, a clearness! Yes, if our Lord himself came to me at such a moment, I should reach forth my hand to him and say, "Good day, brother!"

"Dear Henrik!" said Louise somewhat startled, "now I think you do not rightly know what you say."

"Yes," continued he, without regarding the interruption, "so can one feel, but only for a moment; in the next, the chrysalis closes heavily again its earthly dust-mantle around our being, and we are stupified and sleep, and sink deep below that which we so lately were. Then one sees in books nothing but printed words, and in one's soul one finds neither feeling nor thought, and towards man, for whom so shortly before the very heart seemed to burn, one feels oneself stiff and disinclined. Ah, it were enough to make one fall into despair!"

"It would be far better," said Louise, "that such people went to sleep, and then they would get rid of headache and heaviness."

"But," said Henrik smiling, "that is a sorrowful remedy according to my notions. It is horrible to require so much sleep! How can any one who is a seven-sleeper become great? 'Les hommes puissans veillent et veulent,' says Balzac with reason; and because my miserable heavy nature requires so much sleep, so certainly shall I never turn out great in any way. Besides, this entrancement, this glorification produces such wakeful moments in the soul, that one feels poor and stripped when they are extinguished. Ah! I can very well comprehend how so many make use of external excitement to recall or to prolong them, and that they endeavour through the fire of wine to wake again the fire of the soul."

"Then," said Louise, "you comprehend something which is very bad and irrational. They are precisely such excitements as these that we have to thank for there being so many miserable men, and so many drunkards in Sweden, that one can scarcely venture to go out in the streets for them!"

"I do not defend it, dear Louise," said Henrik, gently smiling at the zeal of his sister, "but I can understand it, and in certain cases I can excuse it. Life is often felt to be so heavy, and the moments of inspiration give a fulness to existence; they are like lightning flashes out of the eternal life!"

"And so they certainly are," said Leonore, who had listened attentively to her brother, and whose mild eyes had become moist by his words; "and life will certainly," continued she, "feel thus clear, thus full, when we shall have become ever entirely freed from the chrysalis; not from the bonds of the body only, but of the soul also. Perhaps these moments are given to us here on earth to allure us up to the Father's house, and to let us feel its air."

"A beautiful thought, Leonore," said her brother. "Thus these gleams of light are truly revelations of our inward, actual, here-yet-enslaved life. Good God! how glorious that—But ah! the long, long moments of darkness, what are they?"

"Trials of patience, times of preparation," replied Leonore tenderly smiling. "Besides, the bright moments come again and gladden us with their light, and that so much the more frequently the farther one advances in perfection. But one must, at the same time, learn to have patience with oneself, Henrik, and here, in this life, to wait for oneself."

"You have spoken a true word, sister. I must kiss your hand for it," said Henrik. "Ah yes, if——

"Be now a little less sensible and æsthetic," exclaimed 'our eldest,' "and come here and drink a cup of tea! See here, Henrik, a cup of strong warm tea, which will do your head good. But this evening and to-morrow morning you must take a table-spoonful of my elixir!"

"From that defend us all, ye good—*Vi ringrazia carissima sorella!*" said Henrik. "But, but charming Gabriele! a drop of port wine in the tea would make it more powerful, without turning me into one of those miserable beings of whom Louise is so afraid! Thanks, sister dear! *Fermez les yeux,* O Mahomet!" and with an obeisance before Louise, Henrik conveyed the cup to his lips.

Later in the evening Henrik stood in one of the library windows looking out into the moonlight. Leonore went up to him and looked into his face with that mild, humbly questioning glance to which the heart so willingly opened itself, and which was peculiar to her.

"You are so pale, Henrik," said she, disquieted.

"It is extraordinary," said he, half laughing at himself; "do you see, Leonore, how the tops of the fir-trees there in the churchyard bow themselves in the wind and beckon? I cannot conceive why, but this nodding and beckoning distresses me wonderfully; I feel it in my very heart."

"That comes naturally enough, Henrik," returned she, "because you are not well. Shall we not go out a little? It is such lovely moonshine! The fresh air will perhaps do you good."

"Will you go with me, Leonore?" said he. "Yes, that is a good idea!"

Gabriele found it however rather poor, and called her brother and sister Samoyedes, Laplanders, Esqui-

maux, and such like, who would go wandering about in the middle of a winter's night. Nevertheless these two went forth jestingly and merrily arm in arm.

"Is it not too windy for you?" asked Henrik, whilst he endeavoured carefully to shield his sister from the wind.

"The wind is not cold," replied Leonore, "and it is particularly charming to me to walk by your side while it roars around us, and while the snow-flakes dance about in the moonshine like little elves."

"Nay, you feel then like me!" said Henrik; "with you, sisters, I am ever calm and happy; but I don't know how it is, but now for some time other people often plague and irritate me——

"Ah, Henrik," remarked Leonore, "is not that someway your own fault?"

"Are you thinking of Stjernhök, Leonore?" asked he.

"Yes."

"So am I," continued he, "and perhaps you are right; yes, I will willingly concede that I have often been unjust towards him, and unreasonably violent, but he has excited me to it. Why has he made me so often oppressively feel his superiority? so often taken away from me my own joy in my own endeavours, and almost always treated me with coldness and depreciation?"

Leonore made no answer, the moonlight lit a quiet tear in her eye, and Henrik continued with increasing violence—

"I could have loved him so much! He had, through the originality of his character, his strength, and his whole individuality, a great influence, a great power over me; but he has misused it; he has treated me severely, precisely in the instances in which I approached him nearest. He has flung from him the devotion which I cherished for him. I will tell you the whole truth, Leonore, and how this has happened between us. You know that in the University, about three years ago, a sort of literary society of young men gathered themselves about me. Perhaps they esteemed my literary talents too highly, and might mislead me,—I could almost believe so myself, but I was the favourite of the day in the circle in which my life moved; perhaps, on that account, I became presumptuous; perhaps a tone of pretension betrayed itself in me, and a false, one-sided direction was visible in the poems which I then published: nevertheless, these poems made some little noise in the world. Shortly, however, after their appearance a criticism on them came out, which made a yet greater noise, on account of its power, its severity, and also its satirical wit. Its acrimony spared neither my work nor my character as a poet, and it produced almost universally a re-action against me. It appeared to me severe and one-sided; and even now, at this moment, it appears to me not otherwise, although I can now see its justice much better than at the time.

"The anonymous author of the critique upon me was Stjernhök, and he did not in the slightest deny it. He considered it as being much less directed against me personally, than against the increasing influence of the party of which I was a sort of chief. Even before this I had begun to withdraw myself from his power, which I always felt to be oppressive; and this new blow did not, by any means, tend to reunite us. His severe criticism had made me observant of my faults; but yet I do not know whether it would have produced any other effect than pain, had I not at this time returned home to you; and at home, through the beneficial influence of my own family, a new strength and a purer direction had been aroused in me. That was the time in which my father, with indescribable goodness, and in complot with you all, sold the half of his library to furnish me with the means of foreign travel. Yes, you have called forth a new being in me; and all my poems, and all my writings, are now designed to prove to you that I am not unworthy of you. Ah, yes! I love you warmly and deeply—but it is all over with Stjernhök; the love which I cherished for him has changed itself into bitterness."

"Ah, Henrik, Henrik, do not let it be so!" said Leonore. "Stjernhök is indeed a noble, a good man, even if, at the same time, too severe. But really he loves you as well as we, but you two will not understand one another; and Henrik, the last time you

were really unjust to him—you seemed as if you could hardly bear him."

"I hardly can, Leonore," said he. "It is a feeling stronger than myself. I don't know what evil spirit it is which now, for some time, has set itself firmly in my heart; but there it is steadfastly rooted; and if I am aware only of Stjernhök's presence, it is as if a sharp sword passed through me; before him my heart contracts itself; and if he only touch me, I feel as if burning lead went through my veins."

"Henrik! dearest Henrik!" exclaimed Leonore with pain, "it is really terrible! Ah! make only the attempt with yourself; conquer your feelings, and extend the hand of reconciliation to him."

"It is too late for that, Leonore," said Henrik. "Yes, if it were necessary for him, it would be easy; but what does he trouble himself about me? He never loved me, never esteemed either my efforts or my ability. And perhaps it may be with some justice that he does not think so very highly of my talents. What have I done? And sometimes it seems to me, even in the future, that I never shall do any thing great; that my powers are limited, and that my spring-time is past. Stjernhök's, on the contrary, is yet to come; he belongs to that class which mounts slowly, but on that account all the more steadily. I see now, much better than I did formerly, how far he stands beyond me, and how much higher he will rise—and this knowledge is martyrdom to me."

"But wherefore," pleaded Leonore, "these dark thoughts and feelings, dear Henrik, when your future appears fuller of hope than ever before? Your beautiful poetry; your prize essay, which is certain to bring you honour; the prospect of an advantageous post, a sphere of action which will be dear to you—all this, which in a few months will so animate your heart—why has it at this time so lost its power over you?"

"I cannot tell," replied he; "but for some time now I have been, and am much changed; I have no faith in my good fortune; it seems to me as if all my beautiful hopes will vanish like a dream."

"And even if it were so," said Leonore questioningly, with humility and tenderness, "could you not find happiness and peace at home; in the occupation of your beloved studies; in the life with us, who love you solely, and for your own sake?"

Henrik pressed his sister's arm to his side, but answered nothing; and a violent passing gust of wind compelled him to stand still for a moment.

"Horrible weather!" said he, wrapping his cloak round his sister at the same time.

"But this is your favourite weather," remarked she jestingly.

"*Was*, you should say," returned he; "now I do not like it, perhaps because it produces a feeling in me which distresses me." With these words he took his sister's hand and laid it on his heart. His heart

beat wildly and strongly; its beating was almost audible.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonore alarmed, "Henrik, what is this?—is it often thus?"

"Only occasionally;—I have had it now for some time," replied he; "but don't be uneasy on this account; and, above all things, say nothing to my mother or Gabriele about it. I have spoken with Munter on the subject; he has prescribed for me, and does not think it of much consequence. To-day I have had it without intermission, and perhaps I am from that cause somewhat hypochondriacal. Forgive me, dear Leonore, that I have teased you about it. I am much better and livelier now; this little walk has done me good,—if you only don't get cold, Leonore, or you would certainly be punished, or at all events be threatened, with Louise's elixir. But does there not drive a travelling carriage towards our door, exactly as if it would stop there?" Can it be Eva? The carriage stops—it is certainly Eva!"

"Eva! Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, with cordial delight; and both brother and sister ran so quickly to the gate that she was received into their arms as she dismounted from the carriage.

CHAPTER IV.

EVA.

Among the agreeable circumstances which occur in a happy home, may certainly be reckoned the return to its bosom of one of its beloved members. So returns the bee to the safe hive with her harvest of honey, after her flight abroad over the meadows of the earth. How much is there not mutually to relate, to hear, to see, and to enjoy! Every cloud in the heaven of home vanishes then, all is sunshine and joy; and it must be bad indeed, if they do not find one another lovelier and improved, for when every thing goes on right here, every advancing footstep in life must tend in a certain manner to improvement.

Bright, indeed, did Eva's return make the hours of sunshine in the Frank family! The mutual love which demonstrated itself in embraces, smiles, tears, laughter, sweet words of greeting, and a thousand tokens of joy and tenderness, made the first hours vanish in a lively intoxication, and then, when all had become quieter and they looked nearer about them, all looks and thoughts gathered themselves still about Eva with rapture; her beauty seemed now in its full

bloom, and a captivating life seemed to prevail in her looks, in her behaviour, in her every motion, which hitherto had not been seen. Her dress of the most modern fashion, a certain development and style about her, a bewitching ease of manner, all evinced the elegant circles of the capital, and exerted their magic over her friends, and charmed them all, but especially Gabriele, who followed her beautiful sister with beaming looks.

Bergström gave way to his feelings in the kitchen and exclaimed, "Mamselle Eva is quite divine!" Never had the blond Ulla so entirely agreed with him before.

Leonore was the only one who regarded Eva with a tender yet at the same time troubled eye. She saw a something worldly in Eva's exterior and demeanour, which was a presage to her that a great and not happy change had taken place in her beloved sister. Nor was it long before Leonore's foreboding proved itself to be right. Eva had not been many hours in the house before it was plainly visible that domestic affairs had but little interest for her, and that parents and family and friends were not to her all that they had been before.

Eva's soul was entirely occupied by one object, which laid claim to all her thoughts and feelings, and this was Major R——. His handsome person, his brilliant talents; his amiability, his love; the parties in which she had met him, the balls in which she had

danced with him; the occasions on which they had played parts together—in short, all the romantic unfoldings of their connexion, were the pictures which now alone lived in her heart, and danced around her fancy, now heated by worldly happiness.

The grave expression of her father's countenance, as he heard her first mention the Major, prevented her during this first evening from repeating his name.

But when afterwards she was alone with her sisters, when the sweet hour of talk came, which between dear friends, on such occasions, generally extends itself from night till morning, Eva gave free course to all with which her soul was filled, and related to her sisters at large her romance of the last year, in which several rival lovers figured, but of which Major R—— was the hero. Nor was it without self-satisfaction that Eva represented herself as the worshipped and conquering heroine amid a crowd of rival ladies. Her soul was so occupied by all these circumstances, her mind was so excited, that she did not observe the embarrassment of her sisters during her relation; she saw neither their disquiet, their constrained smiles, nor their occasionally depressed looks.

Nor was it till when, with eyes beaming with joy, she confided to them that Major R—— would soon come to the city, where he had relatives; that he would spend the Christmas with them, and then ask her hand from her parents, that the veil fell from

her eyes. Louise expressed herself strongly against Major R——, wondered at her sister, and lamented that she could endure such a man; it was not, she said, what she had expected from her. Eva, very much wounded, defended the Major with warmth, and talked of intolerance and prejudice. In consequence of this, Louise's indignation was increased; Gabriele began to weep, and Louise bore her company; she seemed to look upon Eva as on one lost. Leonore was calmer; she spoke not one word which could wound her sister, but sighed deeply, and looked with quiet grief upon the beloved but misguided sister; and then seeing what a tragical turn the conversation was taking, said, with all that expression of calm sincerity so peculiarly her own:

"Do not let us this evening speak farther on this subject; do not let us disturb our joy. We have now Eva with us at home, and shall have time enough to talk and to think—and then all will be cleared up. Is it not quite for the best that we sleep on this affair? Eva must be weary after her journey, and 'our blue-eyed one' must not weep on this first evening."

Leonore's advice was taken, and with a mutual 'forgive,' Louise, Eva, and Gabriele embraced and separated for the night. Leonore was happy to be alone with Eva, and listened undisturbedly through the whole night to her relations. The good Leonore!

Major Victor R. was universally known as one of those who make sport with female hearts, and Judge

Frank regarded sport of this kind with a severity very uncommon among his sex, especially where, as was the case in this instance, selfishness, and not thoughtlessness, led to it. The Major, ten years before this time, had married a young and rich girl connected with the Judge's family; and the only fault of the young wife, then sixteen, had been that of loving her husband too tenderly—nay, even in adoring one who repaid her love with relentless severity and faithlessness, under which the poor Amelia drooped, and, in the second year of her marriage, died; but not without having bequeathed to the unworthy husband all the property over which she had any control.

These were the very means by which R. now was enabled to pursue his brilliant and reckless career. He always made his court to one of the beauties of the day. He had been several times betrothed, but had broken off the affair again without the smallest regard to the reputation or to the feelings of the girl, upon whom, by this means he had cast a stain—nay, indeed, he secretly regarded it as an honour to himself to make such victims, and to cause hearts to bleed for him—that cooled the burning thirst of his self-love.

The world did justice to his agreeable and splendid talents; but the noble of his own sex, as well as of the other, esteemed him but very lightly, inasmuch as they considered him a person without true worth. The thoughts of a union between this man and his

beloved daughter occasioned a storm in the bosom of the Judge.

Such was the information regarding the man whom she loved that met Eva on her return home. Every body was unanimously against him. What Eva spoke in his excuse produced no effect; what she said of his true and deep devotion to her, evidently nobody credited; and over her own love, which had made the world so beautiful, which had produced the most delicious feelings in her breast, and had opened to her a heaven of happiness, people mourned and wept, and regarded it as a misfortune, nay, even as a degradation. Wounded to the inmost of her soul, Eva drew herself back, as it were, from her own family, and accused them to herself of selfishness and unreasonableness. Louise, perhaps, deserved somewhat of this reproach; but Leonore was pure, pure as the angels of heaven; still Leonore mourned over Eva's love, and on that account Eva closed her heart against her also.

The variance, which in consequence of all this existed between Eva and her family, became only yet greater when Major R. arrived, shortly after her, at the city. He was a tall handsome man, of perhaps five-and-thirty; of a haughty, but somewhat trifling exterior; his countenance was gay and blooming, and his look clear and bold. Great practice in the world, and an inimitable ease and confidence, gave to his demeanour and conversation that irresistible

power which these qualities exercise so greatly in society.

On his visit to the Franks, the Judge and he exchanged some glances, in which both read that neither could endure the other. The Major, however, let nothing of all this be seen, was perfectly candid and gay; and while he directed his conversation especially to Elise, spoke scarcely one word to Eva, though he looked much at her. After the first stiff salutation, the Judge went again into his study, for the very appearance of this man was painful to him. Leonore was polite, nay, almost friendly to him, for she would willingly have loved one whom Eva loved. Assessor Munter was present during this visit; but when he had seen, for a few minutes, the glances which the Major cast upon Eva, and their magic influence over her, and had observed and had read her whole heart in a timid glance which she raised to her beloved, he withdrew silently and hastily.

The Major came but seldom to the house, for the eye of the Judge appeared to have the power of keeping him at a distance; on the contrary, he managed it so that he saw Eva almost daily out of the house. He met her when she went out, and accompanied her home from church. Invitations came; sledging-parties and balls were arranged; and Eva, who formerly was so well pleased with home, who had often given up the pleasures of the world for the domestic evening circle, Eva appeared to find nothing now pleasing

at home; appeared only to be able to live in those circles and those pleasures in which Major R. shone, and where she could see herself distinguished by him. Precisely therefore on account of these rencontres of the two, the family went as little as possible into society. Still, notwithstanding all this, Eva's wishes upon the whole were favoured. Leonore accompanied her faithfully wherever she wished. The Judge was gloomy and disturbed in temper; the mother was mild and accommodating; and as to Eva, she was in a high degree sensitive; whilst whatever concerned her love, or seemed to oppose her wishes in the slightest degree, brought her to tears and hysterical sobs, and her friends became ever more and more aware how violent and exclusive her love was to Major R. The mere glimpse of him, the sound of his steps, the tone of his voice, shook her whole frame. All earlier affectionate relationships had lost their power over her heart.

It not unfrequently happens that people, whether it arises from physical or moral causes, become wonderfully unlike themselves. Irritability, violence, indiscretion, and unkindness, suddenly reveal themselves in a hitherto gentle and amiable character, and, as if by a magic stroke, a beautiful form has been transformed into a witch. It requires a great deal, under such circumstances, to keep friends warm and unchanged. A great demand of goodness, a great demand of clearness of vision, is made from any one

when, under these circumstances, he is required to remain true in the same love, to persevere in the same faith, to wait patiently for the time when the magic shall lose its power, when the changed one shall come back again; and yet he, all the time, be able only to present himself by quiet prayers, mild looks, and affectionate care! Probably otherwise he never might have come back again. I say *great purity of vision,* because the true friend never loses sight of the heavenly image of his friend; but sees it through every veil of casualty, even when it is concealed from all, nay, even from the faulty one's self! He has faith in it; he loves it; he lives for it, and says, "Wait! have patience! it will go over, and then he (or she) comes back again!" And whoever has such a friend, comes back indeed!

So stood the quiet, affectionate Leonore on the side of her altered sister.

All this time Henrik was beneficial to his whole family, and appeared to have regained all his former amiable animation, in order therewith to eradicate every disturbing sensation from the bosom of home. He accompanied his family, more than he had ever done before, into society, and had always a watchful eye on his sister and the Major.

Before long the Major declared himself, and asked for Eva's hand. Her parents had prepared themselves for this event, and had decided on their line of conduct. They intended not to make their child

unhappy by a decided negative to the wishes of her heart; but they had determined to demand a year of trial both from her and her lover, during which time they should have no intercourse with each other, should exchange no letters, and should consider themselves as free from every mutual obligation; and that then again after this interval of time, if they two, the Major and Eva, still wished it, the question of their union might again be brought forward. This middle path had been proposed by Elise, who, through a progressively inward, and more perfect fulfilment of duties, had acquired an ever-increasing power over her husband, and thus induced him to accede to it, at the same time that she endeavoured to infuse into him the hope which she herself cherished, namely, either that Eva, during the time of probation, would discover the unworthiness of the Major, and won over by the wishes and the tenderness of her family, would conquer her love, or on the other hand, that the Major, ennobled by love and constant to her, would become worthy of her. It was one of the most favourite and cherished axioms of the Judge, that every man had the power of improving himself, and he willingly conceded that for this end there existed no more powerful means than a virtuous love.

The Judge now talked energetically yet tenderly with his daughter; explained clearly to her the terms of this connexion, without concealing from her how bitter to him had been, and still was, the thought of

this union, and appealed to her own sense and reason whether too much had been required in this prescribed time of trial.

Eva shed many tears; but deeply affected by the goodness of her parents, consented to their wishes, and promised, though not without pain, to fulfil them. The Judge wrote to the Major, who had made his declaration by letter, a candid and noble, but by no means sugared, answer; wherein he required from him, as a man of honour, that he should by no means whatever induce Eva to swerve from the promises which she had made to her parents, and by this means disturb her hitherto so happy connexion with her own family. This letter, which the father allowed his daughter to read, and which occasioned her fresh tears, whilst she in vain endeavoured to persuade him to remove expressions which she considered too severe, but which he, on the contrary, considered too mild, was dispatched the same day, and all was again quieter.

Probably Eva would strictly have adhered to the wishes of her parents, which they endeavoured to make pleasant to her by much kindness, had not a letter from the Major been conveyed to her on the next evening, which quite excited and unhinged her again. He complained violently therein of her father's unreasonableness, injustice, and tyranny; and spoke, in the most passionate terms, of his love, of his unbounded sufferings, and of his despair. The conse-

quence of this letter was that Eva was ill—but more so, however, in mind than body, and that she demanded to have an interview with Assessor Munter.

The friend and physician of the house came immediately to her.

"Do you love me?" was Eva's first question when they were alone.

"Do I love you Eva?" answered he, and looked at her with an expression of eye which must have moved any heart to tenderness that had been otherwise occupied than hers was.

"If you love me, if you desire that I should not be really ill," continued Eva, speaking with quickness and great warmth, "you must convey this letter to Major R——, and bring his answer back into my hands. My father is set against him, everybody is set against him; nobody knows him as well as I do! I am in a state of mind which will drive me to despair, if you have not compassion on me! But you must be my friend in secret.—You will not? If you love me you must take this letter and——

"Desire all things from me, Eva," interrupted he, "but not this! and precisely because you are so dear to me. This man in fact is not worthy of you; he does not deserve ——

"Not a word about him!" interrupted Eva, with warmth: "I know him better than you all—*I* alone know him; but you all are his enemies, and enemies to my happiness. Once again I pray you—pray you

with tears! Is it then so much that I desire from you? My benefactor, my friend, will you not grant this prayer of your Eva?"

"Let me speak with your father," said he.

"On this subject? No, no! impossible!" exclaimed she.

"Then, Eva, I must refuse your prayer. It gives me more pain than I can express to refuse you any thing in this world; but I will not stain my hand in this affair. I will not be a means of your unhappiness. Farewell!"

"Stop, stop," cried Eva, "and hear me! What is it that you fear for me?"

"Every thing from a man of R——'s character."

"You mistake him, and you mistake me," returned she.

"I know him, and I know you," said he, "and on that account I would rather go into fire than convey letters between him and you. This is my last word."

"You will not!" exclaimed she; "then you love me not, and I have not a friend in this world!"

"Eva, Eva, do not say so! you sin against yourself. You know not—ask every thing from me—ask my life—ah, through you, life has already lost its worth for me!—ask——

"Empty words!" interrupted Eva, and turned impatiently away. "I desire nothing more from you, Assessor Munter! Pardon me that I have given you so much trouble!"

Munter loooked at her for some moments in silence, laid his hand hastily on his heart as if he had a violent pain there, and went out more bowed than commonly.

Not long after this, an unexpected ray of light gladdened the painful condition of affairs between Eva and her family. She was calmer. The Major removed from the city into the country, to pass the Christmas with a relation of his there; and on the same day Eva came down into the library at the customary hour of tea, after she had passed several days in her own room. Every one received her with joy. Her father went towards her with open arms, called her sweet names, placed her on the sofa by her mother, and took her tea to her himself: a lover could not have been more tender or more attentive to her. One might see that Eva was not indifferent to these marks of affection, and that yet she did not receive them altogether with joy. A burning red alternated with paleness on her cheek, and at times it seemed that a tear, a repentant tear filled her eyes.

From this time, however, the old state of feeling, and the old quiet, returned in part to the bosom of the family. Nobody named the Major; and as, when spring-time comes, the grass grows and the leaves burst forth, although the heaven is yet dark, and many a northern blast yet lingers in the air, so did affectionate feelings and joyful hours spring up again

in the family of the Franks, from the spontaneous vernal spirit which reigned there.

You might have seen the mother there, like the heart of the family, taking part in all that went forward, making every one so cheerful and comfortable, as she moved about here and there, so rich in grace and joy and consolation! Wherever she came, there came with her a something pleasant or animating, either in word or deed; and yet all this time she was very far from being herself calm. Care for her daughter was accompanied by anxiety on account of Henrik's prospects and happiness. She understood, better than any one else, his feelings, his wishes, and his thoughts; and on this account glances of friendly understanding were often exchanged between them, and from this cause also was it that on those days on which the post came in from Stockholm, she became paler and paler the nearer post-time came—for it perhaps might bring with it important news for Henrik.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge, jesting affectionately, "to what purpose is all this unquiet, this incomprehensible anxiety? I grant that it would be a happiness to us all, and a piece of good luck, if Henrik could obtain the solicited situation—but if he do not get it—well, what then?—he can get another in a little while. He is yet a mere youngster, and can very well wait for some years. And his poem—suppose it should now and never more be regarded as a masterpiece, and should not obtain the prize—

now, in heaven's name! what does it matter? He would perhaps, from the very circumstance of his having less fortune as a poet, be only the more practical man, and I confess that would not mortify me. And I shall wish both the poem and the appointment at the place where pepper grows if you are to become pale and nervous on its account! Promise me now next post-day to be reasonable, and not to look like the waning moon, else I promise you that I shall be downright angry, and will keep the whole post-bag to myself!"

To his children the father spoke thus: "Have you really neither genius nor spirit of invention enough to divert and occupy your mother on the unfortunate post-day? Henrik, it depends upon you whether she be calm or not; and if you do not convince her that, let your luck in the world be whatever it may, you can bear it like a man, I must tell you that you have not deserved all the tenderness which she has shewn you!"

Henrik coloured deeply, and the Judge continued, "And you, Gabriele! I shall never call you my clever girl again, if you do not make a riddle against the next post-day which shall so occupy your mother that she shall forget all the rest!"

The following post-day was an exceedingly merry one. Never before had more interesting topics of conversation been brought forward by Henrik; never before had the mother been so completely seduced into the discussions of the young people. At the

very moment when the post-hour arrived she was deeply busied in solving a riddle, which Henrik and Gabriele endeavoured to make only the more intricate by their fun and jokes, whilst they were pretending to assist her in the discovery.

The riddle ran as follows:

Raging war and tumult
Am I never nigh;
And from rain and tempest,
To far woods I fly.
In cold, worldly bosoms
My deep grave is made;
And from conflagration
Death has me affrayed.
No one e'er can find me
In the dungeon glooms;
I have no abiding,
Save where freedom blooms.
My morning sun ariseth,
Light o'er mind to fling;
O'er love's throbbing bosom
Rests my downy wing!
Like our Lord in heaven,
I am ever there;
And like him of children
Have I daily care.
What though I may sever
From thee now and then,
I forget thee never——
I come back again!
In the morning's brightness,
Dear one, if thou miss me,
With the sunset's crimson
Come I back and kiss thee!

This riddle, which it must be confessed was by no means one of Gabriele's best, gave rise to a fund of amusement, and occasioned the maddest propositions on Henrik's part. The mother, however, did not allow herself to be misled; but exclaimed, whilst she laughingly endeavoured to overpower the voices of her joking children,

"The riddle is——"

What the riddle was, the reader may see by the title of our next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HAPPINESS.

"HAPPINESS!" repeated the Judge, as he entered the room at the same moment, with letters and newspapers in his hand.

"I fancy you have been busying yourselves here with prophesyings," said he: "Gabriele, my child, you shall have your reward for it—read this aloud to your mother!" laying a newspaper before her.

Gabriele began to read,—but threw the paper hastily down, gave a spring for joy, clapped her hands and exclaimed,

"Henrik's poetry has won the highest prize!"

"And here, Henrik," said the father, "are letters —you are nominated to ——" The voice of the Judge was drowned in the general outbreak of joy. Henrik lay in the arms of his mother, surrounded by his sisters, who, amid all their jubilation, had tearful eyes.

The Judge walked up and down the room with long strides; at length he paused before the happy group, and exclaimed,

"Nay, only see! let me also have a little bit! Elise

—my thanks to thee that thou hast given him to me—and thou boy, come here—I must tell thee—" but not one word could he tell him.

The father, speechless from inward emotion, embraced his son, and returned in the same manner the affectionate demonstrations of his daughters.

Many private letters from Stockholm contained flattering words and joyful congratulations to the young poet. All Henrik's friends seemed to accord in one song of triumph.

There was almost too much happiness for one time.

During the first moments of this news the joy was calm and mingled with emotion; afterwards, however, it was lively, and shot forth like rockets in a thousand directions. Every thing was in motion to celebrate the day and its hero; and while the father of the family set about to mix a bowl—for he would that the whole house should drink Henrik's health—the others laid plans for a journey to Stockholm. The whole family must be witnesses of Henrik's receiving the great gold medal—they must be present on the day of his triumph. Eva recovered almost her entire liveliness as she described a similar festival which she had witnessed in the Swedish Academy.

Henrik talked a deal about Stockholm; he longed to be able to shew his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. How they would be delighted with the gallery of mineralogy—how they would be charmed with the theatres! how they would see and hear

the lovely Demoiselle Högquist and the captivating Jenny Lind!*—and then the castle!—the promenades —the prospects—the churches—the beautiful statues in the public places—Henrik would have been almost ready to have overthrown some of them. Oh, there was so much that was beautiful and delightful to see in Stockholm!

The mother smiled in joy over——the occasion of the journey to Stockholm; the father said "yes" to that and every thing; the countenances of the young people beamed forth happiness; the bowl was fragrant with good luck.

The young Baron L., who liked Henrik extremely, and who liked still more every lively excitement to every uproar, was possessed by a regular frenzy to celebrate the day. He waltzed with everybody; Louise might not sit still; "the little lady" must allow herself to be twirled about; but the truth was that in her joy she was about as wild for dancing as he was himself—the very Judge himself must waltz with him; and at last he waltzed with chairs and tables, whilst the fire of the punch was not very much calculated to abate his vivacious spirits.

It was very hard for the Judge that he was compelled on this very day to leave home, but pressing business obliged him to do so. He must make a journey that same evening, which would detain him

* Emilie Högquist and Jenny Lind are two great ornaments of the Stockholm theatre; the first an actress, the second a singer.

from home for three or four days, and although he left his family in the full bloom of their joy and prosperity, the short separation appeared to him more painful than common.

After he had taken his leave he returned—a circumstance very unusual with him—to the room again; embraced his wife yet a second time, flourished about with his daughters in his wolf's-skin cloak as if out of liveliness, and then went out hastily, giving to the young Baron, who, in his wild joy had fallen upon his wolf's-skin like a dog, a tolerably heavy cuff. A few minutes afterwards, as he cast from his sledge a glance and a hand-greeting to his wife and daughters at the library window, they saw with astonishment that his eyes were full of tears.

But the joy of the present, and the promises of the future, filled the hearts of those who remained behind to overflowing, and the evening passed amid gaiety and pleasure.

Baron L. drank punch with the domestics till both he and they were quite wrong in the head, and all Louise's good moral preaching was like so many water-drops on the fire. Henrik was nobly gay, and the beaming expression of his animated, beautiful head, reminded the beholder of an Apollo.

"Where now are all your gloomy forebodings?" whispered Leonore tenderly joyful; "you look to me as if you could even embrace Stjernhök."

"The whole world!" returned Henrik, clasping his sister to his breast, "I am so happy!"

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And yet there was one person in the house who was happier than Henrik, and that was his mother. When she looked on the beautiful, glorified countenance of her son, and thought of that which he was and on what he would become; when she thought on the laurels which would engarland his beloved head, on the future which awaited her favourite, her summer child—Oh! then bloomed the high summer of maternal joy in her breast, and she revelled in a nameless happiness—a happiness so great that she was almost anxious, because it appeared to her too great to be borne on earth!

And yet for all that—and we say it with grateful joy—the earth can bear a great degree of happiness; can bear it for long without its either bringing with it a curse or a disappointment. It is in stillness and in retirement where this good fortune blooms the best, and on that account the world knows little of it, and has little faith in it. But, thank God! it may be abundantly found in all times and in all countries; and it is—we whisper this to the blessed ones in order that we may rejoice with them—it is of extremely rare occurrence when it happens in actual life, as, for the sake of effect, it happens in books, that a strong current of happiness carries along with it unhappiness as in a drag-rope.

CHAPTER VI.

UNHAPPINESS.

NIGHT succeeded the joyful evening, and the members of the Frank family lay deep in the arms of sleep, when suddenly, at the hour of midnight, they were awoke by the fearful cry of "fire! fire!"

The house was on fire, and smoke and flames met them at every turn; for the conflagration spread with incredible speed. An inconceivable confusion succeeded: one sought for another; one called on another; mother and children, inmates and domestics!

Only half-dressed, and without having saved the least thing, the inhabitants of the house assembled themselves in the market-place, where an innumerable crowd of people streamed together, and began to work the fire engines; whilst church bells tolled violently, and the alarm-drums were beaten wildly and dully up and down the streets. Henrik dragged with him the young Baron L——, who was speechless and much injured by the fire.

The mother cast a wild searching look around among her children, and suddenly exclaiming "Gabriele!"

threw herself with a thrilling cry of anguish into the burning house. A circle of people hastily surrounded the daughters, in order to prevent their following her, and at the same moment two men broke forth from them, and hastened with the speed of lightning after her. The one was her beautiful, now more than ever beautiful, son. The other resembled one of the Cyclops, as art has represented them at work in their subterranean smithies, excepting that he had two eyes, which in this moment flashed forth flames, as if bidding defiance to those with which he was about to combat. Both vanished amid the conflagration.

A moment's silence ensued: the alarm-drum ceased to beat; the people scarcely breathed; the daughters wrung their hands silently, and the fire-bell called anxiously to the ineffectual engine-showers, for the flames rose higher and higher.

All at once a shout was sent from the mass of the people; all hearts beat joyfully, for the mother was borne in the arms of her son from amid the flames, which stretched forth their hissing tongues towards her!—and—now another shout of exultation! The modern cyclop, in one word the Assessor, stood in a window of the second story, and, amid the whirlwind of smoke, was seen a white form, which he pressed to his bosom. A ladder was quickly raised, and Jeremias Munter, blackened and singed, but nevertheless happy, laid the fainting but unhurt Gabriele in the arms of her mother and sisters.

After this, he and Henrik returned to the burning house, from which they were fortunate enough to save the desk containing the Judge's most valuable papers. A few trifles, but of no great importance, were also saved. But this was all. The house was of wood, and spite of every effort to save it, was burned, burned, burned to the ground, but, as it stood detached, without communicating the fire to any other.

When Henrik, enfeebled with his exertions, returned to his family, he found them all quartered in the small dwelling of the Assessor, which also lay in the market-place; while Jeremias seemed suddenly to have multiplied himself into ten persons, in order to provide his guests with whatever they required. His old housekeeper, what with the fire, and what with so many guests who were to be provided for in that simply-supplied establishment, was almost crazed. But he had help at hand for everybody: he prepared coffee, he made beds, and seemed altogether to forget his own somewhat severe personal injuries by the fire. He joked about himself and his affairs at the same time that he wiped tears from his eyes, which he could not but shed over the misfortunes of his friends. Affectionate and determined, he provided for every thing and for every one; whilst Louise and Leonore assisted him with quiet resolution.

"Wilt thou be reasonable, coffee-pot, and not boil

over like a simpleton, since thou hast to provide coffee for ladies!" said the Assessor in jesting anger. "Here, Miss Leonore, are drops for the mother and Eva. Sister Louise, be so good as to take my whole storeroom in hand; and you, young sir," said he to Henrik, as he seized him suddenly by the arm, and gazed sharply into his face, "come you with me, for I must take you rather particularly in hand."

There was indeed not a moment to lose; a violent effusion of blood from the chest, placed the young man's life in momentary danger. Munter tore off his coat, and opened a vein at the very moment in which he lost all consciousness.

"What a silly fellow!" said the Assessor, as Henrik breathed again, "how can anybody be so silly when he is such—a clever fellow! Nay now all danger for the time is over. Death has been playing his jokes with us to night! Now, like polite knights, let us be again in attendance on the ladies. Wait, I must just have a little water for my face, that I need not look, any more than is necessary, like 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE sun of the next morning shone brightly on the glistening snow-covered roofs round the market-place, and dyed the smoke-clouds, which rose slowly from the ruins of the burnt-down house, with the most gorgeous tints of purple, gold, and sulphur-blue, whilst hundreds of little sparrows raked and picked about in the ashy flakes which were scattered over the snow in the market-place and churchyard, with exulting twitterings.

Mother and daughters looked with tearful eyes towards the smoking place where had so lately stood their dearly beloved home; but yet no one gave themselves up to sorrow. Eva alone wept much, but that from a cause of grief concealed in her own heart. She knew that Major R. had passed the night in the city, and yet for all that—she had not seen him!

With the morning came much bustle, and a crowd of people into the dwelling of the Assessor. Families came who offered to the roofless household both shelter and entertainment; young girls came with their clothes; servants came with theirs for the ser

vants of the family; elegant services and furniture were sent in; the baker left great baskets full of bread; the brewer beer; another sent wine, and so on. It was a scene in social life of the most beautiful description, and which shewed how greatly esteemed and beloved the Franks were.

Mrs. Gunilla came so good and zealous, ready to contend with anybody who would contend with her, to convey her old friends in her carriage to the dwelling which she had prepared for them in all haste. The Assessor did not strive with her now, but saw in silence his guests depart, and with a tear in his eye looked after the carriage which conveyed Eva away from his house. It seemed now so dark and desolate to him.

On the evening of this same day the father returned into his family circle, and pressed them all to his breast with tears of joy. Yes, with tears of joy, for all were left to him!

A few days after this, he wrote thus to one of his friends—

"Till now, till after this unfortunate occurrence, I knew not how much I possessed in my wife and children; knew not that I had so many good friends and neighbours. I thank God, who has given me such a wife, such children, and such friends! These last have supplied, nay, over-supplied all the necessities of my family. I shall begin in spring to rebuild my house on the old foundation.

"How the fire was occasioned I know not, and do not trouble myself to discover. The misfortune has happened, and may serve as a warning for the future, and that is enough. My house has not become impoverished in love, even though it may be so in worldly goods, and that sustains and heals all. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Probably the Judge would listen to no conjectures respecting the origin of the fire. We will venture, however, not the less on that account to give our conjectures;—thus, it is very probable that the fire had its origin in the chamber of the young Baron L., and that also he, in his scarcely half sober state, might have been the occasion of it. Probably he himself regarded the affair in this light; but this however is certain, that this event, in connexion with the behaviour of the Franks towards him, occasioned a great change in the temper and character of this young man. His father came for him shortly after this, and took him to consult a celebrated oculist in Copenhagen, in consequence of his eyes having suffered severely in the fire.

Our eyes will see him again, only at a much later period of our history.

The daughters of the house busied themselves earnestly with the already-spoken-of plans for discovering a means of independent subsistence for themselves, that they might lighten the anxieties of

their parents in their present adverse circumstances, and that without being burdensome to anybody else. Eva wished at first to accept an invitation to a country-seat in the neighbourhood, not far from that where Major R. was at present. Axelholm opened itself, heart, arms, main-building and wings, for the members of the Frank family. There were wanting no opportunities for colonization; but the Judge besought his children so earnestly to decline all these, and for the present to remain altogether.

"In a few months," said he, "perhaps in spring, you can do what you like; but now—let us remain together. It is needful to me to have you now all around me, in order to feel that I really possess you all. I cannot bear the thoughts of losing any one of you at present."

The thought of parting appeared likewise soon to weigh heavily upon him. Henrik, since the night of the conflagration, had scarcely had a moment free from suffering; a violent, incessant beating of the heart had remained since then, and the pain of this was accompanied by dangerous attacks of spasms, which, notwithstanding all remedies, appeared rather to increase than otherwise. This disturbed the Judge so much the more, as now, more than ever, he loved and valued his son. Since the night of the fire it might be said that, for the first time, affection was warm between father and son.

The Mahomedan says beautifully, that when the

angel of death approaches man, the shadow of his wings falls upon him from a distance. From the beginning of his illness Henrik's soul appeared to be darkened by unfriendly shadows, and the first serious outbreak of disease revealed itself in depression and gloom. Oh! it was not easy for the young man, richly gifted as he was with whatever could beautify life on earth, standing as he did at the commencement of a path where fresh laurels and the roses of love beckoned to him, it was not easy to turn his glance from a future like this, to listen to the words which night and day his beating heart whispered to him— "Thou wilt descend to thy grave! nor will I cease knocking till the door of the tomb opens to thee!"

But to a mind like Henrik's the step from darkness to light was not wide. There was that something in his soul which enables man to say to the Lord of life and death—

> The dreaded judgment-doom in thine own hand is writ,—
> We kiss it; bow our heads, and silently submit.

Henrik had one day a long conversation with his skilful and anxious physician Munter, who when he left him had tears in his eyes; but over Henrik's countenance, on the contrary, when he returned to his family, although he was paler than usual, was a peculiarly mild and solemn repose, which seemed to diffuse itself through his whole being. From this moment his temper of mind was changed. He was now mild and calm, yet at the same time more joyous

and amiable than ever. His eyes had an indescribable clearness and beauty; the shadow had passed away from his soul altogether.

But deeper and deeper lay the shadow over one person, who from the beginning of Henrik's illness was no longer like herself—and that was Henrik's mother. It is true that she worked and spoke as formerly, but a gnawing anguish lived in her; she appeared absent from the passing business of life; and every occupation which had not reference, in some way or other, to her son, was indifferent or painful to her. The daughters kept carefully from her any thing which might be disturbing to her. She devoted herself almost exclusively to her son; and many hours full of rich enjoyment were spent by these two, who soon, perhaps—must separate for so long!

Every strong mental excitement was interdicted to Henrik; his very illness would not admit of it. He must renounce his beloved studies: but his living spirit, which could not sleep, refreshed itself at the youthful fountains of art. He occupied himself much with the works of a poet who, during his short life, had suffered much and sung much also, and from amid whose crown of thorns the loveliest "Lilies of Sharon" had blossomed. The works of Stagnelius*

* Eric Stagnelius, who was born in 1793, and died in 1823, would have been, it is probable, had a longer life been granted to him, one of the most distinguished poets of the age. His poems, epic, dramatic, and lyric, fill three volumes. "Liljor i Saron"—Lilies of Sharon, is the general title of his lyrics.

were his favourite reading. He himself composed many songs, and his mother sang them to him during the long winter evenings. According to his opinion, his mother sang better than his sisters; and he rejoiced himself in the pure strength which triumphantly exalted him in this poet above the anguish and fever of life.

It was observed that about this time he often turned the conversation, in the presence of his mother, to the brighter side of death. It seemed as if he wished to prepare her gradually for the possibly near separation, and to deprive it beforehand of its bitterness. Elise had formerly loved conversations of this kind; had loved whatever tended to diffuse light over the darker scenes of life: but now she always grew pale when the subject was introduced; uneasiness expressed itself in her eyes, and she endeavoured, with a kind of terror, to put an end to it.

One evening as the family, together with the Assessor, were assembled in the confidential hour of twilight, they began to speak about dreams, and about the nature of sleep. Henrik mentioned the ancient comparison of sleep and death, which he said he considered less striking as regarded its unconsciousness than in its resemblance in the awaking.

"And in what do you especially consider this resemblance to consist?" asked Leonore.

"In the perfect retention and re-animation of consciousness, of memory, of the whole condition of the soul," replied he, "which is experienced in the morning after the dark night."

"Good," said the Assessor, "and possible; but what can we *know* about it?"

"All that revelation has made known to us," replied Henrik with an animated look: "do we really need any stronger light on this subject than that afforded us by one of our own race, who was dead, and yet rose again from the grave, and who exhibited himself after his sleep in the dark dwelling with precisely the same dispositions, the same friendships, and with the most perfect remembrance of the least as well as the greatest events of his earthly existence? What a clear, what a friendly light has not this circumstance diffused around the dark gates of the tomb! It has united the two worlds! it has thrown a bridge over the gloomy deep; it enables the drooping wanderer to approach it without horror; it enables him to say to his friends on the evening of life, 'Good night!' with the same calmness with which he can speak those words to them on the evening of the day."

An arm was thrown convulsively round Henrik, and the voice of his mother whispered, in a tone of despair, to him, "You must not leave us, Henrik! you must not!" and with these words she sunk unconscious on his breast.

From this evening Henrik never again introduced in the presence of his mother, a subject which was so painful to her. He sought rather to calm and cheer her, and his sisters helped him truly in the same

work. They now had less desire than ever to leave home and to mingle in society generally; yet notwithstanding they did so occasionally, because their brother wished it, and it enabled them to have something to tell at home, which could entertain and enliven both him and his mother. These reports were generally made in Henrik's room, and how heartily did they not laugh there! Ah! in a cordially united family, care can hardly take firm footing there: if it come in for one moment, in the very next it will be chased away! Eva appeared during this time to forget her own trouble, that she also might be a flower in the garland of comfort and tenderness which was bound around the favourite of the family; the Judge too, tore himself more frequently than hitherto from his occupations, and united himself to the family circle.

A more attractive sick chamber than Henrik's can hardly be imagined. That he himself felt. Enfeebled by the influence of disease, his beautiful eyes often became filled with tears from slight causes, and he would exclaim "I am happy—too happy! What a blessedness to be able to live! That is happiness! that is the summer of the soul! Even now, amid my sufferings, I feel myself made through you so rich, so happy!" and then he would stretch forth his hand to those of his mother or his sisters, and press them to his lips or his bosom.

An interval of amendment occurred in Henrik's

illness, and he suffered much less. A sentiment of joy diffused itself through the house, and Henrik himself appeared at times to entertain hopes of life. He could now go out again and inhale the fresh winter air—his favourite air. The Judge often accompanied him; it was then beautiful to see the powerful vigorous father supporting with his arm the pale but handsome son, whenever his steps became weary; to see him curbing his own peculiarly hasty movements, and conducting him slowly homewards; it was beautiful to see the expression in the countenance of each.

People talk a great deal about the beauty of maternal love—paternal love has perhaps something yet more beautiful and affecting in it; and it is my opinion that he who has had the happiness of experiencing the careful culture of a loving, yet at the same time upright father, can, with fuller feeling and with more inward understanding than any other, lift his heart to heaven in that universal prayer of the human race, "Our Father which art in heaven!"

Several weeks passed on. A lady, an intimate friend of the family, was about this time undertaking a journey with her daughter to the city where Petrea was visiting, and desired greatly to take Gabriele with her, who was the dearest friend of the young Amalie. Gabriele would very gladly have embraced this opportunity of visiting her beloved sister, and of seeing at the same time something of the world, but

now when Henrik was ill, she could not think of it; she was quite resolved not to separate herself from him. But Henrik was zealously bent upon Gabriele making this journey, which would be so extremely agreeable to her.

"Don't you see," said he, "that Gabriele sits here and makes herself pale with looking at me? and that is so utterly unnecessary, especially now I am so much better, and when I certainly in a little time shall be quite well again. Journey, journey away, sweet Gabriele, I beseech you! You shall cheer us in the mean time with your letters; and when at Easter you return with Petrea, then—then you will no longer have an ailing suffering brother; I will manage it so that I will be quite well by that time!"

She was talked to also on other sides, especially by the young, lively Amalie, and at length Gabriele permitted herself to be persuaded. Convinced that for the present all danger for her brother was over, she commenced the journey with a jest on her lips, but with tears in her eyes.

It was the first flight of "our little lady" from home.

Not a word was heard from Major R.; and although Eva continued reserved towards her own family, she appeared to be so much calmer than formerly that they all began to be easy on her account. The Judge, who in consequence of her behaviour evinced towards her a grateful tenderness, endeavoured to

gratify her slightest wishes, and gave his consent that in the early commencement of spring she should go to M——s. He hoped that by that time the Major would be far removed from the country; but it was not long before a painful discovery was made.

On a dark evening at the beginning of March, two persons stood in deep but low discourse under a tree in St. Mary's churchyard.

"How childish you are Eva!" said the one, "with your fears and your doubts! and how pusillanimous is your love. If you would learn, lovely angel! how true love speaks, listen to me:

> "Pourquoi fit on l'amour, si son pouvoir n'affronte,
> Et la vie et la mort, et la haine et la honte!
> Je ne demande, je ne veux pas savoir
> Si rien a de ton cœur terni le pur miroir:
> Je t'aime! tu le sais! Que l'importe tout le reste?"

"O Victor," answered the trembling voice of Eva, "my fault is not the having too little love for you. Ah, I feel indeed, and I evince it by my conduct, that my love to you is greater than my love for father and mother and sisters, more than for all the world! And yet I know that it is wrong; my heart raises itself against me—but I cannot resist your power."

"On that account am I called Victor, my angel," said he; "heaven itself has sanctioned my power. And *your* Victor am I also, my sweet Eva; is it not so?"

"Ah! only too much so," sighed Eva. "But now, Victor, spare my weakness; do not desire to see me again till I go in spring in a month's time to M——s. Do not demand——"

"Demand no such promises from Victor, Eva," said he; "he will not bind himself so! but you—you must do what your Victor wills, else he cannot believe that you love him. What—you will refuse to take a few steps in order to gladden his eyes and his heart —in order to see and to hear him—in truth you do not love him!"

"Ah, I love you, I adore you," returned Eva; "I could endure any thing on your account—even the pangs of my own conscience; but my parents, my brother and sisters! ah, you know not what it costs me to deceive them! they are so good, so excellent; and I! Yet sometimes the love which I have for them contends with the love which I have for you. Do not string the bow too tightly, Victor! And now—farewell, beloved, farewell! In a month's time you will see me, your Eva, again in M——s."

"Stop!" said he, "do you think you are to leave me in that way? Where is my ring?"

"On my heart," returned she, "day and night it rests there—farewell! ah, let me go!"

"Say once more that you love me above every thing in this world!" said he, "that you belong only to me!"

"Only to you! farewell!" and with these words

Eva tore herself away from him, and hastened with flying feet, like one terrified, across the churchyard. The Major followed her slowly. A dark form stepped at that moment hastily forward, as if it had arisen from one of the graves, and met the Major face to face. It seemed to him as if a cold wind passed through his heart, for the form tall and silent, and at that dark hour, and in the churchyard, had something in it ominous and spectre-like, and as it had evidently advanced to him with design, he paused suddenly and asked sharply, "Who are you?"

"Eva's father!" replied a suppressed but powerful voice, and by the up-flaring light of a lamp which the wind drove towards them, the Major saw the eyes of the Judge riveted upon him with a wrathful and threatening expression. His heart sank for a moment; but in the next he said with all his accustomed haughty levity,

"Now there is no necessity for me to watch longer after her;" and so saying he turned hastily aside, and vanished in the darkness.

The Judge followed his daughter without nearing her. When he came home, such a deep and painful grief lay on his brow as had never been observed there before.

For the first time in his life the powerful head of the Judge seemed actually bowed.

At this time Stjernhök came to the city quite unexpectedly. He had heard of the misfortune which had befallen the Franks, as well as of the part which Henrik acted on this occasion, and of the illness which was the consequence of it, and he came now in order to see him before he travelled abroad. This visit, which had occasioned Stjernhök to diverge as much as sixty English miles out of his way, surprised and deeply affected Henrik, who as he entered the room met him with the most candid expression of cordial devotion. Stjernhök seized his outstretched hand, and a sudden paleness overspread his manly countenance as he remarked the change which a few weeks' illness had made in Henrik's appearance.

"It is very kind of you to come to me—my thanks for it, Stjernhök!" said Henrik from his heart, "otherwise," continued he, "you would probably have seen me no more in this world; and I have wished so much to say one word to you before we separated thus."

Both were silent for some minutes.

"What would you say to me, Henrik?" at length asked Stjernhök, whilst an extraordinary emotion was depicted in his countenance.

"I would thank you," returned Henrik cordially, "thank you for your severity towards me, and tell you how sincerely I now acknowledge it to have been just, and wholesome for me also. I would thank you, because by that means you have been a more real friend, and I am now perfectly convinced how honestly

and well you have acted towards me. This impression, this remembrance of our acquaintance, is the only one which I will take away with me when I leave this world. You have not been able to love me, but that was my own fault. I have sorrowed over the knowledge of that, but now I have submitted to it. In the mean time it would be very pleasant to me to know that my faults—that my late behaviour towards you, had not left behind it too repulsive an impression; it would be very pleasant for me to believe that you were able to think kindly of me when I am no more!"

A deep crimson flamed on Stjernhök's countenance, and his eyes glistened as he replied, "Henrik, I feel more than ever in this moment that I have not shewn justice towards you. Several later circumstances have opened my eyes, and now—Henrik can you give me your friendship! mine you have for ever!"

"O this is a happy moment!" said Henrik with increasing emotion, "through my whole life I have longed for it, and now for the first time it is given me—now when—but God be praised even for this!"

"But why," said Stjernhök warmly, "why speak so positively about your death? I will hope and believe that your condition is not so dangerous. Let me consult a celebrated foreign physician on your case—or better still, make the journey with me, and put yourself under the care of Dr. K——. He is celebrated for his treatment of diseases of the heart;

let me conduct you to him; certainly you can and will recover!"

Henrik shook his head mournfully: "There lies his work," said he, pointing to an open book in the window, "and from it I know all concerning my own condition. Do you see, Nils Gabriel," continued he, with a beautiful smile, as he placed his arm on the shoulder of his friend and pointed with his other towards heaven, gazing on him the while with eyes which seemed larger than ever—for towards death the eyes increase in size and brilliancy—"do you see," said he, "there wanders your star. It ascends! for certain a bright path lies before you; but when it beams upon your renown it will look down upon my grave! I have no doubt whatever on this point. Some time ago this thought was bitter to me; it is so now no more! When the knowledge depresses me that I have accomplished so very little on earth, I will endeavour to console myself with the conviction that you will be able to do so much more, and that either in this world or the next I shall rejoice over your usefulness and your happiness!"

Stjernhök answered not a word; large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he pressed Henrik warmly to his breast.

On Henrik's account he endeavoured to give the conversation a calmer turn, but the heart of his poor friend swelled high, and it was now too full of life and feeling to find rest in any thing but the communication of these.

The connexion between the two young men seemed now different to what it had ever been before. It was Henrik who now led the conversation, and Stjernhök who followed him, and listened to him with attention and the most unequivocal sympathy, whilst the young man gave such free scope to his thoughts and presentiments as he had never ventured to do before in the presence of the severe critic. But the truth is, there belongs to a dweller on the borders of the kingdom of death a peculiar rank, a peculiar dignity, and man believes that the whispering of spirits from the mysterious land reaches the ear which bows itself to them; on this account the wise and the strong of earth listen silently like disciples, and piously like little children, to the precepts which are breathed forth from dying lips.

The entrance of the Judge gave another turn to the conversation, which Stjernhök soon led to Henrik's last works. He directed his discourse principally to the Judge, and spoke of them with all the ability of a real connoisseur, and with such entire and cordial praise as surprised Henrik as much as it cheered him.

It is a very great pleasure to hear oneself praised, and well praised too, by a person whom one highly esteems, and particularly when, at the same time, this person is commonly niggardly of his praise. Henrik experienced at that moment this feeling in its highest degree; and this pleasure was accompanied by the yet greater pleasure of seeing himself understood, and

in such a manner by Stjernhök as made himself more clear to himself. In this moment he seemed, now for the first time, to comprehend in a perfectly intelligible manner his own talents, and what he wished to do, and what he was able to do. The fountain of life swelled forth strongly in his breast.

"You make me well again, Nils Gabriel!" exclaimed he; "you give me new life. I will recover; recover in order again to live, in order to work better and more confidently than I have hitherto done. As yet I have done nothing; but now, now I could — I feel new life in me—I have never yet felt myself so well as now! Certainly I shall now recover, or indeed — is the best wine reserved for me till the last?"

The evening sped on agreeably, and with animation in the family circle. The blessed angels of heaven were not more beautiful or more joyous than Henrik. He joked with his mother and sisters, nay, even with Stjernhök, in the gayest manner, and was one of the liveliest who partook of the citron-soufflé which Louise served up for supper, and which she herself had helped to prepare, and of which she was not a little proud. Yes, indeed, she was almost ready to believe that it was this which had given new life to Henrik, and the power of which she considered to be wonderfully operative. But ah!——

At the very moment when Henrik jested with Louise on this very subject, he was seized by the most violent suffering.

This suffering continued interruptedly for three days, and deprived the sick young man of consciousness; whilst it seemed to be leading him quickly to that bound which mercy has set to human sufferings. On the second day after this paroxysm Henrik was seized with that desire for change of resting-place which may be commonly regarded as the sign that the soul is preparing for its great change of abode. The Judge himself bore his son in his arms from room to room, and from bed to bed. No sleep visited the eyes of his family during these terrible days; whilst his mother, with eyes tearless and full of anguish riveted upon her son, followed him from room to room, and from bed to bed; now hanging over his pillow, now seated at the foot of his bed, and smiling tenderly upon him when he appeared to know her, and articulating his name in a low and almost inaudible voice.

On the evening of the third day the poor youth regained his consciousness. He recognised his family again, and spoke kindly to them. He saw that they were pale and weary, and besought them incessantly to go to rest. The Assessor, who was present, united earnestly in this request, and assured them that, according to all appearances, Henrik would now enjoy an easy sleep, and that he himself would watch by him through the night. The father and daughters retired to rest; but when they endeavoured to persuade the mother, she only waved with her hand,

whilst a mournful smile seemed to say, "it is of no use whatever to talk to me about it."

"I may remain with you, Henrik?" said she beseechingly.

He smiled, took her hand, and laid it on his breast; and in the same moment closing his eyes, a calm refreshing sleep stole over him. The Assessor sate silently beside them, and observed them both: it was not long, however, before he was obliged to leave them, being summoned suddenly to some one who was dangerously ill. He left them with the promise to return in the course of the night. Munter was called in the city the night-physician, because there was no one like him who appeared earnestly willing to give his help by night as by day.

The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She folded her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression which through the whole of the foregoing days had been foreign to them. It was no longer restless, almost murmuring anxiety; it was a mournful, yet at the same time, deep, perfect, nay almost loving resignation. She bent over her son, and spoke in a low voice out of the depths of her affectionate heart.

"Go, my sweet boy, go! I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee! May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee! May he come as a friendly angel and make an end of thy sufferings! I—will then be

satisfied! Go then, my first-born, my summer-child; go, and if there may never more come a summer to the heart of thy mother—still go! that thou mayst have rest! Did I make thy cradle sweet, my child! so would I not embitter by my lamentations thy death-bed! Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me, and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some time, my son, I shall come home to thee; go thou beforehand, my child! Thou art weary, so weary! Thy last wandering was heavy to thee; now thou wilt rest. Come thou good deliverer, come thou beloved death, and give rest to his heart; but easily, easily. Let him not suffer more—let him not endure more. Never did he give care to his parents ——"

At this moment Henrik opened his eyes and fixed them calmly and full of expression on his mother.

"Thank God!" said he, "I feel no more pain."

"Thanks and praise be given to God, my child!" said she.

Mother and son looked on each other with deep and cheerful love! they understood each other perfectly.

"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then—tell it to Gabriele prudently; she has such tender feelings—and she is not strong. Do not tell it to her on a day—when it is cold and dull—but—on a day—when the sun shines warm—when all things look bright and kindly—then, then

tell her—that I am gone away—and greet her—and tell her from me—that it is not difficult—to die!—that there is a sun on the other side——"

He ceased, but with a loving smile on his lips, and his eyes closed their lids as if from very weariness.

Presently afterwards he spoke again, but in a very low voice. "Sing me something, mother," said he, "I shall then sleep more calmly, 'They knock, I come!'"

These words were the beginning of a song which Henrik had himself written, and set to music some time before, during a night of suffering.

The genius of poetry seemed to have deserted him during the latter part of his illness; this was painful to him; but his mind remained the same, and the spirit of poetry lived still in the hymn which his mother now, at his request, sang in a trembling voice:—

They knock! I come! yet ere on the way
To the night of the grave I am pressing,
Thou Angel of Death, give me yet one lay—
One hymn of thanksgiving and blessing.

Have thanks, O Father! in heaven high,
For thy gift, all gifts exceeding;
For life! and that grieved or glad I could fly
To thee, nor find thee unheeding.

Oh thanks for life, and thanks too for death,
The bound of all trouble and sighing;
How bitter! yet sweet 't is to yield our breath
When thine is the heart of the dying!

By our path of trial thou plantest still
Thy lilies of consolation;
But the loveliest of all—to do thy will—
Be it done in resignation!

Farewell, lovely earth, on whose bosom I lay;
Farewell, all ye dear ones, mourning;
Farewell, and forgive all the faults of my day:
My heart now in death is burning!

"It is burning!" repeated Henrik in a voice of suffering. "It is terrible! Mother! Mother!" said he, looking for her with a restless glance.

"Your mother is here!" said she, bending over him.

"Ah! then all is right!" said he again, calmly. "Sing, my mother," added he, again closing his eyes —"I am weary."

She sang—

We part! but in parting our steps we bend
Alone towards that glorious morrow,
Where friend no more shall part from friend,
Where none knoweth heart-ache or sorrow!

Farewell! all is dark to my failing sight,
Your loved forms from my faint gaze rending,
'T is dark, but oh!—far beyond the night
I see light o'er the darkness ascending!

"Oh! if you only knew how serene it is! It is divine!" said the dying one, as he stretched forth his arms, and then dropped them again.

A change passed over the countenance of the young man; death had touched his heart gently, and its

pulsations ceased. At the same moment a wonderful inspiration animated the mother; her eyes beamed brightly, and never before had her voice had so beautiful, so clear a tone as whilst she sang—

Thou callest, O Father! with glad accord
I come!—Ye dear ones we sever!—
Now the pang is past!—now behold I the Lord—
Praise be thine, O Eternal, for ever!

Judge Frank was awoke out of his uneasy sleep by the song, whose tone seemed to have a something supernatural in it. A few moments passed before he could convince himself that the voice which he heard was really that of his wife.

He hastened with indescribable anxiety to the sick room; Elise yet sung the last verse as he entered, and casting his eyes on her countenance he exclaimed, "My God!" and clasped his hands together.

The song ceased: a dreadful consciousness thrust itself like a sword through the heart of the mother. She saw before her the corpse of her son, and with a faint cry of horror she sank, as if lifeless, upon the bed of death.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELISE TO CECILIA.

Two months later.

"WHEN I last wrote to you, my Cecilia, it was winter. Winter, severe icy winter, had also gathered itself about my heart—my life's joy was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and it seemed to me as if no more spring could bloom, no more life could exist; and that I should never again have the heart to write a cheerful or hopeful word. And now—now it is spring! The lark sings again the ascension-song of the earth; the May sun diffuses his warming beams through my chamber, and the grass becomes already green upon the grave of my first-born, my favourite! And I——O Lord! thou who smitest, thou also healest, and I will praise thee! for every affliction which thou sendest becomes good if it be only received with patience. And if thou concealest thyself for a season—as it appears to our weak vision—thou revealest thyself yet soon again, kinder and more glorious than before! For a little while and we see thee not, and again for a little while and we see thee, and our hearts rejoice and drink strength

and enjoyment out of the cup which thou, Almighty One! fillest eternally. Yes, every thing in life becomes good, if that life be only spent in God!

"But in those dark wintry hours it was often gloomy and tumultuous within me. Ah, Cecilia, I would not that he should die! He was my only son, my first-born child. I suffered most at his birth; I sang most beside his cradle; my heart leapt up first and highest with maternal joy at his childish play. He was my summer child, born in the midsummer of nature and of my life and my strength, and then —he was so full of life, so beautiful and good! No, I would not that he should die, or that my beautiful son should be laid in the black earth! And as the time drew nearer and nearer, and I saw that it must be—then it was dark in me. But the last night—Oh, it was a most wonderful night!—then it was otherwise. Do you know, Cecilia, that I sung gaily, triumphantly, by the death-bed of my first-born! Now I cannot comprehend it. But this night—he had during the foregoing day suffered much, and his sufferings had reconciled me to his death. They abated as death approached, and he besought of me, as he had often done in the years of his childhood, to sing him to sleep. I sang—I was able to sing. He received pleasure from the song, which increased in power, and with a heavenly smile, whilst heavenly pictures seemed to float before his eyes, he said, 'Ah, it is divine!' and I sang better and ever clearer. I saw

his eyes change themselves, his breath become suspended, and I knew that then was the moment of separation between soul and body—between me and him! but I did not then feel it, and I sang on. It seemed to me as if the song sustained the spirit and raised it to heaven. In that moment I was happy; for even I as well as he, was exalted above every earthly pain.

"The exclamation of my name awoke me from my blessed dream, and I saw the dead body of my son—after this I saw nothing more.

"There was a long, deep stupor. When I recovered consciousness, I felt a heart beating against my temples. I raised my eyes and saw my husband; my head was resting on his breast, and with the tenderest words he was calling me back to life. My daughters stood around me weeping, and kissing my hands and my clothes. I also wept, and then I felt better. It was then morning, and the dawn came into my chamber. I threw my arms around my husband's neck, and said, 'Ernst love me! I will endeavour ——'

"I could say no more, but he understood me, thanked me warmly, and pressed me close to his bosom.

"I did endeavour to be calm, and with God's help I succeeded. For several hours of the day I lay still on my bed. Eva, whose voice is remarkably sweet, read aloud to me. I arose for tea, and endeavoured

to be as usual; my husband and my daughters supported me, and all was peace and love.

"But when the day was ended, and Ernst and I were alone in our chamber, a fear of the night, of bed, and a sleepless pillow, seized hold of me; I therefore seated myself on the sofa, and prayed Ernst to read to me, for I longed for the consolations of the Gospel. He seated himself by me and read; but the words, although spoken by his manly; firm voice, passed at this time impressionless over my inward sense. I understood nothing, and all within me was dark and vacant. All at once some one knocked softly at the door, and Ernst, not a little astonished, said, 'Come in;' the door was opened, and Eva entered. She was very pale, and appeared excited; but yet at the same time firm and determined. She approached us softly, and sinking down on her knees between us, took our hands between hers. I would have raised her, but Ernst held me back, and said mildly but gravely, 'Let her alone!'

"'My father, my mother!' said Eva, with tremulous voice, 'I have given you uneasiness—pardon me! I have grieved you—I will not do it again. Ah! I will not now lay a stone on your burden. See, how disobedient I have been—this ring, and these letters, I have received against your will and against my promises from Major R. I will now send them back. See here! read what I have written to him. Our acquaintance is for ever broken! Pardon me,

that I have chosen these hours to busy you with my affairs, but I feared my own weakness when the force of this hour shall have passed. Oh, my parents! I feel, I know, that he is not worthy to be your son! But I have been as it were bewitched—I have loved him beyond measure;—ah, I love him still—nay, do not weep, mother! You shall never again shed a tear of grief over me—you have wept already enough on my account. Since Henrik's death every thing in me is changed. Fear nothing more for me; I will conquer this, and will become your obedient, your happy child. Only require not from me that I should give my hand to another—never will I marry, never belong to another! But for you, my parents, will I live; I will love you, and with you be happy! Here, my father, take this, and send it back to him whom I will no more see! And—Oh, love me! Love me!'

"Tears bedewed the face which she bowed down to her father's knee. Never had she looked so lovely, so attractive! Ernst was greatly affected; he laid his hand as if in blessing upon her head, which he raised, and said—

"'When you were born, Eva, you lay long as if dead; in my arms you first opened your eyes to the light, and I thanked God. But I thank him manifold more for you in this moment, in which I see in you the joy and blessing of our age—in which you have been able to combat with your own heart, and to do

that which is right! God bless you! God reward you!'

"He held her for a long time to his bosom, and his tears wetted her forehead. I also clasped her in my arms, and let her feel my love and my gratitude, and then, with a look which beamed through tears, she left us.

"We called her 'our blessed child' at that time, for she had blessed us with a great consolation. She had raised again our sunken hearts.

"Ernst went to the window and looked silently into the star-lighted night; I followed him, and my glance accompanied his, which in this moment was so beautiful and bright, and laying his arm around me he spoke thus, as if to himself,

"'It is good! It is so intended,—and that is the essential thing! He is gone! What more? We must all go; all, sooner or later! He might not perfect his work; but he stood ready, ready in will and ability when he was called to the higher work-place! Lord and Master, thou hast taken the disciple to thyself. Well for him that he was ready! That is the most important for us all!'

"Ernst's words and state of mind produced great effect upon me. Peace returned to my spirit. In the stillness of the night I did not sleep, but I rested on his bosom. It was calm around me and in me. And in the secret of my soul I wished that it might ever remain so, that no more day might dawn upon

me, and no more sun shine upon my weary, painful eyes.

"How the days creep on! On occasions of great grief it always appears as if time stood still. All things appear to stand still, or slowly and painfully to roll on, in dark circles; but it is not so! Hours and days go on in an interminable chain; they rise and sink like the waves of the sea; and carry along with them the vessel of our life:—carry it from the islands of joy it is true, but carry it also away from the rocky shores of grief. Hours came for me in which no consolation would appease my heart, in which I in vain combated with myself, and said—'Now I will read, and then pray, and then sleep!' But yet anguish would not leave me, but followed me still, when I read; prevented me from prayer, and chased away sleep; yes, many such hours have been, but they too are gone; some such may perhaps come yet, but I know also that they too will go. The tenderness of my husband and of my children—the peace of home—the many pleasures within it—the relief of tears—the eternal consolation of the Eternal Word—all these have refreshed and strengthened my soul. It is now much, much better. And then—he died pure and spotless, the youth with the clear glance and the warm heart! He stood, as his father said, ready to go into the higher world. Oh! more than ever have I acknowledged, in the midst of my deep pain, that there is pain more bitter than

this; for many a living son is a greater grief to his mother than mine—the good one there, under the green mound!

"We have planted fir-trees and poplars around the grave, and often will it be decorated with fresh flowers. No dark grief abides by the grave of the friendly youth. Henrik's sisters mourn for him deep and still—perhaps Gabriele mourns him most of all. One sees it not by day, for she is generally gay as formerly; a little song, a gay jest, a little adornment of the house, all goes on just as before to enliven the spirits of her parents. But in the night, when all rest in their beds, she is heard weeping, often so painfully —it is a dew of love on the grave of her brother; but then every morning is the eye again bright and smiling.

"On the first tidings of our loss Jacobi hastened to us. He took from Ernst and me, in this time of heavy grief, all care upon himself, and was to us as the tenderest of sons. Alas! he was obliged very soon to leave us, but the occasion for this was the most joyful. He is about to be nominated to the living of T——; and this promotion, which puts him in the condition soon to marry, affords him also a respectable income, and a sphere of action agreeable to his wishes and accordant with his abilities, and altogether makes him unspeakably happy. Louise also looks forward towards this union and establishment for life with quiet satisfaction, and that, I

believe, as much on account of her family as for herself.

"The family affection appears, through the late misfortune, to have received a new accession: my daughters are more amiable than ever in their quiet care to sweeten the lives of their parents. Mrs. Gunilla has been like a mother to me and mine during this time; and many dear evidences of sympathy, from several of the best and noblest in Sweden, have been given to Henrik's parents;—the young poet's pure glory has brightened their house of mourning. 'It is beautiful to have died as he has died,' says our good Assessor, who does not very readily find any thing beautiful in this world.

"And I, Cecilia, should I shut my heart against so many occasions for joy and gratitude, and sit with my sorrow in darkness? O no! I will gladden the human circle in which I live; I will open my heart to the gospel of life and of nature; I will seize hold on the moments, and the good which they bring. No friendly glance, no spring-breeze, shall pass over me unenjoyed or unacknowledged; out of every flower will I suck a drop of honey, and out of every passing hour a drop of eternal life.

"And then—I know it truly—be my life's-day longer or shorter, bear it a joyful or a gloomy colour,

> The day will never endure so long
> But at length the evening cometh.

The evening in which I may go home—home to my

son, my summer-child! And then—O then shall I perhaps acknowledge the truth of that prophetic word which has so often animated my soul: 'For behold I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create.'

"I have wept much whilst I have written this, but my heart has peace. It is now late. I will creep in to my Ernst, and I feel that I shall sleep calmly by his side.

"Good night, my Cecilia."

CHAPTER IX.

NEW ADVERSITIES.

It was afternoon. The sisters were busily quilting Louise's bridal bed-cover; because at the end of May, as was determined in the family council, she was to be married. The coverlet was of green silk, and a broad wreath of leafy oak branches formed its border. This pattern had occasioned a great deal of care and deliberation; but now, also, what joy did it not give rise to, and what ever-enduring admiration of the tasteful, the distinguished, the indescribably good effect which it produced, especially when seen from one side! Gabriele, to be sure, would have made sundry little objections relative to the connexion of the leaves, but Louise would not allow that there was any weight in them: "The border," said she, "is altogether charming!"

Gabriele had placed a full-blown monthly rose in the light locks of the bride, and had arranged with peculiar grace, around the plaited hair at the back of her head, the green rose-leaves like a garland. The effect was lovely, as at this time the sun-light fell

upon her head, and her countenance had more than ordinary charm; the cheeks a higher colour; the eyes a clearer blue, as they were often raised from the green rose-wreath and directed towards the window. Jacobi, the new pastor, was expected that evening.

Gabriele went up to her mother, and besought her to notice how well Louise looked, and the rose, how becoming it was to her! The mother kissed her, but forgot to notice Louise in looking at the lovely face of "the little lady."

The industrious up-and-down picking of the needles accompanied the joyful conversation of the sisters.

Now they talked about the management of the living; now about the school; now about milk, and now about cheese. They settled about household matters; about meal-times; the arrangement of the table, and such like. In many things Louise intended to follow the example of home; in others, she should do differently. "People must advance with the age." She intended that there should be great hospitality in the parsonage-house—that was Jacobi's pleasure. Some one of her own family she hoped to have always with her;—an especial wing should be built for beloved guests. She would go every Sunday to church, to hear her husband preach or sing the service. If the old wives came to the parsonage with eggs or other little presents, they should always be well entertained and encouraged to come again. All sick people should

be regaled with Louise's elixir, and all misdoers should be more or less reproved by her. She would encourage all, to the very best of her power, to read, to be industrious, to go to church, and to plant trees. Every Sunday several worthy peasants should be invited with their wives to dine at the parsonage. If the ladies of the Captain and the Steward came to visit her, the coffee-pot should be immediately set on and the card-table prepared. Every young peasant girl should live in service a whole year at the parsonage before she was married, in order to learn how to work and how to behave herself.—N.B. This would be wages enough for her. At all marriages the Pastor and his wife would always be present, the same at christenings; they would extend their hand in sponsorship over the youth, that all might grow up in good-breeding and the fear of God. At Midsummer and in harvest-time there should be a dance and great merry-making at the parsonage for the people—but without brandy;—for the rest, nothing should be wanting:

> None she forgets, the mistress of the feast,
> The beer flows free, the bunch of keys it jingles,
> And, without pause, goes on the stormy dance!

"Work should be found for all beggars at the Parsonage, and then food; for lazy vagabonds a passing lecture, and then—march! And thus, by degrees, would preparation be made for the Golden Age.

"Ah! Ruin to the golden plans and to the golden

age which they planned! Two letters which were delivered to Louise put a sudden end to them all! One of the letters was from Jacobi, was very short, and said only that the parsonage was quite gone from him; but that Louise would not blame him on that account, as soon as she understood the whole affair.

"'I long for you inexpressibly,' continued Jacobi, 'but I must postpone my arrival in X. in order to pay my respects to his Excellence O——, who is detained in P. from an attack of gout, which seized him on his journey from Copenhagen to Stockholm. But by the 6th of May I hope certainly to be with you. I have new plans, and I long to lay down all my feelings and all my thoughts on your true breast. My Louise! I will no longer wait and seek. Since fortune perpetually runs out of my way, I will now take a leap and catch it, and in so doing trust in heaven, in you, and lastly also—in myself. But you must give me your hand. If you will do that, beloved, I shall soon be much happier than now, and eternally,

"Your tenderly devoted,

"J. JACOBI."

The other letter was from an unknown hand—evidently a woman's hand, and was as follows:

"Do not hate me, although I have stood in the way of your happiness. Do not hate me—for I bless you and the noble man with whom you have united your

fate. He is my benefactor, and the benefactor of my husband and my children. Oh, these children whose future he has made sure, they will now call on heaven to give a double measure of happiness to him and you for that which he has so nobly renounced. The object of my writing is to obtain your forgiveness, and to pour forth the feelings of a grateful heart to those who can best reward my benefactor. Will you be pleased on this account to listen to the short, but uninteresting relation of a condition, which, at the same time, is as common as it is mournful?

"Perhaps Mr. Jacobi may at some time or other have mentioned my husband to you. He was for several years Jacobi's teacher, and each was much attached to the other. My husband held the office of schoolmaster in W. with honour, for twenty years. His small income, misfortunes which befel us, a quick succession of children, made our condition more oppressive from year to year, and increased the debt which from the very time when we settled down first we were obliged to incur. My husband sought after a pastoral cure, but he could have recourse to none of those arts which are now so almost universally helpful, and which often conduct the hunter after fortune, and the mean-spirited, rather than the deserving, to the goal of their wishes; he was too simple for that, too modest, and perhaps also too proud.

"During the long course of years he had seen his just hopes deceived, and from year to year the con-

dition of his family become more and more melancholy. Sickness had diminished his ability to work, and the fear of not being able to pay his debts gnawed into his health, which was not strong, and the prospect—of his nine unprovided-for children! I know I should deeply affect your heart, if I were to paint to you the picture of this family contending with want; but my tears would blot my writing. Jacobi can do it—he has seen it, he has understood it; for this picture which I have so carefully concealed from every other eye—this pale, family misery I revealed to him, for I was in despair!

"The name of my husband stood on the list of candidates for the living of T——. He had threefold the legally-demanded requisites of Jacobi, and was, over and above, known and beloved by the parish; all the peasants capable of voting, openly declared their intention of choosing him. Two great landed proprietors, however, had the ultimate decision: Count D., and Mr. B. the proprietor of the mines could, if they two were agreed, they two alone, elect the pastor. They also acknowledged the esteem in which they held my husband, and declared themselves willing to unite in the general choice.

"For the first time in many years did we venture to look up to a brighter future. Presently, however, we learnt that a powerful patron of Mr. Jacobi had turned the whole scale in his favour, and that it

would be soon decided; the two great proprietors had promised their votes to him, and our condition was more hopeless than ever.

"The day of nomination approached. I did not venture to speak with my strictly conscientious husband of the design which I cherished. I had heard much said of Jacobi's excellent character; I was a distracted wife and mother. I sought out Jacobi, and spoke to him out of the depths of my heart, spoke to his sense of right—to his sense of honour; I shewed him how the affair stood for us before he disturbed it, by means which could not be justly called honourable. I feared that my words were bitter, but all the more angel-like was it in Jacobi to hear me with calmness. I pictured to him our present condition; told him how he might save us from misery, and besought him to do it.

"My prayer at first was almost wild, and in the beginning Jacobi seemed almost to think it so, but he heard me out; he let me conduct him to the house of his former teacher, saw the consuming anxiety depicted on his pale emaciated countenance; saw that I had exaggerated nothing; he wept, pressed my hand with a word of consolation, and went out hastily.

"The day of nomination came. Jacobi renounced all claims. My husband was elected to the living in T——. Good God! how it sounded in our ears and in our hearts! For a long time we could not believe

it. After fifteen years of deceived hopes we hardly dared to believe in such happiness. I longed to embrace the knees of my benefactor, but he was already far distant from us. A few friendly lines came from him, which reconciled my husband to his happiness and Jacobi's renunciation, and which made the measure of his noble behaviour full. I have not yet been able to thank him; but you, his amiable bride, say to him——"

We omit the outpourings which closed this letter; they proceeded from a warm, noble heart, overflowing with happiness and gratitude.

The needles fell from the fingers of the sisters as the mother, at Louise's request, read this letter aloud, and astonishment, sympathy, and a kind of admiring pleasure might be read in their looks. They all gazed one on the other with silent and tearful eyes.

Gabriele was the first who broke silence: "so then we shall keep our Louise with us yet longer," said she gaily, while she embraced her; and all united cordially in the idea.

"But," sighed Leonore, "it is rather a pity, on account of our wedding and our parsonage; we had got all so beautifully arranged."

Louise shed a few quiet tears, but evidently not merely over the disappointed expectation. Later in the evening, the mother talked with her, and endeavoured to discover what were her feelings under these adverse circumstances.

Louise replied with all her customary candour that at first it had fallen very heavily upon her. "I had now," continued she, "fixed my thoughts so much on an early union with Jacobi; I saw so much in my new condition which would be good and joyful for us all. But though this is now—and perhaps for ever, at an end, yet I do not exactly know if I wish it otherwise; Jacobi has behaved so right, so nobly right, I feel that I now prize him higher, and love him more than ever!"

It was difficult to the Judge not to be more cheerful than common this evening. He was inexpressibly affectionate towards his eldest daughter; he was charmed with the way in which she bore her fate, and it seemed to him as if she had grown considerably.

On the following day they quietly went on again with the quilting of the bed-cover, whilst Gabriele read aloud; and thus "the childhood of Eric Menved" diverted with its refreshing magic power all thoughts from the parsonage and its lost paradise to the rich middle age of Denmark, and to its young king Eric.

CHAPTER X.

NEW VIEWS AND NEW SCHEMES.

JACOBI was come: Gabriele complained jestingly to her mother, "that the brother-in-law-elect had almost overturned her, the little sister-in-law-elect, in order to fly to his Louise."

Louise received Jacobi with more than customary cordiality; so did the whole family. That which Jacobi had lost in worldly wealth he seemed to have won in the esteem and love of his friends; and it was the secret desire of all to indemnify him, as it were, for the loss of the parsonage. Jacobi on this subject had also his own peculiar views; and after he had refreshed himself both with the earthly and the "angels' food," which Louise served up to him in abundance, and after he had had a conference of probably three hours' length with her, the result of the same was laid before the parents, who looked on the new views thus opened to them not without surprise and disquiet.

It was Jacobi's wish and intention now immediately to celebrate his marriage with Louise, and afterwards to go to Stockholm, where he thought of commencing

a school for boys. To those who knew that all Jacobi's savings amounted to a very inconsiderable capital; that his yearly income was only fifty crowns; that he had displeased his only influential patron; that his bride brought him no dowry; and thus that he had nothing on which to calculate excepting his own ability to work—to all those then who knew thus much, this sudden establishment had some resemblance to one of those romances with their "diner de mon cœur, et souper de mon âme," which is considered in our days to be so infinitely insipid.

But Jacobi, who had already arranged and well considered his plans, laid them with decision and candour before the parents, and besought their consent that he might as soon as possible be able to call Louise his wife. Elise gasped for breath; the Judge made sundry objections, but for every one of these Jacobi had a reasonable and well-devised refutation.

"Are Jacobi's plans yours also, Louise?" asked the Judge, after a momentary silence; "are you both agreed?"

Louise and Jacobi extended a hand to each other; looked on each other and then on the father, with tearful, yet with calm and assured eyes.

"You are no longer children," continued the father; "you know what you are undertaking. But have you well considered?"

Both assented that they had. Already, before there had been any expectation of the living, they had thought on this plan.

"It is a fatiguing life that you are stepping into," continued the Judge seriously, "and not the least so for you, Louise. The result of your husband's undertaking will depend for the greatest part on you. Will you joyfully, and without complaint, endure that which it will bring with it; will you, from your heart, take part in his day's work?"

"Yes, that I will!" replied Louise with entire and hearty confidence.

"And you, Jacobi," continued he with unsteady voice, "will you be father and mother and sisters to her? Will you promise me that she neither now, nor in the future, so far as in you lies, shall miss the paternal home?"

"God help me! so certainly as I will exert myself to effect it, she shall not!" answered Jacobi with emotion, and gave his hand to the Judge.

"Go then, children," exclaimed he, "and ask the blessing of your mother—mine you shall have," and with tearful eyes he clasped them in his arms.

Elise followed the example of her husband. She felt now that Louise and Jacobi's firm devotion to each other; their willingness to work; and their characters, so excellent, and beyond this, so well suited to each other, were more secure pledges of happiness than the greatest worldly treasure. With respect to the time of the marriage, however, she made serious objections. All that the parents could give to their daughter was a tolerably handsome

outfit; and this could not, by any possibility, be so speedily prepared. Louise took her mother's view of the question, and Jacobi saw himself, although reluctantly, compelled to agree that it should remain as at first arranged, namely, for the second day in Whitsuntide, which, in this year, fell at the end of May.

After this the betrothed hastened to the sisters to communicate to them the new views and schemes. There was many an Oh! and Ah! of astonishment; many a cordial embrace; and then, of course, what industry in the oak-leaf garland!

But as the mother at the usual time came in, she saw plainly that "the little lady" was somewhat impatient towards the brother-in-law-elect, and but little edified by his plans.

From that kind of sympathy which exists between minds, even when not a single word is spoken, especially between persons who are dear to each other, the dissatisfaction of Gabriele took possession also of the mother, who began to discover that Jacobi's plans were more and more idle and dangerous. Thus when Jacobi, not long afterwards, sought to have a *tête-à-tête* with her, in order to talk about his and Louise's plans, she could not help saying that the more she thought about the undertaking the more foolish did it appear to be.

To which Jacobi answered gaily, "Heaven is the guardian of all fools!"

Elise recollected at that moment how it had fared with a person with whom she was acquainted, who hoped for this guardianship in an undertaking that in most respects resembled Jacobi's, yet nothing had prevented all his affairs from going wrong altogether, and at length ending in bankruptcy and misery. Elise related this to Jacobi.

"Have you not read, mother," replied he, "a wise observation which stands at the end of a certain medical work?"

"No," said she; "what observation is it?"

"That what cured the shoemaker killed the tailor," said Jacobi.

Elise could not help laughing, and called him a conceited shoemaker. Jacobi laughed too, kissed Elise's hand, and then hastened to mingle in the group of young people, who assembled themselves round the tea-table to see and to pass judgment on an extraordinary kind of tea-bread wherewith Louise would welcome her bridegroom, and which, according to her opinion, besides the freshest freshness, was possessed of many wonderful qualities.

Whilst at tea, the mother whispered slyly into Louise's ear as Jacobi put sugar into his tea, "My dear child, there will be a deal of sugar used in your house—your husband will not be frugal."

Louise whispered back again, "But he will not grumble because too much sugar is used in the house So let him take it then, let him take it!"

Both laughed.

Later in the evening, as the mother saw Jacobi dance the gallopade with Louise and Gabriele, whilst he made all happy with his joy, and his eyes beamed with life and goodness, she thought to herself—even virtue has her carelessness; and she was well satisfied with his plans.

One day Jacobi related the particulars of his audience with the Excellence O——, at P., to Louise and her mother; his relation was as follows:

"When I came up into the saloon the Bishop N. was coming backwards, with low bows, out of the chamber of his Excellence. Within, a powerful voice was heard speaking polite and jocular words, and immediately afterwards his Excellence himself, with his foot wrapped in a woollen sock, accompanied the Bishop out. The lofty figure, clothed now in a dark green morning coat, seemed to me more imposing than ever. He swung a stick in his hand, upon which a grey parrot was sitting, which, while it strove to maintain its balance, screamed with all its might after the Bishop, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'

"The sunshine which was diffused over the expressive countenance of his Excellence as he came out of his room, vanished the moment he saw me (I had already informed him by letter of the use I had made of his goodness), and a severe repulsive glance was the only greeting which I received. When the Bishop at length, accompanied by the parting

salutations of the parrot, had left, his Excellence motioned the servants out, and riveted upon me his strong, bright, grey eyes, and with an actually oppressive look inquired short and sharp, 'What want you, Sir?'

"I had never seen him behave thus to me before, and whilst I endeavoured to overcome a really choking sensation, I answered, 'I would thank your Excellence for the goodness which——

"'Which you have thrown away as if it were a very trifle,' interrupted his Excellence. 'You must have a confounded many livings at command I think; You can perhaps throw such away on all sides.'

"He spoke these words in a hard ironical tone. I conjured him to hear me; and laid before him shortly, but with the utmost clearness, the reasons which had compelled me to give up the good fortune which his favour had procured for me. I concluded by saying, that the only consolation which I had for my loss, and the danger of having displeased my benefactor, was the feeling that I had done my duty and acted according to my conscience, and the persuasion that I had acted right.

"'You have acted like a fool!' interrupted his Excellence with violence, 'like a regular bedlamite have you behaved yourself! Things like this, sir, may do in romances, but in actual life they serve to no other purpose than to make their actors and all that belong to them beggars. But you have unpar-

donably compromised me! The thousand! you should have thought over all these things and these feelings before you had obtained my recommendation! Can I know of all supplicants with poverty, merits, and nine children? On your account in this business I have written letters; given dinners; made fine speeches; paid compliments in order to silence other claimants. I obtained for you that living, one of the best in the whole bishoprick, and now you have given it away as if it were a——It is really too bad! Don't come any more to me, and don't mix me up again in your concerns, that I say to you! I shall for the future meddle in nothing of the kind. Don't you ask me ever again for any thing!'

"I was wounded, but still more distressed than wounded, and said, 'The only thing which I shall ask from you, and shall ask for till I obtain it, is the forgiveness of your Excellence! My error in this affair was great; but after I had seen it, there was nothing for me to do but to retrieve it as well as lay in my power, and then to bear the consequences, even though they be as bitter as I now find them. Never again shall I make any claim to your goodness —you have already done more than enough for me. My intention is now to try if I cannot maintain myself by my own powers as teacher. I intend to establish a school for boys in Stockholm, whither I shall travel as soon as——

"'Attempt, and travel, and do whatever you like!'

interrupted his Excellence, 'I don't trouble myself about it. I have occupied myself in your affairs for the last time! If I were to get for you ten livings, you would give all away the next moment to the first, best poor devil that prayed you for them, with his full complement of wife and ten children!

"'Lundholm, wash me the glass! I never drink out of a glass from which a Bishop has drunk!'

"His Excellence had already turned his back upon me, and went again into his chamber cursing his gout, without the slightest parting word to me. The parrot, however, on the contrary, turned itself about on the stick, and cried out with all his might, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'

"With this greeting, perhaps the last in the house of his Excellency, I retired; but not without, I must confess, stopping a few moments on the steps and wetting the stones with my tears. It was not the loss of a powerful patron which gave me so much pain, but—I had so admired this man, I had loved him with such an actual devotion; I looked up to him as to one of the noblest and most distinguished of men. He also seemed really to like me—at least I thought so; and now all at once he was so changed, so stern towards me, and as it seemed to me so unreasonable. It actually gave me pain to find so little that was noble in him, so little that was just! These were my feelings in those first bitter moments. When I came to think over the whole event more calmly, I could almost

believe that he had received beforehand an unjust representation of the whole affair, and that I encountered him while under its influence. Over and above, he had reason to be dissatisfied with the whole thing, and then just at that moment a fit of the gout seized him! I have written to him from this place, and I feel it impossible to give up the hope of seeing his sentiments mollified towards me."

Louise, however, did not think so favourably of his sentiments; thought Jacobi quite too indulgent, and was altogether irritated against his Excellence.

"It is quite the best not to trouble oneself about him," said she.

Jacobi smiled, "Poor Excellence!" said he.

CHAPTER XI.

A RELAPSE.

WHILST May wrote its romance in leaves and life; whilst Jacobi and Louise wrote many sweet chapters of theirs in kisses; whilst all in the house was in motion on account of the marriage, and joy and mirth sprang up to life like butterflies in the spring sun, one glance was ever darker, one cheek ever paler, and that was Eva's.

People say commonly that love is a game for the man, and a life's-business for the woman. If there be truth in this, it may arise from this cause, that practical life makes commonly too great a demand on the thoughts and activity of the man for him to have much time to spend on love, whilst on the contrary the woman is too much occupied with herself to have the power of withdrawing herself from the pangs of love (may the Chamberlain's lady forgive us talking so much about man and woman! It has not been our lot here in the world to scour either a room or a kettle, though, to speak the truth, we do not consider ourselves incapable of so doing). Eva found nothing in her peaceful home which was powerful enough to

abstract her from the thoughts and feelings which for so long had been the dearest to her heart. The warm breezes of spring, so full of love, fanned up that glimmering fire; so did also that innocent life of the betrothed, so full of cordiality and happiness; so did also a yet more poisonous wind. One piece of news which this spring brought was the betrothal of Major R. with one of the beauties of the capital, a former rival of Eva—news which caused a deep wound to her heart. She wished to conceal, she wished to veil what was yet remaining of a love which no one had favoured, and over which she could not now do other than blush; she had determined never again to burden and grieve her family with her weakness, her sorrows; she would not disturb the peace, the cheerfulness, which now again began to reign in the family after the misfortunes which had shaken it; but under the endeavour to bear her burden alone, her not strong spirit gave way. She withdrew more and more from the family circle; became ever more silent and reserved; sought for solitude, and was unwilling to have her solitude disturbed by any one. She even was reserved before Leonore; although she, like a good angel, stood by her side, resting her soft eyes upon her with a tender disquiet, endeavouring to remove from her every annoyance, taking upon herself every painful occupation, and evincing towards her all that anxious care which a mother shews to a sick child. Eva permitted all this, and was daily more

and more consumed by her untold mental sufferings. The engrossing cares which at this time occupied the family, prevented almost every one from paying attention to Eva's state of mind, and thus she was often left to herself.

For several of the last evenings Eva had gone down into her own chamber directly after tea—for in their present dwelling some of the daughters occupied the ground-floor—and on the plea of headache had excused herself from again returning to her family during the evening. It was a principle of the parents never to make use of any other means of compulsion with their children, now that they were grown up, than love, be it in great things or in small. But then love had a great power in this family; and as the daughters knew that it was the highest delight of their father to see them all round him in an evening, it became a principle with them neither to let temper nor any other unnecessary cause keep them away. As now, however, this was the third evening on which Eva had been absent, the father became uneasy, and the mother went down to her, whilst the rest of the family and some friends who were with them were performing a little concert together. But Eva was not to be found in her chamber, and the mother was hastening back again, full of disquiet, when she met Ulla, who was going to make the beds.

"Where is Eva?" asked she, with apparent indifference.

Ulla started, was red and then pale, and answered hesitatingly, "She is—gone out—I fancy."

"Where is she gone?" asked Elise, suddenly uneasy.

"I fancy—to the grave of the young master," returned Ulla.

"To the grave?—so late! Has she gone there for several evenings?" inquired the mother.

"This is now the third evening," said Ulla: "Ah, best gracious lady, it goes really to my heart—it is not justly right there!"

"What is not justly right, Ulla?"

"That Mamselle Eva goes out to the grave so late, and does not come back again till it has struck ten, and that she will be so much alone," returned Ulla. "Yesterday Mamselle Leonore even cried, and begged of her not to go, or to allow her to go with her. But Mamselle Eva would not let her, but said she would not go, and that Mamselle Leonore should go up stairs, and leave her alone; but as soon as Mamselle Leonore had left her she went out for all that, with only a thin kerchief over her head. And this evening she is gone out also. Ah! it must be a great grief which consumes her, for she gets paler every day!"

Greatly disturbed by what she had heard, Elise hastened to seek her husband. She found him deeply engaged over his books and papers, but he left all the moment he saw the troubled countenance of his wife. She related to him what she had heard from Ulla,

and informed him that it was her intention to go now immediately to the churchyard.

"I will go with you," said the Judge, "only tell Louise to defer supper for us till we come back; I fancy nobody will miss us, they are so occupied by their music."

No sooner said than done. The husband and wife went out together; it was half-past nine in the middle of May, but the air was cold, and a damp mist fell.

"Good heavens!" said the Judge softly, "she'll get her death of cold if she stops in the churchyard so late, and in air like this!"

As they approached the churchyard, they saw that a female form passed hastily through the gate. It was not Eva, for she sat on the grave of her brother; she sate there immovably upon the earth, and resembled a ghost. The churchyard was, with this exception, deserted. The figure which had entered before them, softly approached the grave, and remained standing at the distance of a few paces.

"Eva!" said a beseeching mournful voice; it was Leonore. The parents remained standing behind some thick-leaved fir-trees. On precisely the same spot had the father stood once before, and listened to a conversation of a very different kind.

"Eva!" repeated Leonore, with an expression of the most heartfelt tenderness.

"What do you want with me, Leonore?" asked Eva impatiently, but without moving. "I have already prayed you to let me alone."

"Ah! I cannot leave you, dear Eva!" replied her sister, "why do you sit here on the ground, on this cold, wet evening? Oh, come home, come home with me!"

"Do you go home, Leonore! this air is not proper for you! Go home to the happy, and be merry with them," returned Eva.

"Do you not remember," tenderly pleaded Leonore, "how I once, many years ago, was sick both in body and mind? Do you know who it was then that left the gay in order to comfort me? I prayed her to leave me—but she went not from me—neither will I now go away from you."

"Ah, go! leave me alone!" repeated Eva, "I stand now alone in the world!"

"Eva, you distress me!" said her sister, "you know that there is no one in this world that I love like you: I mourned so much when you left us; the house without you seemed empty, but I consoled myself with the thought that Eva will soon come back again. You came, and I was so joyful, for I believed that we should be so happy together. But I have seen since then of how little consequence I am to you! still I love you as much as ever, and if you think that I have not sympathized in your sorrows, that I have not wept with you and for you, you do me certainly injustice! Ah, Eva, many a night, when you have believed perhaps that I lay in sweet sleep, have I sate at your door, and listened how you wept, and

have wept for you, and prayed for you, but I did not dare to come in to you because I imagined your heart to be closed to me!" And so saying, Leonore wept bitterly.

"You are right Leonore," answered Eva, "much has become closed in me which once was opened. This feeling, this love for him—Oh, it has swallowed up my whole soul! For some time I believed I should be able to conquer it—but now I believe so no longer——

"Do you repent of your renunciation?" asked Leonore;—"it was so noble of you! Would you yet be united to him!"

"No! no! the time for that is gone by," said Eva. "I would rather die than that; but you see, Leonore, I loved him so—I have tasted love, and have felt how rapturous, how divine life might be!—O Leonore, the bright sun-warm summer-day is not more unlike this misty evening hour, than the life which I lived for a season is unlike the future which now lies before me!"

"It seems so to you now Eva,—you think so now," answered her sister; "but let a little time pass over, and you will see that it will be quite otherwise; that the painful feelings will subside, and life will clear up itself before you. Think only how it has already afforded you pleasure to look up to heaven when the clouds separated themselves, and you said, 'see how bright it will be! how beautiful the heaven is!' and

your blue eyes beamed with joy and peace, because it was so. Believe me Eva, the good time will come again, in which you will thus look up to heaven, and feel thus joyful and thus gay!"

"Never!" exclaimed Eva, weeping; "Oh, never will that time return! Then I was innocent, and from that cause I saw heaven above me clear;—now so much that is bad, so much that is impure has stained my soul—stains it yet!—O Leonore, if you only knew all that I have felt for some time you would never love me again! Would you believe it that Louise's innocent happiness has infused bitterness into my soul; that the gaiety which has again began to exist in the family has made me feel bitterness—bitterness towards my own family—my own beloved ones! Oh, I could detest myself! I have chastised myself with the severest words—I have prayed with bitter tears, and yet——

"Dear Eva, you must have patience with yourself," said Leonore, "you will not——

"Ah! I am already weary of myself, of my life!" hastily interrupted Eva; "I am like some one who has already travelled far, who is already spent, but who must still go on, and can never come to his journey's end. It seems to me as if I should be a burden to all who belong to me; and when I have seen you all so happy, so gay one with another, I have felt my heart and my head burn with bitterness; then have I been obliged to go out—out into the cold

evening dew, and I have longed to repose in the earth upon which it fell—I have longed to be able to hide myself from every one—deep, deep in the grave below!"

"But from me," said Leonore, "you will not be able to hide yourself—nor to go from me, since where you go there will I follow. Oh, what were life to me if you were to leave it in despair! You would not go alone to the grave, Eva! I would follow you there—and if you will not allow that I sit by your side, I will seat myself on the churchyard wall, that the same evening damps which penetrate you may penetrate me also; that the same night wind which chills your bosom may chill mine; that I may be laid by your side and in the same grave with you! And willingly would I die for you, if—you will not live for me, and for the many who love you so much! We will try all things to make you happier! God will help us; and the day will come in which all the bitter things of this time will seem like a dream, and when all the great and beautiful feelings, and all the agreeable impressions of life will again revive in you. You will again become innocent—nay, become more, because virtue is a higher, a glorified innocence! O Eva! if he whose dust reposes beneath us, if his spirit invisibly float around us—if he who was better and purer than all of us, could make his voice audible to us at this moment, he would certainly join with me in the prayer—"O Eva! live—live for those who love

thee! Mortal life, with all its anguish and its joy, is soon past—and then it is so beautiful that our life should have caused joy to one another on earth—it causes joy in heaven! The great Comforter of all affliction will not turn from thee—only do not thou turn from *Him!* Have patience! tarry out thy time! Peace comes, comes certainly——

The words ceased; both sisters had clasped their arms around each other, and mingled their tears. Eva's head rested on Leonore's shoulder as she, after a long pause, spoke in a feeble voice:

"Say no more, Leonore; I will do what you wish. Take me—make of me what you will—I am too weak to sustain myself at this moment—support me—I will go with you—you are my good angel!"

Other guardian angels approached just then, and clasped the sisters in a tender embrace. Conducted by them, Eva returned home. She was altogether submissive and affectionate, and besought earnestly for forgiveness from all. She was very much excited by the scenes which had just occurred, drank a composing draught which her mother administered, and then listened to Leonore, who read to her, as she lay in bed, till she fell asleep.

The Judge paced up and down his chamber uneasily that night, and spoke thus to his wife, who lay in bed.

"A journey to the baths, and that in company with you, would be quite the best thing for her. But

I don't know how I can now do without you; and more than that, where the money is to come from! We have had great losses, and see still great expenses before us: in the first place Louise's marriage,—and then, without a little money in hand, we cannot let our girls go from home; and the rebuilding of our house. But we must borrow more money—I see no other way. Eva must be saved, her mind must be enlivened and her body strengthened let it cost what it may. I must see and borrow——

"It is not necessary, Ernst," said Elise; and the Judge, making a sudden pause, gazed at her with astonishment; whilst she, half raising herself in bed, looked at him with a countenance beaming with joy. "Come," continued she, "and I will recal something to your memory which occurred fifteen years ago."

"What sort of a history can that be?" said he, smiling gaily, whilst he seated himself on the bed, and took the hand which Elise extended to him.

"Five-and-twenty years ago," began she.

"Five-and-twenty years!" interrupted he, "heaven help me! you promised to go no farther back than fifteen."

"Patience, my love!—this is part the first of my story. Do you not remember, then," said she, "how, five-and-twenty years ago, at the commencement of our married life, you made plans for a journey into the beautiful native land of your mother? I see now, Ernst, that you remember it. And how we should

wander there you planned, and enjoy our freedom and God's lovely nature. You were so joyful in the prospect of this; but then came adversity, and cares, and children, and never-ending labour for you, so that our Norwegian journey retreated year by year more into the background. Nevertheless, it remained like a point of light to you in the future; but now, for some time, you seem to have forgotten it; yes, for you have given up all your own pleasures in labouring for your family; have forsaken all your own enjoyments, your own plans, for your own sphere of activity and your home. But I have not forgotten the Norwegian journey, and in fifteen years have obtained the means of its accomplishment."

"In fifteen years!—what do you mean?" asked he.

"Now I am arrived," she answered, "at part the second of my history. Do you still remember, Ernst, that fifteen years ago we were not so happy as we are now? You have forgotten? Well, so much the better; I scarcely remember it myself any more, for the expansive rind of love has grown over the black scar. What I, however, know is, that at that time I was not so properly at home in actual life, and did not rightly understand all the good that it offered me, and that to console myself on that account I wrote a romance. But now it happened that by reason of my romance characters I neglected my duties to my lord and husband—for the gentlemen are decidedly unskilled in serving themselves——

"Very polite!" interposed the Judge smiling.

"Be content!" continued she: "now it happened that one evening his tea and my romance came into collision—a horrible history followed. But I made a vow in my heart that one of these days the two rivals should become reconciled. Now you see my manuscript—you had the goodness to call it rubbish—I sent to a very enlightened man, to a man of distinguished taste and judgment, and thus it befell, he found taste in the rubbish; and, what say you to it? paid me a pretty little sum for permission to bring it before the world. Do not look so grave, Ernst; I have never again taken up the pen to write romances; my own family has found me enough to do; and besides, I never again could wish to do anything which was not pleasant to you. You have displaced all rivals, do you see! But this one I decided should be the means of your taking the Norwegian journey. The little sum of two hundred crowns banco which it produced me have I placed in the savings' bank for this purpose; and in fifteen years it has so much augmented itself, that it will perfectly accomplish that object; and if ever the time for its employment will come, it is now. The desire for travelling is gone from me—I covet now only rest. But you and——

"And do you think," said the Judge, "that I shall take your——

"O Ernst! why should you not?" exclaimed she;

"if you could but know what joy the thought of this has prepared for me! The money, which from year to year increased, in order to give you pleasure, has been to me like a treasure of hidden delight, which has many a time strengthened and animated my soul! Make me only perfectly happy by allowing yourself to have enjoyment from it. Take it, my Ernst, and make yourself pleasure with it, this summer; I pray you to do so, on account of our children. Take Eva with you, and if possible Leonore also. Nothing would refresh Eva's soul more than such a journey with you and Leonore in a magnificent and beautiful country. The money can be obtained in a month's time, and a few months' leave of absence cannot possibly be denied to one who has spent more than thirty years in incessant service for the state; and when Louise and her husband have left us, and spring and nature are in their very loveliest, then you shall set out: you shall be refreshed after so many years of painful labour, and the wounded heart of our sick child shall be healed."

CHAPTER XII.

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS.

Eva entered her father's study the next morning. He immediately left his work, received her with the greatest tenderness, drew her to his side on the sofa, and placing one arm round her waist, took her hand in his and inquired, with a searching glance, "Do you want anything from me, my child? Can I do anything for you? Tell me!"

Encouraged by his kindness, Eva described the state of her mind to her father, and explained how she wished to commence a more active life in order to overcome her weakness, and to regain strength and quiet. The situation of teacher in a girl's school in the city was vacant, and she wished immediately to take it, but only for the summer, during which time she and Leonore would prepare themselves to open a school in autumn. It was a plan of which they had long thought, and which would afford them a useful and independent life. Eva bought the acquiescence of her father to this proposition.

"Leonore and I," continued she, "have this morning talked a deal on the subject; we hope that

with the counsel and countenance upon which we may reckon, to be able to make it succeed. Ah, father! I am become quite anxious about it on account of my own weakness. I must speedily resort to external means, that I may overcome it. I will become active; I will work; and whilst thus employed I shall forget the past and myself, and only live for the happiness of those who love me, and to whom I have caused so much trouble."

"My child! my dear child, you are right; you do rightly!" said the father, deeply affected, and clasping his daughter in his arms; "your wish shall be granted, and whatever is in my power will I do to forward your plans. What a many institutions for education will there not proceed from our house! But there is no harm at all in that—there are no more useful institutions on the face of the earth! One reservation however, I must make from your and Leonore's determination. You may dedicate the autumn and the winter to your school—but the summer you must devote to your father!—and Madame B. may find a teacher where she can, only not from my family—for I am not now in a condition to furnish her one."

"Ah, father," said she, "every unemployed hour is a burden to me!"

"We will bear the burden together, my child! Leonore, I, and you, in our wanderings towards the west. In a few weeks I am thinking of undertaking a journey, after which I have longed for these many

years: I will visit the beautiful native land of my mother. Will you, Eva, breathe this fresh mountain air with me? I should have very little pleasure in the journey alone, but in company with you and Leonore it will make me young again! Our heads are become bowed, my child, but in God's beautiful nature we will lift them up again! You will go with me—is it not so? Good! Come then with me to your mother, for it is she alone who has managed this journey!"

With an arm round the waist of his daughter the Judge now went to his wife; they found Leonore with her; nor was ever a quartet of Mozart's more harmonious than that which was now performed among them.

Eva was uncommonly animated all day, but in the evening she was in a burning fever. A feeling of anxiety went through the whole family; they feared that a new grave was about to be opened, and disquiet was painted on all countenances. Eva demanded, with a fervour which was not without its feverish excitement, that the Assessor should be fetched. He came immediately.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Eva, extending her hand to him, "I have been so ungrateful to you! But my heart was so disordered that it was quite changed; but it will recover itself again. Leonore has given it health. I am very ill now; my hands burn, my head aches! Give me my little work-box

—that I may hold it between my hands—that I may lean my head upon it—else I shall be no better! You, my friend, will cure me that I may again make my family happy!"

The Assessor dried his tears. As Eva leaned her head on the work-box, she talked earnestly, but not quite coherently of the plans for the future.

"Very good, very good," said the physician, interrupting her; "I too will be of the establishment; I will give instruction in botany to the whole swarm of girls, and between us we will drive them out into the woods and into the fields, that we may see them learn all that is beautiful in the world. But now, Eva, you must not talk any more—but you must empty this glass."

Eva took the composing draught willingly, and was soon calmer. She was the most obedient and amiable of patients, and shewed a confidence in her old friend which penetrated his heart. He would have sate night and day by her bed.

Eva's sickness was a violent fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly three weeks, and occasioned her family great uneasiness. This sickness was, however, very beneficial for herself and for the health of her mind; but still more beneficial was the infinite love with which she saw herself encompassed on all sides.

One day in the beginning of her convalescence, as she sate up and saw herself surrounded by all the

comforts which love and home could gather about a beloved sufferer, she said to Leonore as she leaned upon her, "Ah, who would not be willing to live when they see themselves so beloved!"

In the mean time Louise's wedding-day was approaching nearer.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

THREE days before the wedding a grand travelling-carriage drawn by four horses rolled through the streets of the city of X——, and from the prodigious clatter which it made drew all the inquisitive among the inhabitants to their windows.

"Did you see, dear sister," cried the general-shopkeeper Madame Suur to Madame Bask, the wife of the postmaster, "the grand travelling-carriage that has just gone by? Did you see the sweet youth that sate on the left and looked so genteel, with his snow-white neck and open shirt-collar? Lawk! how he looked at me—so sweet as he was! How like a real prince he looked!"

"Dear sister!" answered the postmistress, "then you did not see the gentleman who sate on the right? He was a grand gentleman, that I can positively assert! He sate so stately leaning back in the carriage, and so wrapped up in grand furs that one could not see the least bit of his face. Positively he is a great somebody!"

"I got a shimmer of the youth," said the grey-brown handed and complexioned Annette P—— as she glanced up from her coarse sewing, with such a look as probably a captive casts who has glanced out of his prison into a freer and more beautiful state of existence; "he looked so calm, with large blue eyes, out of the plate-glass windows of the carriage! as pure and grave he looked as one of God's angels!"

"Ay, we know to be sure how the angels look!" said the postmistress snubbingly, and with a severe glance at Annette; "but that's absolutely all one! Yet I should like to know what grandees they are. I should not be a bit surprised if it were his royal highness or gracious crown-prince, who with his eldest son is travelling *incondito* through the country."

"Dear sister says what is true," returned Madame Suur. "Yes it must be so! for he looked like a regular prince, the sweet youth, as he sate there and glanced at me through the window; really, he smiled at me!"

"Nay, my ladies, we've got some genteel strangers in the city!" exclaimed Mr. Alderman Nyberg as he came into the room.

"Have they stopped here?" cried both ladies at once.

"My wife saw the carriage draw up and——"

"Nay, heaven defend us! Mr. Alderman what are you thinking about that you don't make a stir in the city and send a deputation to wait upon them? For goodness sake let the city-council come together!"

"How? What? Who?" asked the Alderman, opening wide his grey eyes like some one just awoke out of sleep; "can it indeed——"

"Yes, very likely his royal highness himself in his own proper person—possibly his majesty!"

"Gracious heavens!" said the Alderman, and looked as if the town-house had fallen.

"But speed off in all the world's name, and run and look about you, and don't stand here staring like a dead figure!" exclaimed the postmistress quite hoarse, while she shook up and down her great mass of humanity on the creaking sofa. "Dear sister, cannot you also get on your legs a little, and Annette too, instead of sitting there humdrumming with her sewing, out of which nothing comes. Annette run quick, and see what it is all about—but come back in an instant-minute and tell me, poor soul, whom our Lord has smitten with calamity and sickness—nay, nay, march pancake!"

The alderman ran; dear sister Suur ran; Mamselle Annette ran; we ran also, dear reader, in order to see a large-made gentleman somewhat in years, and a youth of eleven, of slender figure and noble appearance, dismount from the travelling-carriage. It was Excellence O—— and his youngest son.

They alighted and went into the house of the Franks. His Excellence entered the drawing-room without suffering himself to be announced, and introduced himself to Elise, who though surprised by the visit

of the unexpected stranger, received him with all her accustomed graceful self-possession; lamenting the absence of her husband, and thinking to herself that Jacobi had not in the least exceeded the truth in his description of the person of his Excellence.

His Excellence was now in the most brilliant of humours, and discovered, as by sudden revelation, that he and Elise were related; called her "my cousin" all the time, and said the handsomest things to her of her family, of whom he had heard so much, but more especially of a certain young man on whom he set the highest value. Further he said, that however much he must rejoice in having made the personal acquaintance of his cousin, still he must confess that his visit at this time had particular reference to the young man of whom he had spoken; and with this he inquired after Jacobi.

Jacobi was sent for and came quickly, but not without evident emotion in his countenance. Excellence O—— approached him, extended his hand cheerfully, and said, "I rejoice to see you; my cursed gout has not quite left me; but I could not pass so near the city without going a little out of my way in order to wish you happiness on your approaching marriage, and also to mention an affair—but you must introduce me to your bride."

Jacobi did it with glowing eyes. His Excellence took Louise's hand, and said, "I congratulate you on your happiness, on being about to have one of the best

and the most estimable of men for your husband!" And with these words he riveted a friendly penetrating glance upon her, and then kissed her hand. Louise blushed deeply, and looked happier than when she agreed to her own proposition of not troubling herself about his Excellence.

Upon the other daughters also who were present, his keen eyes were fixed with a look which seemed rather to search into soul than body, and rested with evident satisfaction on the beautifully blushing Gabriele.

"I also have had a daughter," said he slowly, "an only one—but she was taken from me!"

A melancholy feeling seemed to have gained possession of him, but he shook it quickly from him, stood up and went to Jacobi, to whom he talked in a loud and friendly voice.

"My best Jacobi," said he, "you told me the last time we were together that you thought of opening a school for boys in Stockholm. I am pleased with it, for I have proved that your ability as teacher and guide of youth is of no ordinary kind. I wish to introduce to you a pupil, my little boy. You will confer upon me a real pleasure if you will be able to receive him in two months, at which time I must undertake a journey abroad, which perhaps may detain me long, and would wish to know that during this my absence my son was in good hands. I wish that he should remain under your care at least two or three

years. You will easily feel that I should not place in your hands him who is dearest to me in the world, if I had not the most perfect confidence in you, and therefore I give you no prescribed directions concerning him. And if prayers can obtain motherly regard," continued he, turning to Louise, "I would direct myself with them to you. Take good care of my boy—he has no longer a mother!"

Louise drew the boy hastily to her, embraced him and kissed him with warmth. A smile as of sunshine diffused itself over the countenance of the father, and certainly no words which Louise could have spoken would have satisfied him more than this silent but intelligent answer of the heart. Jacobi stood there with tears in his eyes; he could not bring forth many words, but his Excellence understood him, and shook him cordially by the hand.

"May we not have the horses taken out? Will not your Excellence have the goodness to stay to dine with us?" were the beseeching questions which were repeated around him.

But however willing his Excellence would have been to do it, it was impossible. He had promised to dine at Strö with Count Y——, eighteen miles distant from the city.

"But breakfast? a little breakfast at least? It should be served in a moment. The young Count Axel would certainly be glad of a little breakfast!" asserted Louise with friendly confidence, who seemed

already to have taken under her protection the future pupil of her husband.

The young Count Axel did not say no; and the father, whose behaviour became every moment more cordial and gay, said that a little breakfast in such company would eat excellently.

Bergström prepared with rapture and burning zeal the table for the lofty guest, who in the mean time chatted with evident satisfaction with Elise and Jacobi, directing often also his conversation to Louise as if insensibly to test her; and from their inmost hearts did both mother and bridegroom rejoice that with her calm understanding she could stand the test so well.

Gabriele entertained the young Count Axel in one of the windows by listening to the repeater of his new gold watch, which set the grave and naturally silent boy at liberty to lead the entertainment in another way; and Gabriele, who entered into all his ideas, wondered very much over the wonderful properties of the watch, and let it repeat over and over again, whilst her lovely and lively smiles and her merry words called forth more and more the confidence of the young Axel.

Breakfast was ready; was brought in by the happy Bergström; was eaten and praised by his Excellence, who was a connoisseur; a description of the capitally preserved anchovies was particularly desired from Louise; and then her health and that of her bridegroom was drunk in Madeira.

Towards the conclusion of the breakfast the Judge came home. The trait of independence, bordering on pride, which sometimes revealed itself in Judge Frank's demeanour, and which perhaps was visible at the very time of his respectful but simple greeting of his Excellence, called forth in him also a momentary appearance of height. But this pride soon vanished from both sides. These two men knew and valued each other mutually; and it was not long before they were so deeply engrossed by conversation, that his Excellence forgot his journey, not for one only, but for two hours.

"I lament over Strö and its dinner," said his Excellence, preparing to take his departure; "how they must have waited there! But we could not possibly help it."

After his Excellence had departed, he left behind him a bright impression on all the family of Franks, not one of whom did not feel animated in a beneficial manner by his behaviour and his words. Jacobi in his joy made a high *entre-chat*, and embracing Louise said, "Now, Louise, what say you to the man? And we have got a pupil that will draw at least twenty after him!"

Louise was perfectly reconciled to his Excellence.

From this day forth Bergström began a new era; whatever happened in the family was either before or after the visit of his Excellence.

"Ah, then, my goodness! that it should be Excellence O——!" said the dear sister Bask to the dear sister Suur.

"Yes, just think! That he should come solely, and for no other purpose, than to visit the Franks, and breakfast there, and stop several hours there! He is a cousin of the Judge's lady."

"Her cousin! Bah! no more her cousin than I am the king's cousin; positively not!"

"Yes, yes! or why else should he have called her 'my gracious cousin?' And one must confess that there is something refined and genteel about her—and such hands as she has have I never seen!"

"Hum! There's no art in looking genteel and having beautiful hands, when one goes about the house like a foolish thing, washing one's hands in rose-water, and all the livelong day doing not one sensible act. That I know well enough!"

"Yes, yes! they who will be of any use in their house cannot keep such hands, and sit the whole day and read romances! I should like to know how it would have gone with the blessed Suur's baking business—to which at last he added the grocery—if I had been a genteel lady! Not at all, because I should not have done it. Sweet sister, know that I once had my whims—yes, and a turn for scribbling and writing. Yes, so help me heaven! if it had not been for my little bit of sound sense, which shewed me my folly in time, I might have become

a regular learned lady, another—what do you call her?—Madame de Stael! But when I married the late Suur I determined to give up all that foolishness, and do honour to the baking; and now I have quite let my little talent slip away from me, so that it is as good as buried. But on that account I am, to be sure, no fitting company for the Franks—think only! —and shall be only less and less so, if they are always climbing higher and higher."

"Let them climb as high as they will, I don't intend to make obeisances before them, that I can promise them! that I absolutely will not! It vexes me enough that Annette is so mad after them. Before one is aware of it, they will be taking her away from me, skin and hair; and that's my thanks for all I have lavished upon her! But I'll tell the gentry that I'm positively determined to make no compliments to them or to their Excellences, and that one person is just as good as another! Positively I'll tell them that!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

"God bless the little ones! But when one considers how little of a rarity children are in this world, one has only to open one's mouth to say so, and people are all up in arms and make such a stir and such an ado about their little ones! Heart's-dearest! People may call them angels as much as ever they will, but I would willingly have my knees free from them! But worst of all is it with the first child in a family! Oh, it is a happiness and a miracle, and cannot be enough overloaded with caresses and presents from father and mother, and aunts and cousins, and all the world. Does it scream and roar—then it is a budding genius; is it silent—then it is a philosopher in its cradle; and scarcely is it eight days old but it understands Swedish and almost German also! And—it bites, the sweet angel!—it has got a tooth! It bites properly. Ah, it is divine! Then comes the second child:—it is by far less wonderful already; its cry and its teeth are not half so extraordinary. The third comes:—it is all over with miracles now! the aunts begin to shake their heads and say, "no lack

of heirs in the house! Nay, nay! may there be only enough to feed them all. After this comes a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth—yes, then people's wits are set in full play! The parents resign themselves, but the friends defend themselves! Heart's-dearest, what is to become of it? The house full of children, there's soon a dozen of them! Poor Mrs. This and This—it makes one quite weak both in body and mind only to think of it! Yes, yes, my friends, people don't put these things down in romances, but it goes on in this way in real life! Yes!"

It was the Chamberlain's lady who preached this little sermon, in the zeal of her spirit, to the young couple who the next day were to be man and wife. She ate on this evening Whitsuntide-porridge* with the Franks, and all the while gave sundry lessons for the future. Jacobi laughed heartily over the history of the children, and endeavoured to catch Louise's eye; but this was fixed upon the Postillion, which she was arranging with a very important and grave aspect. The Judge and Elise looked smilingly on each other, and extended to each other their hands.

The state of feeling in the family, for the rest of the evening, was quite rose-coloured. Letters had been received from Petrea which gave contentment to all her friends, and Eva sate in the family circle with returning, although as yet pale roses on her

* There is some new kind of porridge for almost every week in the year in Sweden, with which the table is most religiously served.—M. H.

cheeks. The Judge sate between Eva and Leonore, laying out on the map the plan of the summer tour. They would visit Thistedal, Ringerig, and Thellemark, and would go through Trondheim to Norland, where people go to salute the midnight sun.

Gabriele looked after her flowers, and watered the myrtle tree from which next morning she would break off sprays wherewith to weave a crown and garland for Louise. Jacobi sate near the mother, and seemed to have much to say to her; what it was, however, nobody heard, but he often conveyed her hand to his lips, and seemed as if he were thanking her for his life's happiness. He looked gentle and happy. Every thing was prepared for the morrow, so that this evening would be spent in quiet.

According to Jacobi's wish the marriage was to take place in the church, and after this they were all to dine *en famille*. In the evening, however, a large company was to be assembled in the S. saloon, which with its adjoining garden had been hired for the purpose. This was according to the wish of the father, who desired that for the last time, perhaps for many years, his daughter should collect around her all her acquaintance and friends, and thus should shew to them, at the same time, welcome politeness. He himself, with the help of Jacobi and Leonore, who was everybody's assistant, had taken upon himself the arrangement of this evening's festival, that his wife might not be fatigued and disturbed by it.

At supper the betrothed sat side by side, and Jacobi behaved sometimes as if he would purposely seize upon his bride's plate as well as his own, which gave rise to many dignified looks, to settings-to-rights again, and a deal of merriment besides.

Later in the evening, when they all went to rest, Louise found her toilet-table covered with presents from bridegroom, parents, sisters, and friends. A great deal of work was from Petrea. These gifts awakened in Louise mingled feelings of joy and pain, and as she hastened yet once again to embrace the beloved ones from whom she was about so soon to separate, many mutual tears were shed. But evening dew is prophetic of a bright morrow—that was the case here.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE sun shone bright and warm on that morning of Whit-Monday. Flowers and leaves glistened in the morning dew; the birds sang; the bells of the city rang festively and gaily; the myrtle-crown was ready woven early, and the mother and Leonore were present at the toilet of the bride. They expected that Jacobi would make his appearance in the highest state of elegance, and hoped that his appearance would not dim that of the bride. Louise's sisters made her appearance on this occasion of more importance than she herself did. Gabriele dressed her hair—she possessed an actual talent for this art—half-blown rose-buds were placed in the myrtle wreath; and what with one, and what with another little innocent art of the toilet, a most happy effect was produced. Louise looked particularly well in her simple, tasteful, bridal dress—for the greatest part the work of her own skilful hands—and the content, and the beautiful repose which diffused itself over her countenance, spread a glorification over all.

"You look so pale to-day in your white dress, my little Eva," said Leonore, as she helped her to dress —"you must have something pink on your neck to brighten you up, else our bride will be anxious when she sees you."

"As you will, Leonore! I can put this handkerchief on, that it may give a little reflected colour to my cheek. I will not distress any one."

When the festally-arrayed family assembled for breakfast they presented a beautiful appearance. The family-father, however, looked more gloomy than gay; and as Jacobi entered they saw, with astonishment, that his toilet was considerably negligent. He had been out; his hair was in disorder, and he evidently was in an excited state of mind; but he was handsome for all that. He kissed his bride tenderly on hand and lips, and gave her a nosegay of beautiful wild-flowers, and several splendidly bound books,—the sermons of Franzén and Wallin, which gift was very valuable, and was received by "our sensible" and sermon-loving Louise with the greatest pleasure.

After breakfast Jacobi hastened to arrange his toilet, and then they all went to church. The weather was uncommonly beautiful, and crowds of festally-dressed people thronged about, in part to hear the Provost, who was to preach that day, but principally to see the bridal pair.

It was an agreeable surprise to the family when at

the entrance of the churchyard many young girls began to strew flowers before the bridal couple the whole way to the church-door. The church also was decorated with flowers and foliage.

When the Judge took the hand of his daughter in the church, she perceived that his was cold, and that it trembled. She looked at him, and read in his countenance the disquiet with which his soul laboured.

"My father," said she to him, "I feel so calm, so happy!"

"Then I am so too, my child," said he, pressing her hand, and after this moment his demeanour was calm and decided as usual.

Jacobi both before and after the ceremony was excited in the highest degree; he wept much. Louise, on the contrary, was externally quite calm. She looked rather pale, but her eyes were bright and almost joyous; an altogether unusual contrast in a bridal pair.

On their return from the church a little circumstance occurred which gave pleasure to all, but more especially to the Judge. As they went past the remains of the burnt-down house, they saw a great swarm of bees suddenly mount up from the trees of the garden; it flew several times round the market-place as if seeking for a habitation, and at last turning back, struck directly down among the ruins of the former kitchen fire-place; it seemed as if it had

selected the hearth for its abiding home. This was regarded as the happiest omen, and no sooner had the Judge conducted his daughter home, than he returned in order to remove his bees to a convenient resting-place; Gabriele following him with Baron L——'s treatise on the management of bees in her hand.

When Louise was again locked in the arms of her mother—the mother and Eva had remained at home—she was seized by a slight trembling fit which lasted several hours, but which was unobserved by all excepting her mother; and through the whole of the day she continued graver than common. Jacobi, on the contrary, after his fit of weeping was over, and he had embraced everybody, and kissed his bride on lips, hair, hand, and foot, was seized with a real desire of dancing with the whole world. He was so wildly joyous and happy, and at the same time so amiable, that he imparted his state of mind to everybody else.

At half-past four in the afternoon they assembled themselves in the S—— garden, where the time was passed in the most agreeable manner, with music, walking about, entertainment, and eating of ices and fruit, to which also the Almighty added the brightest heaven and the calmest air. Later in the evening they danced in the great saloon; no lady could sit still, and scarcely a gentleman stand; all must dance! We have nothing more to say of the ball, but we must not pass over in silence that which occurred

afterwards. When the company wished to go across the garden to the eating-room, they perceived that it had rained considerably, and that it still dropped; this occasioned a great commotion among the ladies, because all the wrapping shawls and cloaks were on the other side; they had quite forgotten to bring them over in the fine weather. But it was, according to popular belief in Sweden, fortunate, and quite according to the order of things, that rain-drops should fall on the crown of the bride; but at the same time it was also against all sense of prudence and propriety that she should wet her silken shoes. And then all the other ladies! They must have the wrapping things fetched to this side!

"I will provide for it!" exclaimed Jacobi, and with these words seized his astonished bride in his arms and carried her across the garden. What he whispered in her ear during this journey we know not, but thus far we can say, that this action set Jacobi very high in the favour of the ladies.

The new-married pair spent several days after the wedding under the paternal roof, and joyful days they were, only rather too much given up to dissipation, for all friends and acquaintance would see and entertain the two young people. Mrs. Gunilla gave them a dinner, in which she communicated to them that she should, at the same time with them, journey to Stockholm, where important affairs would oblige her to

stay a considerable time. However much it grieved Elise to lose so excellent and almost motherly a friend, she rejoiced very much over what Louise and Jacobi would win thereby. Louise and Mrs. Gunilla, it is true, had not perfectly harmonized together, because each would instruct the other; but Jacobi and she agreed all the better, and she had already invited the young people to dine with her as often as they would in Stockholm.

In the hour of parting she spoke thus to Elise and her husband with tears in her eyes: "Who knows when we may meet again? The old woman is in years—is not of much more use in the world—na, na! Our Lord will care for her as he has hitherto done! And listen," continued she with an arch, roguish air, "don't be uneasy on account of the young folks;—I shall see that it all goes on right there. I invite myself as sponsor to the first child. Perhaps we shall meet then! Yes, yes, I have a presentiment that we shall see one another again in Stockholm! Nay! now farewell, dear Elise! God bless you, my kind friends, and make all go well with you! Think of the old woman sometimes! Adieu!"

After the trouble of the packing was over—we mean packing Louise's things, of course—and the still sorrow of parting, quiet returned back into the house, and was only agreeably interrupted by preparations for the journey to the West. The Judge

seemed at this time to be young again, and an increased union of heart shewed itself between him and his wife. So wear away, sometimes, the most beautiful summer days, even after the autumn has made advances into the year. From what cause is this? God knows.

The invisible genius of our history leads us at this moment far from the home of peace to a distant shore, in order to give us a glimpse into—the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SICK CHAMBER.

If the sun shine on the head of the crucified, if a bird lift up its joyous song in presence of a broken heart, it seems to us cruel. But beautiful is the unconscious irony of nature in comparison with that which exists in human circumstances. We have here an example of this before us. See these sparkling false diamonds, this red gauze finery, these ruins of theatrical ornament. They seem to mock the misery of the room about which they are strewn. In that wretched room is want of light; want, not only of all the comforts of life, but also of its most necessary things. And yet—where could they be more useful than here?

Forlorn, upon a miserable bed lay a woman, who appeared to have seen better days; still is she handsome, although passion and suffering seem early to have wasted her yet young countenance. Fever burned on the sunken cheek and in the dark eye, and her lips moved themselves wildly; but no one was there to refresh with friendly hand the dry lips and the hot brow; no cooling fever-draught stood

near her bed. Two new-born babes lay weeping near the mother. Uneasy phantoms seemed to agitate the unhappy one: sometimes she raised herself in the bed with wild gestures, but sunk back again powerless; whilst her pale, convulsed, and wandering lips spoke from the depths of her torn heart the following incoherent words:

"It is a bitter, bitter path! but I must, must fly for help! My strength is broken—I can do nothing —the children cry to be heard, hungry, half-naked! Parents! sisters! help!

"It is night—the wind is cold—I freeze! The waves swell and swell—they drive a wreck ashore—they strike on the rocks—ah! wherefore did it not go down in the storm on the open sea? How dreadful in full consciousness to be dashed to pieces! And thou, thou who art the cause of all, thou sittest by and lookest coldly on me! Miserable egotist! Dost thou bear a heart in thy breast? The temple is dashed to pieces, and thou that hast ruined it treadest upon its ruins! I knew not how misfortune looked—I knew not what it really is! Misery! But thou miserable one who——

"Hush! is it she? Is it my foster-mother who comes here so lightly, so gently, so softly? It becomes bright! She will lay her warm hands on my little children, and wrap them in the warm coverlet which she made for me—

> There sits a dove so fair and white
> All on the lily spray.

Is it she? No! it is the moon, which rises palely out of black clouds. How coldly she looks on my misery! Away, away!

"Sisters, I thirst! Will no one give me a drop of water? Have you all, all left me? I thought I saw you again. It is so strange in my head. Perhaps I shall become mad if I thirst much longer. It is dark —I am afraid! I am afraid of the dark bird! If it come again it will begin to rend my heart; but if I am ever again strong, fresh and strong, I will kill it—with my own hands will I murder it! Day and night a wick burns in my heart; its name is Hate, and the oil that supplies it is bitterness!

"When shall I be strong again? Do you see how he has misused me; has fettered me to the sick-bed? Do you hear the children cry? the children which, through the abuse of the father, have come into the world before their time, and now will die? Give nourishment to the children, for the mercy of God, sisters! Let me die, but help the children! Now they are quiet! Thanks! thanks! Shall I die this morning? No, no, not yet!

* * * * *

"The gulf is so dark! Ah, what an abyss!

"Again comes the black bird; I had fled from him, but he followed me, tore off my wings, so that I can fly no longer!

* * * * *

"Help me up, I must dress myself! Here, with

my handsome attire! haste! To-night I must appear anew before the public, and be admired; must hear the clapping of hands and bravos; must see garlands showered before my feet! See you, sisters; it is so glorious! It is an hour of life! It is a real burst of joy! See how I glitter—how I beam forth! Listen to the tempest of applause! How it thunders! But wherefore is it now again so still?—still and dark as the grave? It was a short joy! Cursed be he who made it so short!

"Do not look so sternly upon me, foster-father! Am I not already sufficiently cast down! Your stern look penetrates me. Give me your hand, that I may lay it on my burning brow. You turn from me! You go! Oh!

* * * * *

"It is so desolate! The strand has such sharp stones! It is so dreadful to be wounded against them!

"I will not die! I am so young, have so much strength of life in my soul! I will not yet go down into eternity! No!

"Who saves me? There come foaming waves!—or are they your white arms, sisters, which you stretch out towards me? Is it you whom I see like gray misty ghosts wandering on the corpse coast! Are you then dead? Do you hear the noise? It is death

—it is the black bird which comes!—now I must fly —fly—fly—or die!"

* * * * * * *

With a violent effort the delirious woman rose from the bed—took a few steps, and then fell down as if lifeless. Her head struck against the bedstead, and a stream of blood gushed forth from her temples.

At this moment a tall man habited in black entered the room softly; light locks surrounded the noble but somewhat aged head; the mild, serious expression of the countenance, and the affectionate look of the blue eyes shewed, still more than the dress, whose servant he was. A lady, who was not handsome, but whose countenance bore the stamp of beauty of the soul, like her husband's, followed him. With a look of the deepest compassion this couple surveyed the room, and then drew near the sick-bed.

"Merciful heaven!" whispered they, "we are come too late! The children are dead!—and so is the mother!"

Let us now turn our eyes away from this dark picture that they may rest upon a brighter one.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LANDSCAPE.

On one of the heights of the Dofrine Mountains we see three travellers—an elderly man and two young ladies. He seems neither afraid of trouble for himself nor for them; he seems as if he were accustomed to it and could play with it. But he does all so affectionately; he goes before them so friendly and kind, reaches out his hand and encourages them to yet another effort, and they would then enjoy the magnificent view; they would then be able to rest, and obtain refreshment at the "säter-hut"* above them! The daughters follow him smiling, and overcome weakness and weariness for his sake! Now they are above on the heights—and well are they rewarded for all the labour of climbing up there! The earth lies below so rich, with its hills and valleys, dark woods, fruitful plains—and there, in the far distance, sea and heaven unite themselves in majestic repose!

* Säter-hütte among the mountains of Norway answer to the Senne of the Swiss mountains. During the summer the inhabitants of many parts of Norway withdraw from their villages to others, especially when situated higher on the mountains, where they can fell wood and find better pasturage for their cattle. They dwell with their herds in these säters, which are generally abandoned in winter.—M. H.

With an exclamation of rapture the father extended his arms towards the magnificent prospect; and the mountain wind—not keen here, but mild from the breath of spring, agreeably cooled the cheeks of the wanderers.

The father went to the hut to obtain milk for himself and his daughters, and in the mean time one of the daughters rested upon a moss-covered stone and supported herself against a rock. Almond-scented linnea formed a garland around her feet, and the joyous singing-birds ascended from the valley. The sister, who stood near her and against whom she leaned her lovely head whilst the wind played in her brown tresses, looked on the comfortable dwellings which gleamed forth below from amid green trees and beside clear waters, and her affectionate but unimpassioned heart rejoiced itself over the scene, which seemed to say to her, "Here may one live calmly and happily!" At that moment she heard her name spoken by a loving voice; it was Eva's, who, while she pointed with hand and eye towards heaven, where the clouds began to divide themselves, and stripes of blue light gleamed forth like friendly eyes, "See'st thou, Leonore," said she, gently smiling, "it will be bright!"

"Will it be bright? Ah, thank God!" whispered Leonore in reply, with eyes full of joyful tears, as she laid her cheek against the brow of her sister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UPS AND DOWNS.

When a new swarm is ready in a hive to attempt its own flight, warning voices may be heard on still evenings in the little state, calling forth, "Out! out!"

People have interpreted it to be the old queen bee, which thus warns the young ones forth into the world to fashion their own kingdom. I should rather imagine it to be the young ones who in this manner sing forth their longing. But let it be with them as it may, certain it is that in the human hive, Home, a similar cry sometimes makes itself heard. Then also there, when the young swarm is become strong with the honey and wax of home, it finds the house too narrow and longs to get abroad. This is common to all homes; but it is peculiar to the good and happy home, that the same voice which exclaims, "Out! out!" exclaims afterwards yet more animatedly, "In! in!"

So was it in the home of the Franks.

The period to which we must now cast our eyes conducts us several years beyond the time when we saw father and daughters on the heights of the

Dofrine Mountains, and shews us our Petrea returned home after a long absence.

The mother, Petrea, and Gabriele, are deep in a conversation which appears to interest them all three in a very lively manner, and the mild voice of the mother is heard saying—

"You may freely decide for yourself my good child, that you know perfectly well; but as you describe Mr. M., and with the feelings, or more properly speaking the want of feeling you have for him, I can never believe that you will be happy with him, and I cannot therefore advise this marriage. See, here are some almonds in the shell, my dear girl! We have not forgotten so soon your love for them—I set the basket before you."

"And the Countess Solenstråle," said the lively Gabriele archly, "has herself spoken for her nephew, and invited you to her house. Very polite and handsome of her! And you, Petrea, no longer covet this exaltation?"

"Ah, no, Gabriele!" answered Petrea, "this childish desire is long past; it is another kind of exaltation than this, that I pine for."

"And this is called?" asked Gabriele, with a light in her lovely eyes, which shewed that she very well knew that, which however she had not pronounced in words.

"I do not know what I should call it; but there lives and moves here a longing difficult to describe,"

said Petrea, laying her hand upon her breast, and with eyes full of tears, "Oh, if I could only rise upwards to light—to a higher, freer life!"

"You do not wish to die!" said Gabriele warmly; "not that I now fear death. Since Henrik has trod this path, I feel so entirely different to what I used to do. Heaven is come quite near to the grave. To die is to me to go to him, and to his home. But I am yet so happy to be living here with my family, and you, my Petrea, must feel so too. Ah! life on earth, with those that we love, may indeed be so beautiful!"

"So I think, and so I feel, Gabriele," replied Petrea, "and more so than ever when I am at home, and with my own family. On that account I will gladly live on the earth, at least till I am more perfect. But I must have a sense of this life having in it a certain activity, by which I may arrive at the consciousness of that which lives within me—there moves in me a fettered spirit, which longs after freedom!"

"Extraordinary!" said Gabriele half displeased, "how unlike people are one to another. I, for my part, feel not the least desire for activity. I, unworthy mortal, would much rather do nothing!" and so saying she leaned her pretty head with half-shut eyes against her mother, who looked on her with an expression that seemed to say, "live only; that is enough for thee!"

Petrea continued: "When I have read or heard of people who have lived and laboured for some great object, for some development of human nature, who have dedicated all their thoughts and powers to this purpose, and have been able to suffer and to die for it; oh! then I have wept for burning desire that it also might be granted to me to spend and to sacrifice my life. I have looked around me, have listened after such an occasion, have waited and called upon it; but ah! the world goes past me on its own way—nobody and nothing has need of me."

Petrea both wept and laughed as she spoke, and with smiles and tears also did both Gabriele and the mother listen to her; and she continued—

"As there was now an opportunity for my marrying, I thought that here was a sphere in which I might be active—But ah! I feel clearly that it is not the right one for me, neither is it the one for which I am suitable—especially with a husband whose tastes and feelings are so different to mine."

"But, my good girl," said the mother disconcerted, "how came it then, that he could imagine you sympathised so well together; it seems from his letter that he makes himself quite sure of your consent, and that you are very well suited to each other."

"Ah!" replied Petrea, blushing, and not without embarrassment, "there are probably two causes for that, and it was partly his fault and partly mine. In the country, where I met him, he was quite left to

himself; nobody troubled themselves about him; he had ennui, and for that reason I began to find pleasure for him."

"Very noble," said Gabriele, smiling.

"Not quite so much so as you think," replied Petrea, again blushing, "because—at first I wished really to find pleasure for *him*, and then also a little for myself. Yes, the truth is this—that—I—had nothing to do, and while I busied myself about Mr. M., I did not think it so very much amiss to busy him a little about me; and for this reason I entered into his amusements, which turned upon all sorts of petty, social tittle-tattle; for this reason I preserved apricots for him, I told stories to him, and sang to him in an evening in the twilight—'Welcome, O Moon!' and let him think if he would, that he was the moon. Mother, Gabriele, forgive me, I know how little edification there is in all this, it is quite too —— but you cannot believe how dangerous it is to be idle, when one has an active spirit within one, and an object before one that—— You laugh! God bless you for it! the affair is not worth anything more, for it is anything but tragic—yet it might become so, if on account of my sins I were to punish myself by marrying Mr. M. I should be of no worth for him, excepting as housekeeper and plaything, and this would not succeed in the long run; for the rest he does not love me—cannot love me seriously, and would certainly easily console himself for my refusal."

"Then let him console himself, and do not think any farther on the affair!" cried Gabriele, with animation.

"I am of Gabriele's opinion," said the mother; "for to marry merely to be married; merely to obtain a settlement, an establishment, and all that, is wrong; and moreover with your family relationships the most unnecessary thing in the world. You know, my dear child, that we have enough for ourselves and for you, and a sphere of action suitable for you will present itself in time. Your father will soon return home, and then we can talk with him on the subject. He will assist us directly in the best way.

"I had, indeed, presentiments," said Petrea with a sigh, "and hopes, and dreams perhaps—of a way, of an activity which would have made me useful and happy according to my own abilities. I make now much humbler demands on life than formerly; I have a much less opinion of myself than I had—but oh! if I might only ally myself, as the least atom of light, to the beams which penetrate humanity at the same time that they animate the soul of man, I would thank God and esteem myself happy! I have made an attempt—you know, mother and Gabriele—to express in a book somewhat of that which has lived in me and which still lives; you know that I have sent the manuscript to an enlightened printer for his judgment, and also—if his judgment be favourable—that he should publish it. If this should succeed, if a

sphere of action should open itself to me in this way, oh! then some time or other I might become a more useful and happy being; should give pleasure to my connexions, and ——

Petrea was here interrupted by the arrival of a large packet directed to herself. A shuddering apprehension went though her; her heart beat violently as she broke the seal, and — recognised her own manuscripts. The enlightened, intelligent printer sent them back to her, accompanied by a little note, containing the pleasant tidings that he would not offer the merest trifle for the book, neither could he undertake the printing of it at his own cost.

"Then this path is also closed against me!" said Petrea, bowing her head to her hand that nobody might see how deeply she felt this. Thus then she had deceived herself regarding her talents and her ability. But now that this way also was closed against her—what should she undertake? Marriage with Mr. M—— began again to haunt her brain. She stumbled about in the dark.

Gabriele would not allow, however, that the path of literature was closed against her; she was extremely excited against the printer. "He was certainly," she said, "a man without any taste."

"Ah!" said Petrea, readily smiling, "I also will gladly flatter myself with that belief, and that if the book could only be printed, then we soon—but that is not to be thought of!"

Gabriele thought it was quite worth while to think about it, and did not doubt but that means might be found, some time or other, to make the gentleman printer make a long face about it.

The mother agreed; spoke of the return of her husband, who she said would set all right. "Keep only quietly with us, Petrea, calmly, and don't be uneasy about the means for bringing out your book; they will be found without difficulty, if we only give ourselves time."

"And here,"-added Gabriele, "you shall have as much quiet as you desire. If you would like to spend the whole day in reading and writing, I will take care that nobody disturbs you. I will attend to all your friends and acquaintance, if it be needful, to insure your quiet. I will only come in to you to tell you when breakfast is ready and when dinner; and on the post-day, I'll only come at the post-hour and knock at your door, and take your letters and send them off. And in the evening, then—then we may see you amongst us—you cannot believe how welcome you will be! Ah! certainly you will feel yourself happy among those who love you so much! And your book! we will send it out into the world, and it too shall succeed one of these days!"

Loving voices! domestic voices in happy families, what adversity, what suffering is there which cannot be comforted by you!

Petrea felt their healing balsam. She wept tears

of love and gratitude. An hour afterwards, much calmer in mind, she stood at the window, and noticed the scene without. Christmas was at hand, and every thing was in lively motion, in order to celebrate the beautiful festival joyously. The shops were ornamented, and people made purchases. A little bird came and sate on the window, looked up to Petrea, twittered joyfully, and flew away. A lively sentiment passed through Petrea's heart.

"Thou art happy, little bird," thought she; "so many beings are happy. My mishap grieves no one, hurts no one. Wherefore, then, should it depress me? The world is large, and its Creator rich and good. If this path will not succeed for me, what then? I will find out another."

In the evening she was cheerful with her family. But when night came, and she was alone; when the external world presented no longer its changing pictures; when loving, sweet voices no more allured her out of herself,—then anguish and disquiet returned to her breast. In no condition to sleep, and urged by irresistible curiosity, she sate herself down sighingly to go through her unlucky manuscripts. She found many pencil-marks, notes of interrogation, and traces of the thumb on the margin, which plainly proved that the reader had gone through the manuscript with a censorious hand, and had had satisfaction in passing his judgment of "good for nothing!"

Ah! Petrea had built so many plans for herself

and her family upon this, which was now good for nothing; had founded upon it so many hopes for her ascent upwards. Was nothing now to come out of them all?

Petrea read; she acknowledged the justice of many marginal remarks, but she found, more and more, that the greater part of them had reference to single expressions, and other trifles. Petrea read and read, and was involuntarily captivated by that which she read. Her heart swelled, her eyes glowed, and suddenly animated by that feeling which (we say it *sans comparaison*) gave courage to Correggio, and which comforted Galileo, she raised herself, and struck her hand upon the manuscript with the exclamation, "It is good for something after all!"

Animated to the depths of her heart, she ran to Gabriele, and laughing, embraced her with the words, "You shall see that some fine day I'll ascend upwards yet."

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

PETREA TO IDA.

From my Hermitage in the Garret.

"'ILLUSIONS! Illusions!' you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life. I shout back with all my might over your own words, 'Illusions! Illusions!' All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance, are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in colour and glory, but all beautiful; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life.

"Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children

of earth? But ah! I will exclaim to all those who drink of its nectar, and to those who must do without it—'There are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!'

"Ah! if we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness—if we had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through dry wildernesses! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness and joy and peace can flow out of family relationships, out of the heart-felt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.

"You pray me to speak of my home and my family. But when I begin with this subject, who can say, Ida, whether I shall know how to leave off! This subject is so rich to me, so dear—and yet how weak will not my description be, how lifeless in comparison with the reality!

"The dwelling-house—which may be said to have the same relation to home as the body has to the soul—arisen now out of its ashes, stands on the same place on which, twelve years ago, it was burnt down. I

wish you had been with me yesterday in the library at breakfast. It was Leonore's birth-day, and the family had occasioned her a surprise by a little gift which was exactly according to her taste—ornament combined with convenience. It was an insignificant gift—wherefore then did it give us all so much pleasure? wherefore were there sweet tears in her pious eyes, and in ours also? We were all so still, and yet we felt that we were very happy—happy because we mutually loved one another, and mutually pleased one another so much. The sun shone at that time into the room—and see, Ida! this sunbeam which shines day by day into the house is the best image of its state; it is that which chases hence all darkness, and turns all shadows into the glorification of its light!

"I will now, lively Ida, talk to you some little about the daughters of the house, and in order that you may not find my picture too sentimental, I will introduce first to you—'Honour to whom honour is due!'—

'OUR ELDEST,'

Well known for industry, morality, moral lecturing, cathedral airs, and many good properties. She married eleven years ago, upon a much smaller than common capital of worldly wealth; but both she and her husband knew how to turn their pound to account, and so, by degrees, their house, under her careful hands, came to be what people call a well-to-do house.

"Eight wild Jacobis during this time sprung up in the house without bringing about any revolution in it, so good were the morals which they drew in with the mother's milk. I call them the 'Berserkers,' because when I last saw them they were perfect little monsters of strength and swiftness, and because we shall rely upon their prowess to overturn certain planks—of which more anon; on which account I will inspire them and their mother beforehand with a certain old-gothic ambition.

"So now! After the married couple had kept school eleven years—he instructing the boys in history, Latin, and such like; and she washing, combing, and moralizing the same, and in fact, becoming a mother to many a motherless boy, it pleased the mercy of the Almighty to call them—not directly to heaven, but through his angel the Consistorium to the pastoral care of the rural parish adjoining this city—the highest goal of their wishes ever since they began to have wishes one with another. Their approaching journey here has given rise to great pleasure—it is hard to say in which of the two families the greatest. Thus then Louise will become a pastor's wife—perhaps soon also a provost's, and then she arrives at the desired situation in which she can impart moral lectures with power—of which sister Petrea might have the benefit of a good part, and pay it back with interest.

"But the moral lectures of our eldest have a much

milder spirit than formerly, which is owing to the influence of Jacobi; for it has occurred in their case, as in the case of many another happily-married couple, they have ennobled one another; and it is a common saying in our family, that she without him would not have become what she now is, neither would he have been without her what he now is.

"The Rose of the Family, the daughter Eva, had once in her life a great sorrow—a bitter conflict; but she came forth victorious. True it is that an angel stood by her side and assisted her. Since then she has lived for the joy of her family and her friends, beautiful and amiable and happy, and has from time to time rejected lovers; but she may soon be put out of the position to continue this course. I said that an angel stood beside her in the bitter conflict. There was a time when this angel was an ugly, uncomfortable girl, a trouble to herself, and properly beloved by none. But there is no one in the family now who is more beloved or more in favour than she is. Never, through the power of God, did there take place a greater change than in her. Now it gives one pleasure to look at her and to be near her. Her features, it is true, have not improved themselves, nor has her complexion become particularly red-and-white; but she has become lovely, lovely from the heart-felt expression of affection and intelligence; beautiful from the quiet, unpretending grace of her whole being. Her only pretension is that she will

serve all and help all; and thus has she attached every one, by degrees, to her, and she is become the heart, the peace of the house; and, for herself, she has struck deep root down into the family, and is become happy through all these charms. She has attached herself, in the closest manner, to her sister Eva, and these two could not live separated from each other.

"You know the undertaking which these two sisters, while yet young, commenced together. You know also how well it succeeded; how it obtained confidence and stability, and how it won universal respect for its conductors, and how also, after a course of ten years—independent of this institution—they had realized a moderate income; so that they can, if they are so disposed, retire from it, and it will still continue to prosper under the direction of Annette P., who was taken as assistant from the beginning, and who in respect of character and ability has proved herself a person of rare worth. The name of the sisters Frank stood estimably at the head of this useful establishment; but it is a question whether it would have prospered to such an extent, whether it would have developed itself so beautifully and well without the assistance of a person who, however, has carefully concealed his activity from the eye of the public, and whose name, for that reason, was never praised. Without Assessor Munter's unwearied care and assistance—so say the sisters—the undertaking

could never have gone forward. What a wonderful affectionate constancy lies in the soul of this man! He has been, and is still, the benefactor of our family; but if you would see and hear him exasperated, tell him so, and see how he quarrels with all thanks to himself. The whole city is now deploring that it is about to lose him. He is going to reside on his estate in the country, for it is impossible that he could sustain much longer the way in which he is at present overworked both night and day. His health has for some time evidently declined, and we rejoice that he can now take some rest, by which he may regain new strength. We all love him from our hearts; but one of us has set on foot a plot to oblige another of us to—ally herself with him, and therefore our good Assessor is now exposed to a secret proceeding, which—but I forget that I was to write about the daughters of the family.

"There is a peculiar little world in the house—a world into which nothing bad can enter—where live flowers, birds, music, and Gabriele. The morning would lose its sweetest charms, if during the same Gabriele's birds and flowers did not play a part, and the evening twilight would be duskier if it were not enlivened by Gabriele's guitar and songs. Her flower-stand has extended itself by degrees into an orangery—not large to be sure, but yet large enough to shelter a beautiful vine, which is now covered with grapes, and many beautiful and rare plants also, so as

to present to the family a little Italy, where they may enjoy all the charms of the south, in the midst of a northern winter. A covered way leads from the dwelling-house down into the orangery, and it is generally there that in winter they take their afternoon coffee. The aviary is removed thither; and there upon a table covered with a green cloth, lie works on botany, together with the writings of the Swedish gardening society, which often contain such interesting articles. There stand two comfortable armed chairs, on which the most magnificent birds and flowers are worked, you can easily imagine for whom. There my mother sits gladly, and reads or looks at her 'little lady' (she never grows out of this appellation) as she tends her flowers in the sun, or plays with her tame birds. One may say in fact, that Gabriele strews the evening of her mother's days with flowers.

"A man dear to the Swedish heart has said, 'that the grand natural feature of northern life is a conquered winter,' and this applies equally to life individually, to family life, and to that of human nature. It so readily freezes and grows stiff, snow so readily falls upon the heart; and winter makes his power felt as much within as without the house. In order to keep it warm within, in order that life may flourish and bloom, it is needful to preserve the holy fire ever burning. Love must not turn to ashes and die out; if it do, then all is labour and heaviness,

and one may as well do nothing but—sleep. But if fire be borrowed from heaven, this will not happen; then will house and heart be warm, and life bloom incessantly, and a thousand causes will become rich sources of joy to all. If it be so within the house—then may it snow without—then winter thou mayst do thy worst!

"But I return to Gabriele, whose lively wit and joyous temper, united to her affectionate and innocent heart, make her deservedly the favourite of her parents, and the joy of every one. She asserts continually her own good-for-nothingness, her uselessness, and incorrigible love to a sweet '*far niente*,' but nobody is of her opinion in this respect, for nobody can do without her, and one sees that when it is necessary, she can be as decided and as able as any one need be. It is now some time since Gabriele made any charades. I almost fancy that the cause of this is a certain Baron L., who was suspected for a long time of having set fire to a house, and who now is suspected of a design of setting fire to a heart, and who with certain words and glances has put all sorts of whims into her head—I will not say heart.

"And so then we have nothing bad to say of 'this here Petrea,' as one of the friends of the house still calls her, but no longer in anger. This Petrea has had all kind of botherations in the world: in the first place with her own nose, with which she could not get into conceit, and then with various other things,

as well within her as without her, and for a long time it seemed as if her own world would never come forth out of chaos.

"It has however. With eyes full of grateful tears I will dare to say this, and some time I may perhaps more fully explain how this has been done. And blessed be the home which has turned back her wandering steps, has healed the wounds of her heart, and has offered her a peaceful haven, an affectionate defence, where she has time to rest after the storms, and to collect and to know herself. Without this home, without this influence, Petrea certainly might have become a witch, and not, as now, a tolerably reasonable person.

"You know my present activity, which, whilst it conducts me deeper into life, discovers to me more beauty, more poetry than I had ever conceived of it in the dreams of my youth. Not merely from this cause, although greatly owing to it, a spring has began to blossom for me on the other side of my thirty years, which, were it ever to wither, would be from my own fault. And if even still a painful tear may be shed over past errors or present faults; if the longing after what is yet unattainably better, purer, and brighter, may occasion many a pang,—what matters it? What matter if the eye-water burn, so that the eye only become clear; if heaven humiliate, so that it only draw us upwards?

"One of Petrea's means of happiness is, to require

very few of the temporal things of earth. She regards such things as nearly related to the family of illusions, and will, on that account, have as little as possible to do with them. And thus has she also the means of obtaining for herself many a hearty and enduring pleasure. I will not, however, be answerable for her not very soon being taken by a frenzy of giving a feast up in her garret, and thereby producing all kinds of illusions; such, for example, as the eating little cakes, the favourite illusion of my mother, and citron-soufflé, the almost perfect earthly felicity of 'our eldest,' in which a reconciliation skål with the frenzy-feast might be proposed to her beloved 'eldest.'

"Would you now make a *summa summarum* of Petrea's state, it stands thus: that which was a fountain of disquiet in her is now become a fountain of quiet. She believes in the actuality of life, and in her own part therein. She does not allow her peace to be disturbed by accidental troubles, be they from within or from without; she calls them mist-clouds, passing storms, after which the sun will come forth again. And should her little garret tumble to pieces one of these days, she would regard even that as a passing misfortune, and hold herself ready, in all humility—to mount up yet a little higher.

"But enough of Petrea and her future ascension.

"Yet one daughter dwelt in the family, and her lovely image lives still in the remembrance of all, but a mourning veil hangs over it; for she left home,

but not in peace. She was not happy, and for many years her life is wrapped in darkness. People think that she is dead; her friends have long believed so, and mourned her as such; but one among them believes it not. *I* do not believe that she is dead. I have a strong presentiment that she will return; and it would gladden me to shew her how dear she is to me. I have built plans for her future with us, and I expect her continually, or else a token where I may be able to find her; and be it in Greenland or in Arabia Deserta whence her voice calls me, I will find out a way to her.

"I would that I could now describe to you the aged pair, to whom all in the house look up with love and reverence, who soon will have been a wedded couple forty years, and who appear no longer able to live the one without the other—but my pen is too weak for that. I will only venture upon a slight outline sketch. My father is nearly seventy years old—but do you think he indulges himself with rest? He would be extremely displeased if he were to sleep longer in a morning than usual: he rises every morning at six, it being deeply impressed upon him to lose as little of life as possible. It is unpleasant to him that his declining sight compels him now to less activity. He likes that we should read aloud to him in an evening, and that—romances. My mother smilingly takes credit to herself for having seduced him to that kind of reading; and he confesses, with

smiles, that it is really useful for old people, because it contributes to preserve the heart young. For the rest, he is in all respects equally, perhaps more, good, more noble-hearted than ever; and from that cause he is to us equally respect-inspiring and dear. O Ida, it is a happy feeling to be able intrinsically to honour and love those who have given us life!

"And now must I, with a bleeding heart, throw a mournful shadow over the bright picture of the house, and that shadow comes at the same time from a beautiful image—from my mother! I fear, I fear, that she is on the way to leave us! Her strength has been declining for two years. She has no decided malady, but she becomes visibly weaker and feebler, and no remedy, as yet, has shewn itself availing for her. They talk now of the air of next spring—of Selzer-water, and a summer-journey;—my father would travel to the world's end with her—they hope with certainty that she will recover; she hopes so herself, and says smilingly yes, to the Selzer-water, and the journey, and all that we propose; says she would gladly live with us, that she is happy with us,—yet nevertheless there is a something about her, and even in her smiles, that tells me that she herself does not cherish full faith in the hope which she expresses. Ah! when I see daily her still paler countenance; the unearthly expression in her gentle features—, when I perceive her ever slower gait, as she moves about, still arranging the house and preparing little

gratifications for her family; then comes the thought to me that she perhaps will soon leave us, and it sometimes is difficult to repress my tears.

"But why should I thus despair? Why not hope like all the rest? Ah, I will hope, and particularly for the sake of him who, without her could no more be joyful on earth. For the present she is stronger and livelier than she has been for a long time. The arrival of Louise and her family have contributed to this, as also another day of joy which is approaching, and which has properly reference to my father. She goes about now with such joy of heart, with the almanac in her hand, and prepares every thing, and thinks of every thing for the joyful festival. My father has long wished to possess a particular piece of building land which adjoins our little garden, in order to lay it out for a great and general advantage; but he has sacrificed so much for his children, that he has nothing remaining wherewith to carry out his favourite plan. His children in the mean time have, during the last twelve years, laid by a sum together, and now have latterly borrowed together what was wanting for the purchase of the land. On the father's seventieth birth-day therefore, with the joint help of the 'Berserkers,' will the wooden fence be pulled down, and the genius of the new place, represented by the graceful figure of Gabriele, will deliver over to him the purchase-deed, which is made out in his name. How happy he will be! Oh, it makes us all

happy to think of it! How he will clear away, and dig, and plant! and how it will gladden and refresh his old age. May he live so long that the trees which he plants may shake their leafy branches over his head, and may their rustling foretel to him the blessing, which his posterity to the third and fourth generation will pronounce upon his beneficent activity.

"I would speak of the circle of friends which has ever enclosed our home most cordially, of the new Governor Stjernhök and his wife, whom we like so much, and whose removal here was particularly welcome to my father, who almost sees a son in him. I would speak also of the servants of the house, who are yet more friends than servants—but I fear extending my letter to too great a length.

"Perhaps you blame me secretly for painting my picture in colours too uniformly bright, perhaps you will ask, 'Come there then not into this house those little knocks, disturbances, rubs, overhastinesses, stupidities, procrastinations, losses, and whatever those spiritual mosquitoes may be called, which occasion by their stings irritation, unquiet, and vexation, and whose visits the very happiest families cannot avoid?'

"Yes, certainly. They come, but they vanish as quickly as they come, and never leave a poisonous sting behind, because a universal remedy is employed against them, which is called 'Forgive, forget, amend!' and which the earlier applied the better, and which makes also the visits of these ugly fiends of rarer

occurrence; they come, indeed, in pure and mild atmospheres never properly forth.

"Would you, dearest Ida, be convinced of the truth of the picture, come here and see for yourself. We should all like it so much. Come, and let our house provide for you the divertisement, perhaps also the rest which is so needful to your heart. Come, and believe me Ida, that when one observes the world from somewhat of an elevation—as for instance, a garret—one sees illusions like mist, passing over the earth, but above it heaven vaulting itself in eternal brightness."

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING HOUR.

"Good morning!" said Jeremias Munter, as with his pockets full of books he entered Petrea's garret, which was distinguished from all other rooms merely by its perfect simplicity and its lack of all ornament. A glass containing beautiful fresh flowers was its only luxury.

"Oh, so heartily welcome!" exclaimed Petrea as she looked with beaming eyes on her visitor and on his valuable appendages.

"Yes, to-day," said he, "I am of opinion that I am welcome! Here's a treat for Miss Petrea. See here, and see here!"

So saying, the Assessor laid one book after another upon the table, naming at the same time their contents. They belonged to that class of books which open new worlds to the eye of reflecting minds. Petrea took them up with a delight which can only be understood by such as have sought and thirsted after the same fountains of joy, and who have found them. The Assessor rejoiced quietly in her delight, as she looked through the books and talked about them.

"How good, how cordially good of you," said Petrea, "to think about me. But you must see that I also have expected you to-day;" and with eyes that beamed with the most heartfelt satisfaction she took out of a cupboard two fine china-plates, on one of which lay cakes of light wheaten-bread, and on the other, piled up, the most magnificent grapes reposing amid a garland of their own leaves, which were tastefully arranged in various shades against the golden border of the plate. These Petrea placed upon a little table in the window, so that the sun shone upon them.

The Assessor regarded them with the eye of a Dutch fruit painter, and appeared to rejoice himself over a beautiful picture after his own manner.

"You must not only look at your breakfast, but you must eat it," said the lively Petrea; "the bread is home-baked, and—Eva has arranged the grapes on the plate and brought them up here."

"Eva!" said he, "now, she could not know that I was coming here to-day?"

"And precisely because she thought so as well as I, would she provide your breakfast." With these words Petrea looked archly at the Assessor, who did not conceal a pleasurable sensation—broke off a little grape, seated himself, and—said nothing.

Petrea turned herself to her books: "Oh," said she, "why is life so short, when there is such an infinite deal to learn? Yet this is not right, and it evidences

ignorance to imagine the time of learning limited; besides, this remark about the shortness of time and the length of art proceeds from the heathen writer Hippocrates. But let us praise God for the hope, for the certainty, that we may be scholars to all eternity. Ah, Uncle Munter, I rejoice myself heartily over the industrial spirit of our age! It will make it easy for the masses to clothe and feed themselves, and then will they begin also to live for mind. For true is that sentiment, which is about two thousand years old, 'When common needs are satisfied, man turns himself to that which is more universal and exalted.' Thus when the great week of the world is past, the Sabbath will commence, in which a people of quiet worshippers will spread themselves over the earth, no more striving after decaying treasures, but seeking after those which are eternal; a people whose life will be to observe, to comprehend, and to adore, revering their Creator in spirit and in truth. Then comes the day of which the angels sung 'Peace on earth!'"

"Peace on earth!" repeated Jeremias in a slow and melancholy voice, "when comes it? It must first enter into the human heart; and there, there live so many demons, so much disquiet and painful longing—but what—what is amiss now?"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Petrea wildly, "she lives! she lives!"

"What her? who lives? No, really Petrea all is not right with you," said the Assessor, rising.

"See! see!" cried Petrea, trembling with emotion, and shewing to the Assessor a torn piece of paper, "see, this lay in the book!"

"Well, what then? It is indeed torn from a sepia picture—a hand strewing roses on a grave, I believe. Have I not seen this somewhere already?"

"Yes, certainly; yes, certainly! It is the girl by the rose-bush which I, as a child, gave to Sara! Sara lives! see, here has she written!"

The back of the picture seemed to have been scrawled over by a child's hand; but in one vacant spot stood these words, in Sara's own remarkably beautiful handwriting.

"No rose on Sara's grave!
Oh Petrea! if thou knew'st——"

The sentence was unfinished, whilst several drops seemed to prove that it had been closed by tears.

"Extraordinary!" said the Assessor: "these books which I purchased yesterday were bought in U. Could she be there? But——

"Certainly! certainly she is there," exclaimed Petrea, "look at the book in which the picture lay— see, on the first page is the name, Sara Schwartz— although it has been erased. Oh! certainly she is in U., or there we can obtain intelligence of her! Oh, Sara, my poor Sara! She lives, but perhaps in want, in sorrow! I will be with her to-day if she be in U.!"

"That Miss Petrea will hardly manage," said the Assessor, "unless she can fly. It is one hundred and two (English) miles from here to U."

"Alas, that my father should at this time be absent, should have the carriage with him; otherwise he would have gone with me! But he has an old chaise, I will take it——

"Very pretty, indeed," returned he, "for a lady to be travelling alone in an old chaise, especially when the roads are spoiled with rain;—and see what masses of clouds are coming up with the south wind —you'll have soaking rain the whole day through in the chaise."

"And if it rain pokers," interrupted Petrea, warmly, "I must go. O heavens! she was indeed my sister, she is so yet, and she shall not call on me in vain! I will run down to my mother in this moment and——." Petrea took her bonnet and cloak in her hand.

"Calm yourself a little, Miss Petrea," he said, "I tell you, you could not travel in this way. The chaise would not hold together. Alas, I have tried it myself—you could not go in it!"

"Now then," exclaimed Petrea determinately, "I will go; and if I cannot go I'll creep—but go I will!"

"Is that then your firm determination?"

"My firm and my last."

"Well, then, I must creep with you!" said the

Assessor smiling, "if it be only to see how it goes with you. I'll go home now, but will be back in an hour's time. Promise me only to have patience for so long, and not without me to set off—creep off, I should say!"

The Assessor vanished, and Petrea hastened down to her mother and sisters.

But before her communications and consultations were at an end, a light travelling carriage drew up at the door. The Assessor alighted from it, came in, and offered Petrea his arm. Soon again was he seated in the carriage, Petrea by his side, and was protesting vehemently against the bag of provisions, and the bottle of wine, which Leonore thrust in, spite of his protestations, and so away they went.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES.

It was now the second time in their life that the Assessor and Petrea were out together in such a manner, and now as before it seemed as if no favourable star would light their journey, for scarcely had they set out when it began to rain, and clouds as heavy and dark as lead gathered together above their heads. It is rather depressing when in answer to the inquiring glances which one casts upwards at the commencement of an important journey, to be met by a heaven like this. Other omens also little less fortunate added themselves; the horses pranced about as if they were unwilling to go farther, and an owl took upon itself to attend the carriage, set itself on the tree-branches and points of the palings by the wayside, and then on the coming up of the carriage flew a little farther, there to await its coming up at a little distance.

As the travellers entered a wood, where on account of the deep road they were compelled to travel slowly, they saw on the right hand a little black-grey old woman step forth, as ugly, witch, and Kobold like in

appearance as an old woman ever can be. She stared at the travellers for a moment, and then vanished among the trunks of the trees.

The Assessor shuddered involuntarily at the sight of her, and remarked, "what a difference is there between woman and woman—the loveliest upon earth and the most horrible is yet—woman!"

After he had seen the old witch he became almost gloomy. In the mean time the owl vanished with her; perhaps, because "birds of a feather flock together."

Yet it may be that I am calumniating all this time the little old mother in the most sinful manner; she may be the most good-tempered woman in the world. It is well that our Lord understands us better than we do ourselves.

All this time Petrea sate silent, for however enlightened and unprejudiced people may be, they never can perfectly free themselves from the impression of certain circumstances, such as presentiments, omens, apparitions, and forebodings, which, like owls on noiseless wings, have flown through the world ever since the time of Adam, when they first shouted their ominous "Too-who! too-whit!" People know that Hobbes, who denied the resurrection in the warmest manner, never could sleep in the neighbourhood of a room in which there had been a corpse. Petrea, who had not the least resemblance in the world to Hobbes, was not inclined to gainsay any thing within

the range of probability. Her temperament naturally inclined her to superstition; and like most people who sit still a great deal, she felt always, at the commencement of a journey a degree of disquiet as to how it would go on. But on this day, under the leaden heaven, and the influence of discomforting forebodings, this unquiet amounted to actual presentiment of evil; whether this had reference to Sara or to herself, she knew not; but she was disposed to imagine the latter, and asked herself, as she often had done, whether she were prepared for any occasion which might separate her for ever from all those whom she loved on earth. By this means Petrea most livingly discovered—discovered almost with horror, how strongly she was fettered to her earthly existence, how dear life had become to her.

All human souls have their heights, but then they have also their morasses, their thickets, their pits (I will not speak of abysses, because many souls are too shallow to have these). A frequent mounting upwards, or a more constant abode upon these heights, is the stipulated condition of man's proximity to heaven. Petrea's soul was an uneven ground, as is the case with most people; but there existed in her nature, as we have before seen, a most determined desire to ascend upwards; and at this time, in which she found her affections too much bound to earthly things, she strove earnestly to ascend up to one of those heights where every limited attraction vanishes before more

extended views, and where every fettered affection will become free, and will revive in what is loftier. The attempt succeeded, succeeded by making her feel that whatever was most valuable in this life was intimately connected with that life which only first begins when this ends. Her lively imagination called forth, one after another, a great variety of scenes of misfortune and death; and she felt that in the moment before she resigned life, her heart would be able to raise itself with the words, "God be praised in all eternity."

With this feeling, and convinced by it that her present undertaking was good and necessary, whatever its consequences might be, Petrea's heart became light and free. She turned herself with lively words and looks to her travelling companion, and drew him by degrees into a conversation which was so interesting to them both, that they forgot weather and ways, forebodings, evil omens, and preparations for death. The journey prospered as well as any autumn journey could prosper. Not a trace of danger met them by the way. The wind slumbered in the woods; and in the public-houses they only heard one and another sleepy peasant open his mouth with a "devil take me!"

In the forenoon of the following day our travellers arrived happily at U. Petrea scarcely allowed herself time to take any refreshments before she commenced her inquiries. The result of all her and the Assessor's labours we give shortly thus:

It soon became beyond a doubt to them that Sara, together with a little daughter, had been in the city, and had resided in the very inn in which Petrea and the Assessor now were, although they travelled under a foreign name. She was described as being in the highest degree weak and sickly; and, as might be expected in her circumstances, it appeared that she had besought the host to sell some books for her, which he had done. One of these books it was which, with its forgotten mark, had fallen into the hands of Petrea. Sara, on account of her debility, had been compelled to remain several days in that place, but she had been gone thence probably a week; and they saw by the Day-book* that it had been her intention to proceed thence to an inn which lay on the road to Petrea's native place; not, however, on the road by which they had travelled to U., but upon one which was shorter, although much worse.

Sara then also was on her way home, yes, perhaps might be there already! This thought was an indescribable consolation for Petrea's heart, which, from the account she had received of Sara's condition, was anxious in the highest degree. But when she thought on the long time which had passed since Sara's journey from the city, she was filled with

* A Day-book (Dagbok) is kept at every inn in Sweden. The name of every traveller who takes thence horses, and the name of the next town to which he proceeds, are entered in it; and thus when once on the trace, nothing could be easier than to discover such a traveller. The day-book is renewed each month.—M. H.

anxiety, and feared that Sara might be ill upon the road.

Willingly would Petrea have turned back again on the same evening to seek out traces of Sara; but care for her old friend prevented her from doing more than speaking of it. The Assessor, indeed, found himself unwell, and required rest. The cold and wet weather had operated prejudicially upon him, both mind and body. It was adopted as unquestionable that they could not continue the journey till the following morning.

The Assessor had told Petrea that this was his birth-day, and perhaps it was this thought which caused him to be uncommonly melancholy the whole day. Petrea, who was infinitely desirous of cheering him, hastened, whilst he was gone out to seek an acquaintance, to prepare a little festival for his return.

With flowers and foliage which Petrea obtained, heaven knows how!—but when people are resolutely bent on any thing they find out the means to do it—with these then, with lights, a good fire, with a table covered with his favourite dishes and such like, although in a somewhat disagreeable public-house room, such a picture of comfort and pleasantness was presented as the Assessor much loved.

Fathers and mothers, and all the members of happy families, are accustomed to birthday festivals, flower-garlands, and well-covered tables; but nobody had celebrated the birthday of the Assessor during his

solitary wandering; he had not been indulged with those little flower-surprises of life—if one may so call them; hence it happened that he entered from the dark, wet street into this festal room with an exclamation of astonishment and heartfelt pleasure.

Petrea, on her part, was inexpressibly cordial, and was quite happy when she saw the pains which she had taken to entertain her old friend succeed so well. The two spent a pleasant evening together. They made each other mutually acquainted with the evil omens and the impressions which they had occasioned, and bantered one another a little thereon; but decided positively that such fore-tokenings for the most part —betoken nothing at all.

As they separated for the night the Assessor pressed Petrea's hand with the assurance that very rarely had a day given him such a joyous evening. Grateful for these words, and grateful for the hope of soon finding again the lost and wept friend of her youth, Petrea went to rest, but the Assessor remained up late—midnight saw him still writing.

Man and woman! There is a deal, especially in romances, said about man and woman, as of separate beings. However that may be, human beings are they both—and as human beings, as morally sentient and thinking creatures, they influence one another for life. Their ways and means, are different; and it is this very difference which, by mutual benefits, and mutual endeavours to sweeten life to one another, produces what is so beautiful and so perfect.

The clearest sun brightened the following morning; but the eyes of the Assessor were troubled, as if he had enjoyed but little repose. Whilst he and Petrea were breakfasting, he was called out to inspect something relative to the carriage.

Was it now the hereditary sin of mother Eve, or was it any other cause which induced Petrea at this moment to approach the table on which the Assessor's money lay, together with papers ready to be put into a travelling writing-case. Enough! she did it—she did certainly what no upright reader will pardon her for doing, quickly ran her eyes over one of the papers which seemed just lately to have received from the pen impressions of thought, and she took it. Shortly afterwards the Assessor entered, and as it was somewhat late, he hastily put together his papers, and they set off on their journey.

The weather was glorious, and Petrea rejoiced like —nay, even more than a child, over the objects which met her eyes, and which, after the rain, stood in the bright sunshine, as if in the glory of a festive-day. The world was to her now more than ever a magic ring; not the perplexing, half-heathenish, but the purely Christian, in which every thing, every moment has its signification, even as every dewdrop receives its beaming point of light from the splendour of the sun. Autumn was, above all, Petrea's favourite season, and its abundance now made her soul overflow with joyful thoughts. It is the time in which

the earth gives a feast to all her children, and joyous and changing scenes were represented by the way-sides. Here the corn-field raised to heaven its golden sheaves, and the harvesters sang; there, around the purple berries of the service-tree, circled beautiful flocks of the twittering silktails; round the solitary huts, the flowering potatoe-fields told that the fruit was ripe, and merry little barefooted children sprang into the wood to gather bilberries. Petrea thanked heaven in her heart for all the innocent joys of earth. She thought of her home, of her parents, of her sisters, of Sara, who would soon again be one of their circle, and of how she (Petrea) would cherish her, and care for her, and reconcile her to life and to happiness. In the blessed, beautiful morning hour, all thoughts clothed themselves in light. Petrea felt quite happy, and the joke which she thought of playing on her friend the Assessor with the stolen piece of paper, contributed not a little to screw up her life's spirit to greater liveliness. "From the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and Petrea involuntarily influenced her travelling companion so far that they both amused themselves with bombarding little children on the waysides with apples and pears, whereby they were not at all terrified.

They had now taken the same road upon which Sara had travelled, and in the first inn at which they stopped, their hopes were strengthened; for Sara had been there, and had taken thence a horse to the next

public-house.* All was on the way towards home. So continued it also at the three following stations; but at the fifth, they suddenly lost all traces of her. No one there had seen a traveller answering to her description, nor was her name to be found in the Travellers' Day-book. No! a great uneasiness for Petrea. After some deliberation, she and the Assessor determined to return to the public-house whence they were just come, in order to discover clearly in what direction Sara had gone thence.

In the mean time the evening had come on, and the sun was descending as our friends were passing through one of the gloomiest woods in Sweden, and one in such ill-report that not long ago a writer speaking of it, said, "The forest shrouds memories as awful as itself, and monuments of murder stand by the wayside. Probably the mantle of the mountains falls not now in such thick folds as formerly, but yet there still are valleys where the stroke of the axe has never yet been heard, and rocky ranges which have never yet been smitten by the rays of the sun."

"Here two men murdered the one the other," said the postillion with the gayest air in the world, whilst the carriage stopped to give the horses breath, on account of the heaviness of the road, and as he spoke

* In Sweden, every traveller, be he poor or rich, must provide himself with his vehicle; he can hire nothing but horses from one station to another. It must *not* be imagined that Sara travelled with any state—most probably from what occurs afterwards, in a rude sort of peasant's car.—M. H.

he pointed with his whip to a heap of twigs and pieces of wood which lay to the left of the road, directly before the travellers, and which presented a repulsive aspect. It is customary for every passer-by to throw a stone or a piece of wood upon such a blood-stained spot, and thus the monument of murder grows under the continued curse of society. Thus it now stands there, hateful and repulsive amid the beautiful fir-trees, and it seemed as if the earth had given forth the ugliest of its mis-shaped boughs, and the most distorted of its twisted roots, wherewith to build up the heap. From the very midst of this abomination, however, a wild-rose had sprung forth and shot upwards its living twigs from among the dry boughs, whilst, like fresh blood-drops above the pile, shone its berries illuminated by the sun, which now in its descent threw a path of light over the broad road.

"When this wild-rose is full of flowers," said Jeremias, as he regarded it with his expressive glance, "it must awaken the thought, that that which the state condemns with justice, a Higher Power can cover with the roses of his love."

The sun withdrew his beams. The carriage set itself again in motion, but at the very moment when the horses passed the heap, they shyed so violently that the carriage was backed into a ditch and overturned.

"Farewell life!" cried Petrea, internally; but

before she herself knew how, she was out of the carriage, and found herself standing not at all the worse upon the soft heather. With the Assessor, however, it did not fare so well; a severe blow on the right leg made it impossible for him to support himself upon it without great suffering. His old servant, who had acted as coachman on the journey, lay in a fainting fit at a few paces from him, bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, whilst the little post-boy stood by his horses and cried. Time and situation were not the most agreeable. But Petrea felt herself after the fright of the first moment perfectly calm and collected. By the help of the rain-water, which was there in abundance, she brought the fainting man back to consciousness, and bound up his head with her pocket-handkerchief. She then helped him to sit up—to stand he was not able from dizziness. Soon sate master and man by each other, with their backs by a strong fir-tree, and looked sadly troubled; for although the Assessor was far more concerned on account of his servant than himself, and asserted that his own accident was a mere trifle, still he was quite pale from the pain which it occasioned him. What was to be done? Could the carriage have been raised out of the ditch and the two wounded men put into it, Petrea would have placed herself on the coach-box and have driven them as well as anybody; nothing could be easier, she thought; but the accomplishing of the two first con-

ditions was the difficulty, and in the present circumstances an impossibility, for our poor Petrea's arms and hands were not able to second her good-will and courage. The post-boy said that at about three-quarters of a mile (English) there lay a peasant's hut in the wood by the road side; but it was impossible to induce him to run there, or under any condition to leave his horses.

"Let us wait," said the Assessor, patiently and calmly, "probably somebody will soon come by from whom we can beg assistance. They waited, but nobody came, and every moment the shades became darker; it seemed as if people avoided this horrible wood at this hour. Petrea, full of anxiety for her old friend, if he must remain much longer on the damp ground, and in the increasing coolness of evening, determined with herself what she would do. She wrapped up the Assessor and his old servant in every article of clothing of which she could gain possession, amongst which was her own cloak, rejoicing that this was unobserved by her friend, and then said to him decidedly, "now I go myself to obtain help! I shall soon be back again!" And without regarding the prohibitions, prayers, and threats with which he endeavoured to recall her, she ran quickly away in the direction of the hut, as the post-boy had described it. She hastened forward with quick steps, endeavouring to remove all thoughts of personal danger, and only to strengthen herself by the hope of procuring speedy help for her friend.

The haste with which she went compelled her after some time to stand still to recover breath. The quick motion which set her blood in rapid circulation, the freshness of the air, the beautiful and magnificent repose of the wood, diffused through her, almost in opposition to her own will and heart, an irresistible feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, which however quickly left her as she heard a something crackling in the wood. The wind it could not be? perhaps it was an animal! Petrea held her panting breath. It crackled; it whispered;—there were people in the wood! However bold, or more properly speaking rash, Petrea might be at certain moments, her heart now drew itself together, when she thought on her solitary, defenceless situation, and on the scenes of horror for which this wood was so fearfully renowned. Beyond this, she was now no longer in those years when one stands in life on a flying foot, careless and presumptuous: she had planted herself firmly in life; had her own quiet room; her peaceful sphere of activity, which she now loved more than the most brilliant adventures in the world! It was not therefore to be wondered at, that she recoiled tremblingly from the unlovely and hateful which is at home by the road sides.

Petrea listened with a strongly beating heart; the rustling came nearer and nearer; for one moment she thought of concealing herself on the opposite side of the way, but in the next she boldly demanded "Who is there?"

All was still. Petrea strained her eyes to discover some one in the direction of the sound, but in vain: the wood was thick, and it had become quite dark. Once again, exclaimed Petrea, "If any one be there let him come to the help of unfortunate travellers!"

Even the heart of robbers, thought she, would be mollified by confidence; and prayers for help might remove thoughts of murder. The rustling in the wood began afresh, and now were heard the voices of — children. An indescribable sensation of joy went through Petrea's heart. A whole army, with Napoleon at their head, could not at this moment have given that feeling of security and protection which came from those children's voices; and soon came issuing from the wood two little barefooted human-creatures, a boy and a girl, who stared on Petrea with astonishment. She quickly made herself acquainted with them, and they promised to conduct her to the cottage, which lay at a little distance. On their way they gave Petrea bilberries out of their full birch-wood measure, and related to her that the reason of their being out so late was, that they had been looking for the cow which was lost in the wood; that they should have driven her home, but had not been able to find her; which greatly troubled the little ten-years-old girl, because, she said, the sick lady could not have any milk that evening.

Whilst Petrea, led by her little guardian-angels, wandered through the wood—we will make a little

flight, and relate what had occurred there a few days before.

A few days before, a travelling-car drove along this road, in which sate a lady and a little girl. As they came within sight of a small cottage, which with its blossoming potatoe-field looked friendly in the wood, the lady said to the peasant boy who drove, "I cannot go farther! Stop! I must rest!" She dismounted, and crawled with his help to the cottage, and besought the old woman whom she found there for a glass of water, and permission to rest upon the bed for a moment. The voice which prayed for this was almost inaudible, and the countenance deathly pale. The little girl sobbed and cried bitterly. Scarcely had the poor invalid laid herself upon the humble and hardly clean bed, when she fell into a deep stupor, from which she did not revive for three hours.

On her return to consciousness she found that the peasant had taken her things into the cottage; taken his horse out of the car, and left her. The invalid made several ineffectual attempts during three days to leave the bed, but scarcely had she taken a few steps when she sunk back upon it; her lips trembled, and bitter tears flowed over her pale cheeks. The fourth day she lay quite still; but in the afternoon besought the old woman to procure her an honest and safe person, who, for a suitable sum would conduct the little girl to a place which would be made known to him by a letter that would be given with

her. The old woman proposed her brother's son as a good man, and one to be relied on for this purpose, and promised in compliance with the prayer of the sick woman to seek him out that same day and speak with him; but as he lived at a considerable distance she feared that she should only be able to return late in the evening. After she was gone, the invalid took paper and a lead pencil, and with a weak and trembling hand wrote as follows:

"I cannot arrive—I feel it! I sink before I reach the haven. Oh, foster-parents, good sisters, have mercy on my little one, my child, who knocks at your door, and will deliver to you, my humble, my last prayer! Give to her a warm home, when I am resting in my cold one! See, how good she looks! Look at her young countenance, and see that she is acquainted with want—she is not like her mother! I fancy her mild features resemble hers whose name she bears, and whose angelic image never has left my soul.

"Foster-mother, foster-father! good sisters! I had much to say, but can say only a little! Forgive me! Forgive me the grief which I have occasioned you! Greatly have I erred, but greatly also have I suffered. A wanderer have I been on the earth, and have had nowhere a home since I left your blessed roof! My way has been through the desert; a burning simoom has scorched, has consumed my cheek ——

"About to leave the world in which I have erred

so greatly and suffered so much, I call now for your blessing. Oh, let me tell you that that Sara which you once called daughter and sister is yet not wholly unworthy! She is sunk deep, but she has endeavoured to raise herself; and your forms, like good angels, have floated around the path of her improvement.

"It will do your noble hearts good to know that she dies now repentant, but hopeful—she has fixed her humble hope upon the Father of Mercy.

"The hand of mercy cherished on earth the days of my childhood—later, it has lifted my dying head, and has poured into my heart a new and a better life; it has conducted me to hope in the mercy of heaven. Foster-father, thou who wast His image to me on earth, thou whom I loved much—gentle foster-mother, whose voice perhaps could yet call forth life in this cold breast—have mercy on my child—call it your child! and thanks and blessings be upon you!

"It never was my intention to come, as a burden, into your house. No; I wished only to conduct my child to your door—to see it open to her, and then to go forth—go forth quietly and die. But I shall not reach so far! God guide the fatherless and the motherless to you!

"And now farewell! I can write no more—it becomes dark before my eyes. I write these last words upon my knees. Parents, sisters, take my child to you! May it make you some time forget

the errors of its mother! Pardon all my faults! I complain of no one.

"God reward you, and be merciful to me!

"SARA."

Sara folded her letter hastily, sealed it and directed it, and then, enfeebled by the exertion, sank down beside her sleeping child, kissed her softly, and whispered, "for the last time!" Her feet and hands were like ice; she felt this icy coldness run through all her veins, and diffuse itself over her whole body; her limbs stiffened; and it seemed to her as if a cold wind blew into her face.

"It is death!" thought Sara; "my death-bed is lonesome and miserable; yet—I have deserved no better. Her consciousness became ever darker; but in the depths of her soul combated still the last, perhaps the noblest powers of life—suffering and prayer. At length they too also became benumbed, but not for long, for new impressions waked suddenly the slumbering life.

It appeared to Sara as if angel voices had spoken and repeated her name, tender hands had rubbed her stiffened limbs with electrical fire; her feet were pressed to a bosom that beat strongly; hot drops fell upon them, and thawed the icy coldness. She felt a heart throbbing against hers, and the wind of death upon her face vanished before warm summer breath, kisses, tears. Oh! was it a dream? But the dream

became ever more living and clear. Life, loving, affectionate, warm life, contended with death, and was the victor! "Sara, Sara!" cried a voice full of love and anxiety, and Sara opened her eyes, and said, "Oh! Petrea, is it you?"

Yes, indeed, it was our poor Petrea, whose distress at Sara's condition, and whose joy over her now returning life, can neither of them be described. Sara took Petrea's hand, and conveyed it to her lips, and the humility of this action, so unlike the former Sara, penetrated Petrea's heart.

"Give me something to drink," prayed Sara with a feeble voice. Petrea looked around for some refreshing liquid, but there was nothing to be found in the cottage excepting a jug containing a little muddy water; not a drop of milk, and the cow was lost in the wood! Petrea would have given her heart's blood for a few drops of wine, for she saw that Sara was ready to die from feebleness. And now, with feelings which are not to be told, must she give Sara to drink from the muddy water, in which, however, to make it more refreshing, she bruised some bilberries. Sara thanked her for it as if it had been nectar.

"Is there any where in this neighbourhood a place where one can meet with people, and obtain the means of life?" asked Petrea from her little guide.

The little guide knew of none excepting in the village, and in the public-house there they could obtain every thing, "whatever they wished," said the

child; to be sure it was a good way there, but she knew a footpath through the wood by which they might soon reach it.

Petrea did not stop thinking for a moment; and after she had encouraged Sara to courage and hope, she set out most speedily with the little nimble maiden on the way to the village.

The girl went first: her white head-kerchief guided Petrea through the duskiness of the wood. But the footway which the girl trod so lightly and securely, was an actual way of trial for Petrea. Now and then fragments of her clothes were left hanging on the thick bushes; now a branch which shot outwards seized her bonnet and struck it flat; now she went stumbling over tree-roots and stones, which, on account of the darkness and the speed of her flight, she could not avoid; and now bats flew into her face. In vain did the wood now elevate itself more majestically than ever around her; in vain did the stars kindle their lights, and send their beams into the deep gullies of the wood; in vain sang the waterfalls in the quiet evening as they fell from the rocks. Petrea had now no thought for the beauty of nature; and the lights which sparkled from the village were to her a more welcome sight than all the suns and stars in the firmament.

More lights than common streamed in pale beams through the misty windows of the public-house as Petrea came up to it. All was fermentation within

it as in a beehive; violins were playing; the *polska* was being danced; women's gowns swung round, sweeping the walls; iron-heeled shoes beat upon the floor; and the dust flew up to the ceiling. After Petrea had sought in vain for somebody outside the dancing-room, she was compelled to go in, and then she saw instantly that there was a wedding. The gilded crown on the head of the bride wavered and trembled amid the attacks and the defence of the contending parties, for it was precisely the hot moment of the Swedish peasant wedding, in which, as it is said, the crown is danced off the head of the bride. The married women were endeavouring to vanquish and take captive the bride, whilst the girls were, on their part, doing their utmost to defend and hold her back. In the other half of the great room, however, all went on more noisily and more violently still, for there the married men strove to dance the bridegroom from the unmarried ones, and they pulled and tore and pushed unmercifully, amid shouts and laughter, whilst the *polska* went on its whirling measure.

It would be almost at the peril of her life that a delicate lady should enter into such a tumult; but Petrea feared in this moment no other danger than that of not being able to make herself heard in this wild uproar. She called and demanded to speak with the host; but her voice was perfectly swallowed up in the universal din. She then quickly turned her-

self, amid the contending and round-about-swinging groups, to the two musicians, who were scraping upon their fiddles with a sort of frenzy, and beating time with their feet. Petrea caught hold of one of them by the arm, and prayed him in God's name to leave off for a moment, for that her business was of life and death. But they paid not the slightest attention to her; they heard not what she said; they played, and the others danced with fury.

"That is very mad!" thought Petrea, "but I will be madder still!" and so thinking, she threw down, upon the musicians, a table which stood near them covered with bottles and glasses. With this crash the music was suddenly still. The pause in the music astonished the dancers; they looked around them. Petrea took advantage of this moment, went into the crowd, and called for the host. The host, who was celebrating his daughter's wedding, came forward; he was a fat, somewhat pursy man, who evidently had taken a glass too much.

Petrea related summarily that which had happened; prayed for people to assist at the carriage, and for some wine and fine bread for an invalid. She spoke with warmth and determination; but nevertheless the host demurred, and the crowd, half intoxicated with drink and dancing, regarded her with a distrustful look, and Petrea heard it whispered around her—"The mad lady!" "It is the mad lady!" "No, no, it is not she!" "Yes, it is she!"

And we must confess that Petrea's excited appearance, and the condition of her toilet after the fatigues of her wandering, gave some occasion for her being taken for a little crazy; this, and the circumstance of her being mistaken for another person, may explain the disinclination to afford her assistance, which otherwise does not belong to the character of the Swedish peasantry.

Again Petrea exhorted host and peasant to contribute their help, and promised befitting reward.

The host set himself now in a commanding attitude, cleared his throat, and spoke with a self-satisfied air.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right-good and handsome, but I should like to see something of this befitting reward before I put myself out of the way about overturned carriages. In the end, may-be, one shall find neither one nor the other. One cannot believe every thing that people say!"

Petrea recollected with uneasiness that she had no money with her; she, however, let nothing of that be seen, but replied calmly and collectedly, "You shall receive money when you come to the carriage. But for heaven's sake, follow me immediately; every moment's delay may cost a life!"

The men looked undecidedly one on another; but no one stirred from the place; a dull murmur ran through the crowd. Almost in despair, Petrea clasped her hands together and exclaimed, whilst tears streamed from her eyes, "Are you Christians, and

yet can hear that fellow-creatures are in danger without hastening to help them?"

She mentioned the name and office of her father, and then went from prayers to threats.

Whilst all this was going on in the house, something was going on at the door, of which, in all speed, we will give a glimpse.

There drew up at the inn-door, a travelling-calash, accompanied by a small Holstein carriage in which sate four boys, the eldest of whom, probably ten years of age, and who, evidently greatly to his satisfaction, had managed with his own hands a pair of thin travelling horses. From the coachbox of the calash sprang nimbly a somewhat stout, jovial-looking gentleman, and out of the carriage came, one after another, other four little boys, with so many packets and bundles as was perfectly wonderful; among all these moved a rather thin lady of a good and gay appearance, who took with her own hands all the things out of the carriage, and gave them into the care of a maid and the eldest of the eight boys; the youngest sate in the arms of his father.

"Can you yet hold something, Jacob?" asked the lady from one of the boys, who stood there loaded up to the very chin. "Yes, with my nose," replied he merrily; "nay, nay, mamma dear, not the whole provision-basket—that's quite impossible!"

The mother laughed, and instead of the provision-

basket, two or three books were put under the protection of the little nose.

"Take care of the bottles, young ones!" exhorted the mother, "and count them exactly; there should be ten of them. Adam, don't stand there with your mouth open, but hold fast, and think about what you have in your hand, and what you are doing! Take good care of the bottle of mamma's elixir. What a noise is there within! Does nobody come out? Come here my young ones! Adam, look after David! Jonathan, stand here! Jacob, Solomon, where are you? Shem and Seth, keep quiet!"

This was the moment when, by the opening of the door of the dancing-room, they became aware of the arrival of the travellers, and when the host hastened out to receive them. Many followed him, and among the rest Petrea, who quickly interrupted her address to the peasants, in order, through the interposition of the travellers, as she hoped, to obtain speedier help.

"Good gentlefolks," cried she, in a voice which shewed her agitation of mind; "I know not, it is true, who you are" (and the darkness prevented her from seeing it), "but I hope you are Christians, and I beseech of you, for heaven's sake——

"Whose voice is that?" interrupted a cheerful, well-toned, manly voice.

"Who speaks?" exclaimed Petrea in astonishment.

A few words were exchanged, and suddenly the names "Petrea! Jacobi! Louise!" flew exultantly

from the lips of the three, and they locked one another in a heartfelt and affectionate embrace.

"Aunt Petrea! Aunt Petrea!" cried the eight boys in jubilation, and hopped around her.

Petrea wept for joy that she had not alone met with good Christians, but had hit upon her most christian brother-in-law and court-preacher, and upon "our eldest," who, with her hopeful offspring, "the Berserkers," were upon their journey to the paternal house and the new parsonage.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage, containing Petrea, Louise, and Jacobi, accompanied by peasants on horseback, drove away at full gallop into the wood, into whose gullies, as well as into Petrea's imploring eyes, the half-moon, which now ascended, poured its comfortable light.

We leave Petrea now with her relatives, who, on their homeward journey, fell in with her at the right moment to save her from a situation in the highest degree painful. We are perfectly sure that the Assessor received speedy assistance; that Sara was regaled with wine as well as with Louise's elixir; that Petrea's heart was comforted, and her toilet brought into order; and in confirmation of this our assurance we will quote the following lines from a letter of Louise, which on the next day was sent off home.

"I am quite convinced that Sara, with careful attention, befitting diet, and above all, by being sur-

rounded with kindness, may be called back to life and health. But for the present she is so weak that it is impossible to think of her travelling under several days. And in any case, I doubt if she will come with us, unless my father come to fetch her. She says that she will not be a burden to our family. Ah! now it is a pleasure to open house and heart to her. She is so changed! And her child is—a little angel! For the Assessor it might be necessary, on account of his leg, that he go to the city; but he will not leave Sara, who requires his help so greatly (his servant is out of all danger). Petrea, spite of all fatigues and adventures, is quite superb. She and Jacobi enliven us all. As things now stand we cannot fix decidedly the day of our arrival; but if Sara continue to improve, as appearances promise, Jacobi sets out to-morrow with the children to you. It is so dear with them all here in the public-house. God grant that we may all soon meet again in our beloved home!"

An hour after the receipt of this letter the Judge set off with such haste as if his life were concerned. He journeyed from home to the forest-village; we, on the contrary, reverse the journey, and betake ourselves from the public-house to home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME.

Lilies were blossoming in the house on the beautiful morning of the twentieth of September. They seemed to shoot up of themselves under Gabriele's feet. The mother, white herself as a lily, went about softly in her fine morning-dress with a cloth in her hand wiping away from mirror or table the smallest particle of dust. A higher expression of joy than common animated her countenance; a fine crimson tinged her otherwise pale cheeks, and the lips moved themselves involuntarily as if they would speak loving and joyful words.

Bergström adorned ante-room and steps with foliage and splendid flowers, so that they represented a continuation of garlands along the white walls; and not a little delighted was he with his own taste, which Gabriele did not at all omit to praise. But although an unusually great deal of occupation pervaded the house this morning, still it was nevertheless unusually quiet; people only spoke in low voices, and when the least noise was made the mother said "Hush! hush!"

The cause of this was, that the lost but again-found child slept in the house of her parents.

Sara had arrived there the evening before, and we have passed over this scene, for the great change in her, and her shaken condition had made it sorrowful; yet we wish indeed that the feeling reader had seen the manly tears which flowed down the cheeks of the Judge, as he laid the found-again daughter on the bosom of her mother! We should like to have shewn him the unfortunate one, as she rested with her hands crossed over her breast, on the snow-white couch, over which the mother herself had laid the fine coverlet; have shewn him how she looked upon the child, whose bed stood near her own; upon the beloved ones, who full of affection surrounded her— and then up to heaven, without being able to utter one word! And how glad should we have been could he have seen the Jacobian pair this evening in the paternal home, and how there sate eating around them Adam and Jacob, the twin brothers Jonathan and David, ditto Shem and Seth, together with Solomon and little Alfred. They were well-trained children, and looked particularly well, all dressed alike in a blouse of dark stuff, over which fell back the white shirt collar, leaving free the throat with its lively tint of health, whilst the slender waist was girded with a narrow belt of white leather. Such was the light troop of "the Berserkers."

But we return to our bright morning hour. Eva

and Leonore were in the garden, and gathered with their own hands some select Astracan apples and pears, which were to ornament the dinner table. They were still glittering with dew, and for the last time the sun bathed them with purple by the song of the bulfinch. The sisters had spoken of Sara; of the little Elise, whom they would educate; of Jacobi —and their conversation was cheerful; then they went to other subjects.

"And to-day," said Leonore, "your last answer goes to Colonel R —— your last, no! And you feel quite satisfied that it should be so?"

"Yes, quite!" returned Eva; "how the heart changes! I cannot now conceive how I once loved him!"

"It is extraordinary how he should still solicit your hand, and this after so long a separation. He must have loved you much more than any of the others to whom he made court."

"I do not think so, but——ah, Leonore! do you see the beautiful apple there? It is quite bright. Can you reach it? No? Yes, if you climb on this bough."

"Must I give myself so much trouble?" asked Leonore; "that is indeed shocking! Well, but I must try, only catch me if I should fall!"

The sisters were here interrupted by Petrea, whose appearance shewed that she had something interesting to communicate.

"See, Eva," said she, giving to her a written piece of paper, "here you have something for morning-reading. Now you must convince yourself of something of which till now you would not believe. And I shall call you a stock, a stone, an automaton without heart and soul, if you do not—yes, smile! You will not laugh when you have read it. Leonore! come dear Leonore, you must read it also, you will give me credit for being right. Read sisters, read!"

The sisters read the following remarks in the handwriting of the Assessor.

"'Happy is the lonely and the lowly! He may ripen and refresh himself in peace!'* Beautiful words, and what is better, true.

"The foundling has proved their truth. He was sick in mind, heart, and sick of the world and of himself, but he belonged to the lowly and to the unnoticed, and so he could be alone; alone in the fresh, quiet wood, alone with the Great Physician, who only can heal the deep wounds of the heart—and it is become better with him.

"Now I begin to understand the Great Physician, and the regimen which he has prescribed for me. I feared the gangrene selfishness, and would drink myself free therefrom by the nectar of love; but he

* From the Book of the Rose (Törnrosen's Bok), this is the general title of a collection of romances, novels, and dramas, by Almquist, an intellectual, and at the same time one of the most fertile of the living Swedish writers.

said, 'Jeremias, drink not this draught, but that of self-denial—it is more purifying.'

"I have drunk it. I have loved her for twenty years without pretension and without hope.

"To-day I have passed my three-and-sixtieth year; the increasing pain in my side commands me to leave the steps of the patients, and tells me that I have not many more paces to count till I reach my grave. May it be permitted to me to live the remainder of my days more exclusively for her!

"At the 'Old Man's Rose' will I live for her—for it stands in my will that it belongs to her, it belongs to Eva Frank.

"I will beautify it for her. I will cultivate there beautiful trees and flowers for her; vines and roses will I bring there. Old age will some time seize on her, wither her, and consume her. But then 'the rose of age' will bloom for her, and the odour of my love bless her, when the ugly old man wanders on the earth no more. She will take her dear sisters to her there; there hear the songs of the birds, and see the glory of the sun upon the lovely objects of nature.

"I will repose on these thoughts during the solitary months or years that I must pass there. Truly, many a day will be heavy to me; and the long solitary evenings; truly, it were good to have there a beloved and gentle companion, to whom one might say each day 'Good morning, the sun is beautiful;' or in whose eyes—if it were not so—one could see a

better sun;—a companion with whom one could enjoy books, nature—all that God has given us of good; whose hand, in the last heavy hour one could press, and to whom one could say, 'Good night! we meet again—to-morrow—with love itself—with God!'

"But—but—the foundling shall find no home upon earth!

"Now he will soon find another home, and will say to the master there, 'Father have mercy on my rose!' and to the habitation of men will he say, 'Wearisome wast thou to me, O world! but yet receive my thanks for the good which thou hast given me!'"

When the sisters had ceased to read, several bright tears lay upon the paper, and shone in the light of the sun. Leonore dried her tears, and turning herself to Petrea, inquired, "But Petrea, how came this paper into your hands?"

"Did I not think that would come?" said Petrea. "You should not ask such difficult questions, Leonore. Nay, now Eva's eyes are inquiring too—and so grave. Do you think that the Assessor has put it into my hands? Nay, he must be freed from that suspicion even at my expense. You want to know how I came by this paper? Well then—I stole it, sisters—stole it on our journey—on the very morning after it was written."

"But Petrea!"

"But Petrea! yes, you good ones! it is too late now to cry 'but, Petrea!' now you know the Assessor's secret; you now may do what your consciences command, mine is hardened—you may start before my act, and be horrified; I don't ask about it. The whole world may excommunicate me—I don't trouble myself!—Eva! Leonore! Sisters!"

Petrea laid an arm round the neck of each sister, kissed them, smiling with a tear in her eye, and vanished.

Somewhat later in the morning we find Eva and Gabriele on a visit at the beautiful parsonage-house immediately in the vicinity of the city, where Mrs. Louise is in full commotion with all her goods and chattels, whilst the little Jacobis riot with father and grandfather over fields and meadows. The little four-years-old Alfred, an uncommonly lively and amiable child, is alone with the mother at home; he pays especial court to Gabriele, and believing that he must entertain her, he brings out his Noah's Ark to introduce to her, in his low, clear, young voice, Ham and Hamina, Shem and Shemina, Japhet and Japhetina.

After all how-do-ye-do's between the sisters had been answered, Gabriele loosened the paper from a basket which Ulla had brought in, and asked Louise to be pleased to accept some roast veal and patties. "We thought," said she, "that you would need

something fresh, after the journey, before you get your store-room in order. Just taste a patty! they are filled with mince-meat, and I assure you are baked since the Flood."

"Really!" replied Louise laughing, "they are delicate too! See, there's one for you, my little manikin; but another time don't come and set yourself forward and look so hungry! Thanks! thanks, dear sister! Ah, how charming that we are come again into your neighbourhood! How fresh and happy you all look! And Petrea! how advantageously she has altered; she is come to have something quiet and sensible about her; she has outgrown her nose, and dresses herself neatly; she is just like other people now. And see—here I have a warm, wadded morning-dress for her, that will keep her warm up in her garret; is it not superb? And it cost only ten thalers courant.*

"O, extraordinary — out of the common way! Quite unheard of!" said they, "is it not so?—why it is a piece of clothing for a whole life!"

"What a beautiful collar Eva has on! I really believe she is grown handsomer," said Louise. "You were and are still the rose of the family, Eva; you look quite young, and are grown stout. I, for my part, cannot boast of that; but how can anybody grow stout when they have eight children to work for!

* About ten shillings English.—M. H.

Do you know sisters, that in the last week before I left Stockholm, I cut out a hundred and six shirts! I hope I can meet with a good sempstress here at home; look at my finger, it is quite hard and horny with sewing. God bless the children! one has one's trouble with them. But tell me, how is it with our mother? They have always been writing to me that she was better—and yet I find her terribly gone off; it really grieves me to see her. What does the Assessor say?"

"Oh," replied Gabriele warmly, "he says that she will recover. There is really no danger; she improves every day."

Eva did not look so hopeful as Gabriele, and her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "When autumn and winter are only over, I hope that the spring——

"And do you know," interrupted Louise with animation, "what I have been thinking of? In the spring she shall come to us and try the milk cure; she shall occupy this room, with the view towards the beautiful birch grove, and shall enjoy the country air, and all the good things which the country affords and which I can obtain for her—certainly this will do her good. Don't you think that then she will recover? Don't you think that it is a bright idea of mine?"

The sisters thought that really it was bright, and Louise continued:

"Now I must shew you what I have brought for her. Do you see these two damask breakfast cloths, and these six breakfast napkins?—all spun in the house. I have had merely to pay for the weaving. Now, how do they please you?"

"O excellently! excellently!" said one sister.

"How very handsome! How welcome they will be!" said the other.

"And you must see what I have bought for my father—ah, Jacobi has it in his carpet-bag—one thing lies here and another there—but you will see it, you will see it."

"What an inundation of things!" said Gabriele, laughing. "One can see, however, that there is no shortness of money."

"Thank God!" said Louise, "all is comfortable in that respect, though you may very well believe that it was difficult enough at first; but we began by regulating the mouths according to the dishes. Ever since I married I have had the management of the money. I am my husband's treasurer; he gives over to me whatever comes in, and he receives from me what he wants, and in this way all has gone right. Thank God, when people love one another all does go right! I am happier than I deserve to be, with such a good, excellent husband, and such well-disposed children. If our little girl, our little Louise, had but lived! Ah, it was a happiness when she was born, after the eight boys; and then for two years she was

our greatest delight. Jacobi almost worshipped her; he would sit for whole hours beside her cradle, and was perfectly happy if he only had her on his knee. But she was inexpressibly amiable—so good, so clever, so quiet, an actual little angel! Ah! it was hard to lose her. Jacobi grieved as I have never seen a man grieve; but his happy temperament and his piety came to his help. She has now been dead above a year. Ah! never shall I forget my little girl!"

Louise's tears flowed abundantly; the sisters could not help weeping with her. But Louise soon collected herself again, and said, whilst she wiped her eyes, "Now we have also anxiety with little David's ankles; but there is no perfect happiness in this world, and we have no right to expect it. Pardon me that I have troubled you; and now let us speak of something else, whilst I get my things a little in order. Tell me something about our acquaintance—aunt Evelina is well?"

"Yes, and sits as grandmother of five nephews at Axelholm, beloved and honoured by all. It is a very sweet family that she sees about her, and she has the happiest old age."

"That is pleasant to hear. But she really deserved to be loved and honoured. Is her Karin also married?"

"Ah, no! Karin is dead! and this has been her greatest sorrow; they were so happy together."

"Ah, thou heaven! Is she dead? Ah, yes, now I remember you wrote to me that she was dead ——

Look at this dress, sisters—a present from my dear husband; is it not handsome? and then quite modern. Yes, yes, dear Gabriele, you need not make such an ambiguous face; it is very handsome, and quite in the fashion, that I can assure you. But, *à propos*, how is the Court-preacher? Exists still in a new form, does it? Now that is good! I'll put it on this afternoon on purpose to horrify Jacobi, and tell him that for the future I intend to wear it in honour of his nomination to the office of court-preacher."

All laughed.

"But tell me," continued Louise, "how will our 'great astonishment' go on? how have you arranged it?"

"In this manner," returned one of the sisters. "We shall all meet for a great coffee-drinking in the garden, and during this we shall lead the conversation in a natural sort of way to the piece of ground on the other side the fence, and then peep through the cracks in it, and then express that usual wish that this fence might come down. And then, at this signal, your eight boys, Louise, are to fall on the fence and ——

"How can you think," said Louise—"to be sure my boys are nimble and strong, but it would require the power of Berserkers to——

"Don't be alarmed," answered the sisters laughing, "the fence is sawn underneath, and stands only so firm that a few pushes will produce the effect—the

thing is not difficult. Besides, we'll all run to the attack, if it be needful."

"O heaven help us! if it be only so, my young ones will soon manage the business—and *à propos!* I have a few bottles of select white sugar-beer* with me, which would certainly please my father, and which will be exactly the right thing if we, as is customary on such occasions, have to drink healths."

During this conversation little Alfred had gone round ineffectually offering two kisses, and was just on the point of growing angry because his wares found no demand, when all at once, summoning resolution, he threw his arms round Gabriele's neck, and exclaimed, "Now I see really and thoroughly, that Aunt Gabriele has need of a kiss!" And it was not Aunt Gabriele's fault if the dear child was not convinced how wholly indispensable his gift was.

But Louise still turned over her things. "Here," said she, "I have a waistcoat-piece for Bergström, and here a neck-kerchief for Ulla, as well as this little brush with which to dust mirrors and tables. Is it not superb? And see, a little pair of bellows, and these trifles for Brigitta."

"Now the old woman," said the sisters, "will be happy! She is now and then out of humour, but a feast of coffee, and some little present, reconcile her with all the world; and to-day she will get both."

* A sort of effervescing beer, resembling our pop or ginger-beer; sweet and bitter at the same time.—M. H.

"And see," continued Louise, "how capitally these bellows blow: they can make the very worst wood burn—see how the dust flies!"

"Uh! one can be blown away oneself;" said Gabriele, laughing.

While the sisters were still occupied with cleaning and dusting, and Louise was admiring her own discoveries, the Judge came in, happy and warm.

"What a deal of business is going forward!" exclaimed he laughing. "I must congratulate you," said he, "Louise, your boys please me entirely. They are animated boys, with intellects all alive—but, at the same time, obedient and polite. Little David is a regular hair-brain, and a magnificent lad—what a pity it is that he will be lame!"

Louise crimsoned from heart-felt joy over the praise of her boys, and answered quickly to the lamentation over the little David, "You should hear, father, what a talent he has for the violoncello; he will be a second Gehrman.

"Nay, that is good," returned the Judge, "such a talent as that is worth his two feet. But I have hardly had time to notice you properly yet, Louise. Heavens! it's glorious that you are come again into our neighbourhood; now I think I shall be able to see you every day! and you can also enjoy here the fresh air of the country. You have got thin, but I really think you have grown!"

Louise said laughingly, that the time for that was over with her.

The sisters also, among themselves, made their observations on Louise. They were rejoiced to see her, among all her things, so exactly herself again.

Handsomer she certainly had not become—but people cannot grow handsomer to all eternity. She looked well and she looked good, had no more of the cathedral about her; she was an excellent Provost's lady.

We transport ourselves now to Sara's chamber.

When a beloved and guiltless child returns, after sufferings overcome, to the bosom of parents into a beloved home, who can describe the sweet delight of its situation? The pure enjoyment of all the charms of home; the tenderness of the family; the resigning themselves to the heavenly feeling of being again at home? But the guilty——

We have seen a picture of the prodigal son which we shall never forget! It is the moment of reconciliation: the father opens his arms to the son; the son falls into them and hides his face. Deep compunction of the heart bows down his head, and over his pale cheek—the only part of his countenance which is visible, runs a tear—a tear of penitence and pain, which says every thing. The golden ring may be placed upon his hand; the fatted calf may be killed and served up before him—he cannot feel gay or happy—embittering tears gush forth from the fountains of memory.

Thus was it with Sara, and exactly to that degree in which her heart was really purified and ennobled. As she woke out of a refreshing sleep in her new home, and saw near her, her child sleeping on the soft snow-white bed; as she saw all, by the streaming in light of the morning sun, so festally pure and fresh; as she saw how the faithful memory of affection had treasured up all her youthful predilections; as she saw her favourite flowers, the asters, beaming upon the stove, in an alabaster vase; and as she thought how all this had been—and how it now was —she wept bitterly.

Petrea, who was reading in the window of Sara's room waiting for her awaking, stood now with cordial and consoling words near her bed.

"Oh, Petrea!" said Sara, taking her hand and pressing it to her breast, "let me speak with you. My heart is full. I feel as if I could tell you all, and you would understand me. I did not come here of my own will—your father brought me. He did not ask me—he took me like a child, and I obeyed like a child. I was weak; I thought soon to die; but this night under this roof has given me strength. I feel now that I shall live. Listen to me, Petrea, and stand by me, for as soon as my feet will carry me I must go away from here. I will not be a burden to this house. Stained and despised by the world, as I am, I will not pollute this sanctuary! Already have I read aversion towards me in Gabriele's look. Oh,

my abode here would be a pain to myself! Might my innocent little one only remain in this blessed house. I must away from here! These charms of life; this abundance, they are not for me—they would wake anguish in my soul! Poverty and labour beseem me! I will away hence. I must!—but I will trouble nobody: I will not appear ungrateful. Help me, Petrea—think for me; what I should do and where I should go!"

"I have already thought," replied Petrea.

"Have you?" said Sara, joyfully surprised, and fixed upon her searchingly her large eyes.

"Come and divide my solitude," continued Petrea, in a cordial voice. "You know that I, although in the house of my parents, yet live for myself alone, and have the most perfect freedom. Next to my room is another, a very simple but quiet room, which might be exactly according to your wishes. Come and dwell there! There you can live perfectly as you please; be alone, or see only me, till the quiet influence of calm days draw you into the innocent life of the family circle."

"Ah, Petrea," returned Sara, "you are good—but you cannot approach a person of ill-report—and you do not know——

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Petrea; "I know very well—because I see and hear you again! Oh, Sara! who am I that I should turn away from you? God sees into the heart, and he knows how weak and

erring mine is, even if my outward life remain pure, and if circumstances and that which surrounds me have protected me, and have caused my conduct to be blameless. But I know myself, and I have no more earnest prayer to God than that: 'Forgive me my trespasses!' May I not pray by your side? Cannot we tread together the path which lies before us? Both of us have seen into many depths of life —both of us now look up humbly to the cheerful heaven! Give me your hand—you were always dear to me, and now, even as in the years of childhood do I feel drawn to you! Let us go, let us try together the path of life. My heart longs after you; and does not yours say to you that we are fit for one another, and that we can be happy together?"

"Should I be a burden to you?" said Sara: "were I but stronger, I would wait upon you; could I only win my bread by my hands, as in the latter years I have done—but now!"

"Now give yourself up to me blindly," said Petrea. "I have enough for us both. In a while, when you are stronger, we will help one another."

"Will not my wasted life—my bitter remembrances make my temper gloomy and me a burden?" asked Sara; "and do not dark spirits master those who have been so long in their power?"

"Penitence," said Petrea, "is a goddess — she protects the erring. And if a heathen can say this, how much more a Christian!—O Sara! annihilating

repentance itself—I know it—can become a strength for him, by which he can erect himself. It can raise up to new life; it can arouse a will which can conquer all things—it has raised me erect—it will do the same for you! You stand now in middle life—a long future is before you—you have an amiable child; have friends; have to live for eternal life! Live for these! and you will see how, by degrees, the night vanishes, the day ascends, and all arranges itself and becomes clear. Come, and let us two unitedly work at the most important business of life—improvement!"

Sara, at these words, raised herself in the bed, and new beams were kindled in her eyes. "I will," said she, "Petrea; an angel speaks through you; your words strengthen and calm me wonderfully—I will begin anew——"

Petrea pressed Sara to her breast, and spoke warm and heartfelt "thanks," and then added softly, "and now be a good child, Sara!—all weak and sick people are children. Now submit, calmly, and resignedly, to be treated and guided like such a one; gladden by so doing those who are around you, and who all wish you well! We cannot think of any change before you are considerably better—it would trouble every one."

At this moment the door was opened, and the mother looked in inquiringly; she smiled so affectionately as she locked Sara in her arms. Leonore

followed her; but as she saw Sara's excited state, she went quickly back and returned with a breakfast-tray covered with all kind of good things; and now cheerful and merry words emulated one another to divert the again-found-one, old modes of speech were again reverted to, and old acquaintances renewed.

"Do you know Madame Folette again? She has been lately repaired. Can she have the honour of giving you a cup of coffee? There is your old cup with the stars; it was saved with Madame Folette from the fire, and the little one here with the rose-buds is allotted to our little Elise. You must really taste these rusks—they never were in the Ark—they came with the blushing morning out of the oven. Our 'little lady' has herself selected and filled the basket with the very best for you; you shall see whether these home-baked would not please even the Assessor;"—and so on.

In the mean time the little Elise had awoke, and looked with bright blue eyes up to great Elise, who bent down to her. They were really like each other, as often daughter's daughters and grandmothers are, and appeared to feel related already. When Sara saw her child in Elise's arms, tears of pure joy filled her eyes for the first time.

I do not know whether my lady-readers have nerves to stand by, while "the Berserkers" overthrow the garden-fence. I fancy not; and therefore, with

my reader's permission, I make a little leap over the great event of the day—the thrown-down wooden fence, which fell so hastily that the Berserkers themselves tumbled all together over it,—and go into the new piece of land, where we shall find the family-party assembled, sitting on a flower-decorated moss-seat, under a tall birch tree, which waved over them its crown, tinged already with autumnal yellow. The September sun, which was approaching its setting, illuminated the group, and gleamed through the alders on the brook, which softly murmuring among blue creeks, flowed round the new piece of land, and at once beautified and bounded it.

Tears shone in the eyes of the family-father; but he spoke not. To see himself the object of so much love; the thoughts on the future; on his favourite plan; fatherly joy and pride; gratitude towards his children—towards Heaven, all united themselves to fill his heart with the most pleasurable sensations which can bless a human bosom.

The mother, immediately after the great surprise, and the explosion of joy which followed it, had gone into the house with Eva and Leonore. Among those who remained behind, we see the friend of the family Jeremias Munter, who wore on the occasion the grimmest countenance in the world; the Baron L. who was no more the wild extravagant youth, but a man, and beyond this, a landed-proprietor, whose grave demeanour was beautified by a certain agreeable

sobriety, particularly visible when he spoke with "our little lady," at whose feet he was seated.

Louise handed about white-sugar beer, which nobody praised more highly than herself. She found that it had something unearthly in it, something positively exalting; but when Gabriele, immediately after she had drank a half glass, gave a spring upwards, "our eldest" became terrified, for such a strong working of her effervescing white-beer she had by no means expected. Nevertheless she was soon surrounded by the eight, who cried altogether, "Mamma, may I have some beer?" "And I too?" "And I?" "And I too?" "And I?" "And I?" "Send a deal of foam for me, mamma dear!"

"Nay, nay, nay, dear boys! people must not come clamouring and storming thus—you don't see that I or the father do so. Solomon must wait to the very last now. Patience is a good herb. There, you have it; now drink, but don't wet yourselves!"

After the little Jacobis had all enjoyed the foaming, elevating liquor, they became possessed by such a buoyant spirit of life, that Louise was obliged to command them to exhibit their mighty deeds at a distance. Hereupon they swarmed forth on journeys of discovery, and began to tumble head over heels round the place. David hobbled along with his little crutch over stock and stone, whilst Jonathan gathered for him all sorts of flowers, and plucked the bilberry plants, to which he pointed with his finger; little

nosegays were then made out of them, with which they overwhelmed their aunts, especially Gabriele, their chosen friend and patron. The serious Adam, the eldest of the eight, a boy of exceedingly staid demeanour, sate quietly by the side of his grandfather, and appeared to consider himself one of the elderly people; the little Alfred hopped about his mother.

The Judge looked around him with an animated countenance; he planted alleys and hedges; set down benches and saw them filled with happy people, and communicated his plans to Jacobi.

Jeremias observed the scene with a bitter, melancholy, and to him, peculiar smile. As little David came limping up to him with the fragrant wood-flowers, he exclaimed suddenly, "Why not rather make here a botanic garden than a common park? Flowers are indeed the only pleasant thing here in the world, and because people go all about snuffing with the nose, it might be as well to provide them with something to smell at. A water-establishment also could be united with it, and thus something miserable might get washed away from the pitiable wretches here in this world."

The Judge seized on the idea with joy. "So we will," said he, "we will unite pleasure with profit. This undertaking will cost more than a simple public pleasure ground, but that need not prevent it. In this beautiful time of peace, and with the prospect of its long continuance, people may take works in hand,

and hope to complete them, even if they should require a long time."

"And such works," said Jacobi, "operate ennoblingly on life in times of peace. Peace requires even as great a mass of power as war, but against another kind of foe. Every ennobling of this earthly existence, every thing which exalts the mind to a more intellectual life, is a battery directed against the commoner nature in man, and is a service done to humanity and one's native land."

"Bah!" cried Jeremias with vexation, "humanity and native land! You have always large words in the mouth; if a fence is thrown down or a bush planted, it is immediately called a benefit for one's native land. Plant your fields and throw down your fences, but let the native land rest in peace! for it troubles itself just as little about you, as you about it. For one's country and humanity!—that should sound very affecting—all mere talk!"

"No, now you are in fact too severe," said the Judge, smiling at the outbreak of his friend; "and I, as far as regards myself," continued he, gravely, but cheerfully, "wish that a clearer idea of one's country accompanied every step of human activity. If there be a love which is natural and reasonable, it is the love of one's country. Have I not to thank my country for every thing that I have? Are they not its laws, its institutions, its spiritual life, which have developed my whole being, as man and as a citizen?

And are they not the deeds of my fathers which have fashioned these; which have given them their power and their individual life? In fact, love and gratitude towards one's parents, is no greater duty than love and gratitude towards one's native land; and there is no one, be he man or woman, high or low, but who, according to his own relationships, can and must pay this holy debt. And this is exactly the signification of a christianly constituted state, that every one shall occupy with his pound so as to benefit, at the same time, both the individual and the community at large."

"Thus," added Petrea, "do the raindrops swell the brook, which pours its water into the river, and may, even though it be nameless, communicate benefit in its course."

"So it is, my dear child," said her father, and extended to her his hand.

"It is a gladdening thought," said Louise, with tearful eyes. "Pay attention, Adam, to what grandfather and aunt say, and keep it in your mind;—but don't open your mouth so wide; a whole frigate could sail into it."

At these words little Alfred began to laugh so shrilly and so heartily that all the elderly folks irresistibly bore him company. Adam laughed too; and at the sound of this peal of laughter came bounding forward from all ends and corners Shem and Seth, Jacob and Solomon, Jonathan and David, just as a

flock of sparrows comes flying down over a handful of scattered corn. They came laughing because they heard laughter, and wished to be present at the entertainment.

In the mean time the sun had set, and the cool elves of evening began to wander over the place as the family, amid the most cheerful talk, arose in order to return to the house. As they went into the city the ball on St. Mary's church glimmered like fire in the last beams of the sun, and the moon ascended like a pale but gentle countenance over the roof of their house. There was a something in this appearance which made a sorrowful impression on Gabriele. The star of the church tower glittered over the grave of her brother, and the look of the moon made her involuntarily think on the pale, mild countenance of her mother. For the rest, the evening was so lovely, the blackbird sang among the alders by the brook, and the heaven lay clear and brightly blue over the earth, whilst the wind and every disturbing sound became more and more hushed.

Gabriele walked on, full of thought, and did not observe that Baron L. had approached her; they were almost walking together as he said, "I am very glad; it was very pleasant to me to see you all again so happy!"

"Ah, yes," answered Gabriele, "now we can all be together again. It is a great happiness that Louise and her family are come here."

"Perhaps," continued the Baron, "perhaps it might be audacity to disturb such a happily united life, and to wish to separate a daughter and sister from such a family—but if the truest——

"Ah!" hastily interrupted Gabriele, "don't speak of disturbing anything, of changing anything—every thing is so good as it now is!"

He was silent, with an expression of sorrow.

"Let us be all happy together," said Gabriele, bashfully and cordially; "you will stop some time with us. It is so charming to have friends and sisters —this united life is so agreeable with them."

The Baron's countenance brightened. He seized Gabriele's hand, and would have said something, but she hastened from him to her father, whose arm she took.

Jacobi conducted Petrea; they were cheerful and confidential together, as happy brother and sister. She spoke to him, of her present happiness, and of the hope which made up her future. He took the liveliest interest in it, and spoke with her of his plans; of his domestic happiness; and with especial rapture of his boys; of their obedience to the slightest word of their parents; of their mutual affection to each other—and see—all this was Louise's work! And Louise's praise was sung forth in a harmonious duet—ever a sweet scent for "our eldest," who appeared however to listen to no one but her father.

They soon reached home. The mother stood with

the silver ladle in her hand, and the most friendly smile on her lips, in the library, before a large steaming bowl of punch, and with look and voice bade the entering party welcome.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge embracing her, "you are become twenty years younger to-day."

"Happiness makes one young," answered she, looking on him affectionately.

People seated themselves.

Don't make so much noise children!" said Louise to her eight, seating herself with the little Elise on her knees; "can't you seat yourselves without so much noise and bustle."

Jeremias Munter had placed himself in a corner, and was quiet, and seemed depressed.*

On many countenances one saw a sort of tension, a sort of consciousness that before long a something uncommon was about to happen. The Judge coughed several times; he seemed to have an unusual cause

* Earnestly desirous and deeply anxious as I was, on introducing these works first to the British public, that there should be nothing which might offend the mind of the most delicate reader, I ventured on the bold step of omitting one principal feature of this family assembly—the betrothal of Eva and Jeremias Munter. I feared that it might displease, whilst its omission could not, as it seemed to me, weaken the moral of the story. Miss Bremer however assures me that she prides herself on the lovely Eva's betrothal with the good old Munter, and that it is characteristic of Swedish feeling and manners. I have therefore restored it; and seeing now that Miss Bremer is so deservedly an established favourite with our public, I am sure any little deviation from our notions will be kindly permitted to her.—M. H.

for making his throat clear. At length he raised his voice and spoke, but not without evident emotion, "Is it true that our friend Jeremias Munter thinks of soon leaving us, in order to seat himself down in solitude in the country? Is it true, as report says, that he leaves us so soon as to-morrow morning, and that this is the last evening which brings him into our circle as a townsman of ours?"

The Assessor made an attempt to reply, but it was only a sort of low grunting tone without words. He looked fixedly upon the floor, and supported his hands upon his stick.

"In this case," continued the Judge, "I am desired to ask him a question, which I would ask from no one else, and which nearly sticks in my throat,—Will our friend Munter allow that any one—any one of us shall follow him into his solitude?"

"Who would follow me?" snorted Jeremias grumblingly and doubtingly.

"I!" answered a soft, harmonious voice; and Eva, as beautiful and graceful at this moment as ever, approached him, conducted by her father. "I," repeated she, blushing and speaking softly but sincerely, "I will accompany you if you will."

On the countenances of the family it might be read that this to the members of it was no surprise. Louise had gentle tears in her eyes, and did not look the least in the world scandalized at this step—so contrary to the dignity of woman. The Assessor

drew himself together, and looked up with a sharp and astonished look.

"Receive from my hand," said the Judge with a voice which shewed his feeling, "a companion for whom you have long wished. Only to you, Munter, would I so resign my beloved child."

"Do you say no to me?" asked Eva, blushing and smiling, as she extended her white hand to the still stupified Jeremias.

He seized the extended hand hastily, pressed it with both hands to his breast, and said softly as he bent over it, "O my rose!" When he raised his head, his eyes were wet; but there was anxiety and disquiet in his whole being. "Brother," said he to the Judge, "I cannot yet thank you—I don't know —I don't understand—I must first prove her."

He took Eva by the hand and conducted her into her cabinet adjoining the library, seated himself opposite to her, and said warmly, "Whence proceeds this? What jokes are these? How does it arise? Tell me, in God's name, Eva, with what sentiments do you thus come and woo me? Is it with true love? —yes, I say true love; don't be startled at the word! You can take it as I mean it. Is it love, or is it— pity? As a gift of mercy I cannot take you. Thus much I can tell you. Do not deceive yourself—do not deceive me! In the name of God, who proves all hearts, answer me, and speak the truth. Is it from the full and entire heart that you come thus

to me? Do you think, Eva, angel of God, that I, the ugly, infirm, ill-tempered old man can make you happy?"

He spoke with a heartfelt anxiety, yet he now looked handsome with love and feeling.

"My friend, my benefactor," answered Eva, and wiped away some tears which rolled down her cheeks, "see into—read my inmost heart. Gratitude led me to the acknowledgment of your worth, and both have led me to love;—not the passionate love which I once felt—but never more can feel—but a deep inward devotion, which will make me and, as I also hope, you happy, and which nothing further can disturb. To live for you, and next to you for my family, is the highest wish that I have on earth. I can candidly say that in this moment there is no one whom I love more than you. Is that enough for you?"

The Assessor riveted his deep eyes searchingly and penetratingly on Eva. "Kiss me!" said he, at once short and sharp.

With an indescribably charming submission, Eva bowed her blushing face and kissed him.

"Lord God!" said Jeremias, "and you are mine! In his name then!" and with unspeakable emotion clasped he his long beloved to his heart. He held her long, and only deep sighs arose from his heart overflowing with happiness. At length he tore himself from her, and as if animated with new youth he

sprang forward and exclaimed to the company assembled in the library, "Nay, now it is all made up—I take her—she shall have me—she shall have me! She is worthy to be my wife, and I am worthy to be her husband! Now then you without there, will not you drink our healths!"

All gathered around the bowl—Louise with the rest—the eight following her—it was all a joyful bustle. Leonore and Petrea kept back the little tumultuous ones amid laughter, and promised to carry the glasses to them if they would only keep their places.

At length quiet returned to the assembly, the glasses were filled and the skål began.

No. 1, which the Judge proposed, was "for the newly betrothed."

No. 2, which Jacobi spoke eloquently, was, "for the Parents; for their happiness and well-being," said he with emotion, "through which I, and so many others as well as I, are blessed!"

No. 3, was drunk to the prosperity of the new Pastor's family.

No. 4, for the new purchased land.

No. 5, for the old—ever-new Home.

No. 6, was "the health of all good children!" The eight seemed as if they could not return thanks enough.

After this yet a many other particular toasts were given. The young Jacobis drank incessantly to the

aunts—Gabriele must continually make her glass clink against those of her little nephews.

In the mean time Jeremias Munter made with love-warm looks the following speech to his bride. "That was a joke now! that you should have made me of such consequence! How did she know that I would have her? To woo me yourself, and to take me so by surprise! To give me no time to think. What then? It is quite unheard of! Was the thing arranged beforehand? No, that is too troublesome. Nay, nay, nay, nay then, nay say I! But now I think about it, it was quite for the best that I accept you—but indeed you were a little hasty; I've a good mind to ——. What now? What is fresh in hand? Comes her little grace, the little sister-in-law without any ceremony and kisses me. Heavens! the world is very merry!"

But nobody in the whole circle found the world so merry as Petrea.

"Are you now satisfied with me, Petrea?" asked Eva archly laughing. Petrea clasped her warmly in her arms.

Now, the voice of Mother Louise was heard saying, "Nay, nay, children, you must not drink a drop more! What do you say, my little David? A thee-and-thou toast with Uncle Munter? No, thank you greatly, my dear fellow, you can propose that another time. You have drunk to-day toasts enough—more perhaps than your little heads can carry."

"I beg for the boys, sister Louise," said the Assessor; "I will propose a skål, and they must drink it with me. Fill, yet once more, the glasses, little carousers! — I propose a skål for peace! peace in our country, and peace in our homes! A skål for love and knowledge, which alone can make peace a blessing! A skål, in one word, for — Peace upon Earth!"

"Amen! amen!" cried Jacobi, drank off his glass and threw it behind him. Louise looked at her mother somewhat astonished, but the mother followed Jacobi's example; she too was carried away.

"All glasses to the ground after this skål!" cried the Judge, and sent his, cover and all, smashing on the floor. With an indescribable pleasure the little Jacobis threw their glasses up, and endeavoured to make the skål for Peace as noisy and tumultuous as possible.

We leave now the joyful circle, from which we have seen the mother softly steal away. We see her go into the boudoir, where reposing in comfortable quiet she writes the following lines to her friend and sister.

"I have left them now for a few minutes, in order to rest, and to say a few words to you, my Cecilia. Here it is good and quiet; and joyful voices—truly festival voices, echo to me here. The heart of my

Ernst enjoys the highest pleasure, for he sees all his children happy around him. And the children—Cecilia, he has reason to be joyful over them and proud; they stand all around him, good and excellent human beings; they thank him that existence has been given to them, and that they have learned its worth; they are satisfied with their lot. The lost, and again-found-one has come home, in order to begin a new life, and her charming child is quite established on the knees of the grandfather.

"I hear Gabriele's guitar accompanied by a song. I fancy now they dance. Louise's eight boys make the floor shake. Jacobi's voice is heard above all. The good, ever-young man! I also should be joyful, for all in my house is peaceful and well-arranged. And I am so; my heart is full of thankfulness, but my body is weary—very weary.

"The fir-trees on the grave wave and beckon me. I see their tops saluting me in the clear moonlight, and pointing upwards. Dost thou beckon me, my son? Dost thou call me to come home to thee? My first-born, my summer-child! Let me whisper to thee that this is my secret wish. The earth was friendly towards me; friendly was my home: when thou wast gone, my favourite! I began to follow. Perhaps the day of my departure is at hand. I feel in myself as if I were able to go to rest. And might a really bright and beautiful moment be enjoyed by me before

my last sleep. I would yet once more press my husband's hand to my lips, look around me on earth with a blessing, and upwards towards heaven with gratitude, and say as now, out of the depths of my heart, 'I thank God for the home here, and the home there.'"

THE END.

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